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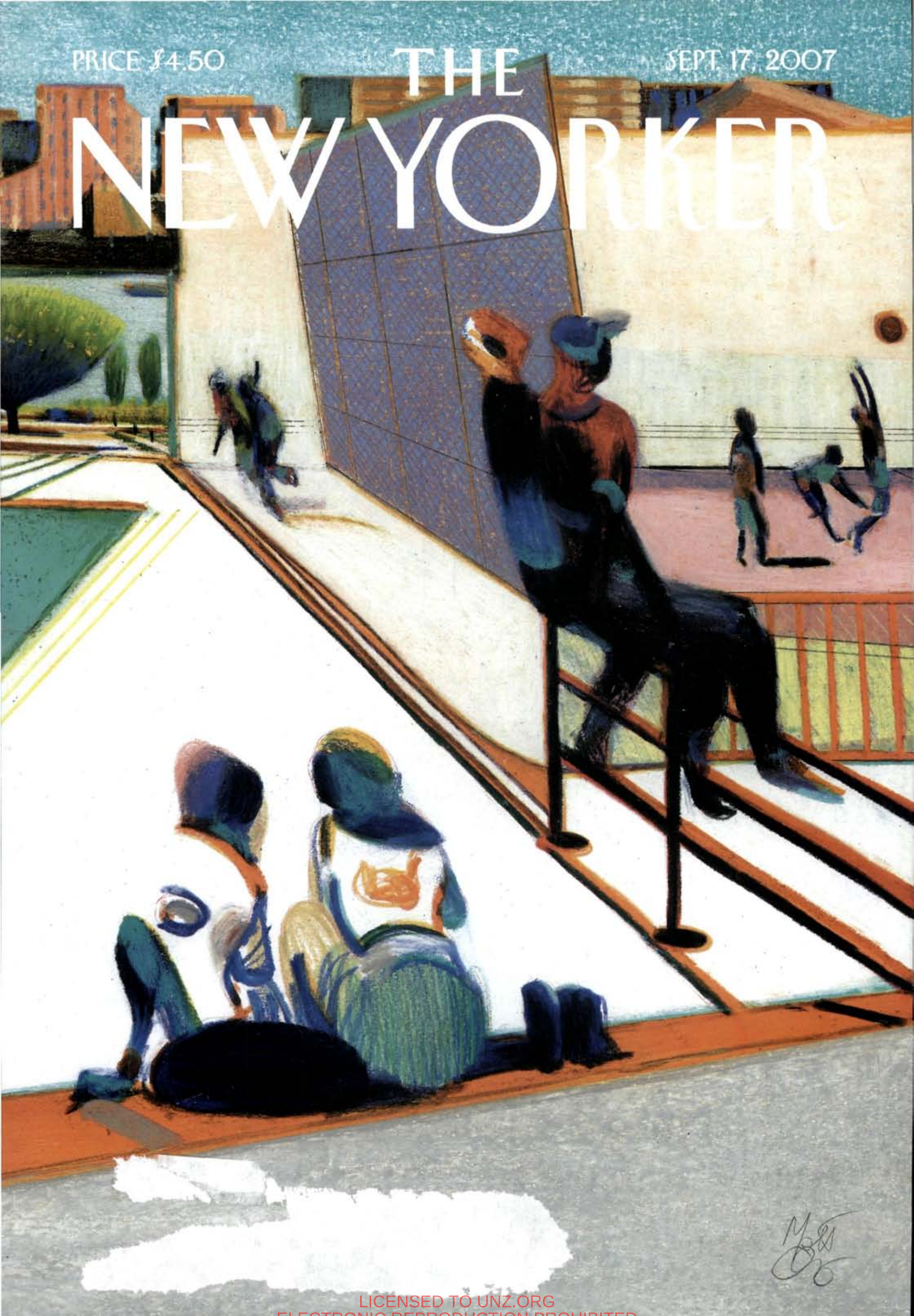

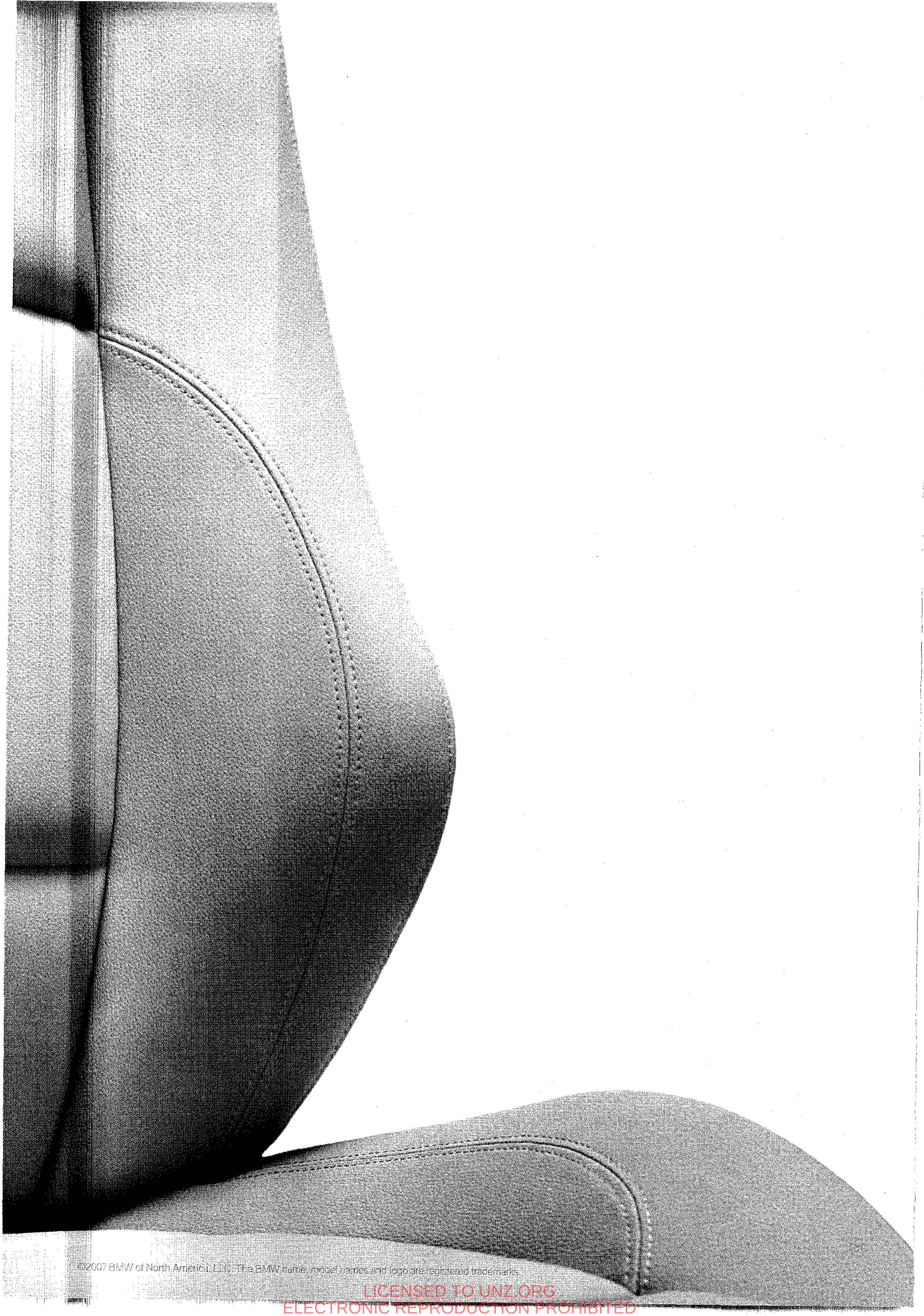

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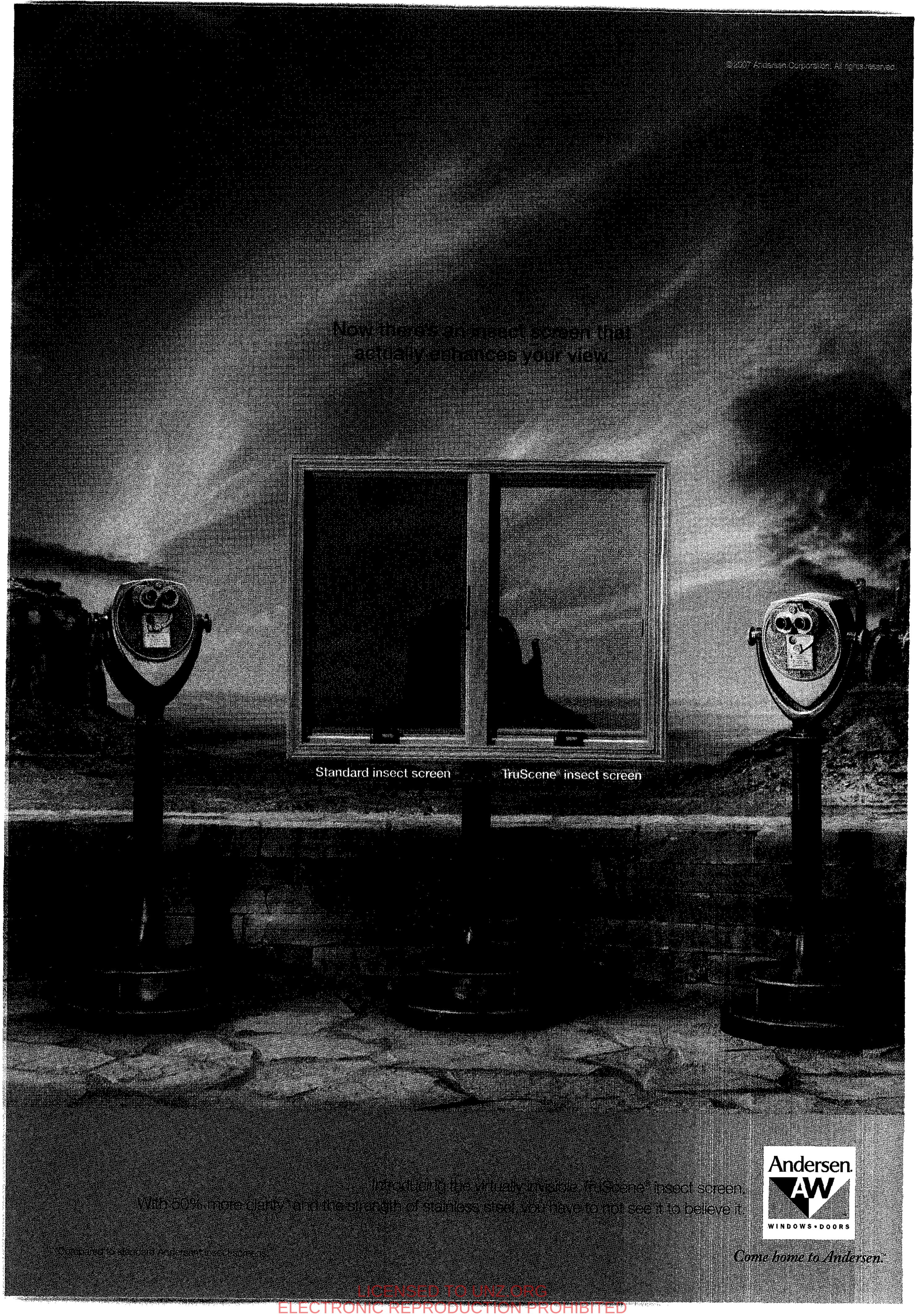
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SEPTEMBER 17, 2007

8 GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

31 THE TALK OF THE TOWN
Hendrik Hertzberg on Larry Craig; cute cars; E.M.T.s reminisce; a late début.

Ryan Lizza 38 THE POLITICAL SCENE
The Legacy Problem
Hillary Clinton and her husband's record.

Larry Doyle 45 SHOUTS & MURMURS
Portrait in Evil: My Story

Jerome Groopman 46 ANNALS OF MEDICINE
Crybabies
The conundrum of colic.

George Packer 56 A REPORTER AT LARGE
Planning for Defeat
How and when should the U.S. leave Iraq?

Mark Singer 66 LETTER FROM ENGLAND
Fantasia for Piano
The incredible career of Joyce Hatto.

Paul Theroux 82 FICTION
"Mr. Bones"

THE CRITICS

BOOKS

David Owen 90 *A history of bridge.*
Jill Lepore 94 *The election of 1800.*
99 Briefly Noted

Anthony Lane 100 THE CURRENT CINEMA
"Eastern Promises," "In the Shadow of the Moon."

POEMS

Les Murray 60 "Fame"
Joni Mitchell 72 "Bad Dreams Are Good"

COVER *"Playground," by Lorenzo Mattotti* DRAWINGS *Roz Chast, Zachary Kanin, Barbara Smaller, Drew Dernavich, Jack Ziegler, Michael Crawford, Lee Lorenz, Robert Leighton, Matthew Diffee, Danny Shanahan, Mick Stevens, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Jason Patterson, Gahan Wilson, P. C. Vey, David Sipress, Edward Koren, Christopher Weyant, Paul Noth, Harry Bliss* SPOTS *Laurent Cilluffo*

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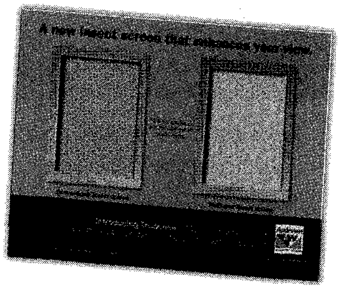

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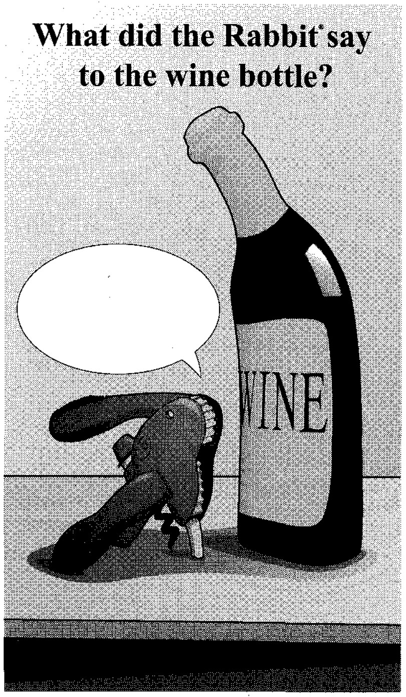

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CONTRIBUTORS

Ryan Lizza ("The Legacy Problem," p. 38) is the Washington correspondent for the magazine.

Hendrik Hertzberg (Comment, p. 31), a staff writer and senior editor, writes about politics and policy. His book "Politics: Observations & Arguments" is available in paperback.

David Owen (The Talk of the Town, p. 32; Books, p. 90) is the author, most recently, of "Sheetrock & Shellac: A Thinking Person's Guide to the Art and Science of Home Improvement."

Larry Doyle (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 45) is a screenwriter. "I Love You, Beth Cooper," his first novel, came out in May.

Jerome Groopman ("Crybabies," p. 46) is the Recanati Professor at Harvard and the author of "How Doctors Think," which was published earlier this year.

Les Murray (Poem, p. 60), who received the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry in 1998, is the author of twelve books of poems, including "The Biplane Houses."

Michael Schulman (The Talk of the Town, p. 37) is a member of the magazine's editorial staff.

Mark Singer ("Fantasia for Piano," p. 66) has been writing for the magazine since 1974. His books include "Somewhere in America" and "Character Studies: Encounters with the Curiously Obsessed."

George Packer ("Planning for Defeat," p. 56) is the author of "The Assassins' Gate: America in Iraq," for which he won a Helen Bernstein Book Award for Excellence in Journalism.

Paul Theroux (Fiction, p. 82) is a novelist. "The Elephanta Suite," three linked novellas, will be published later this month.

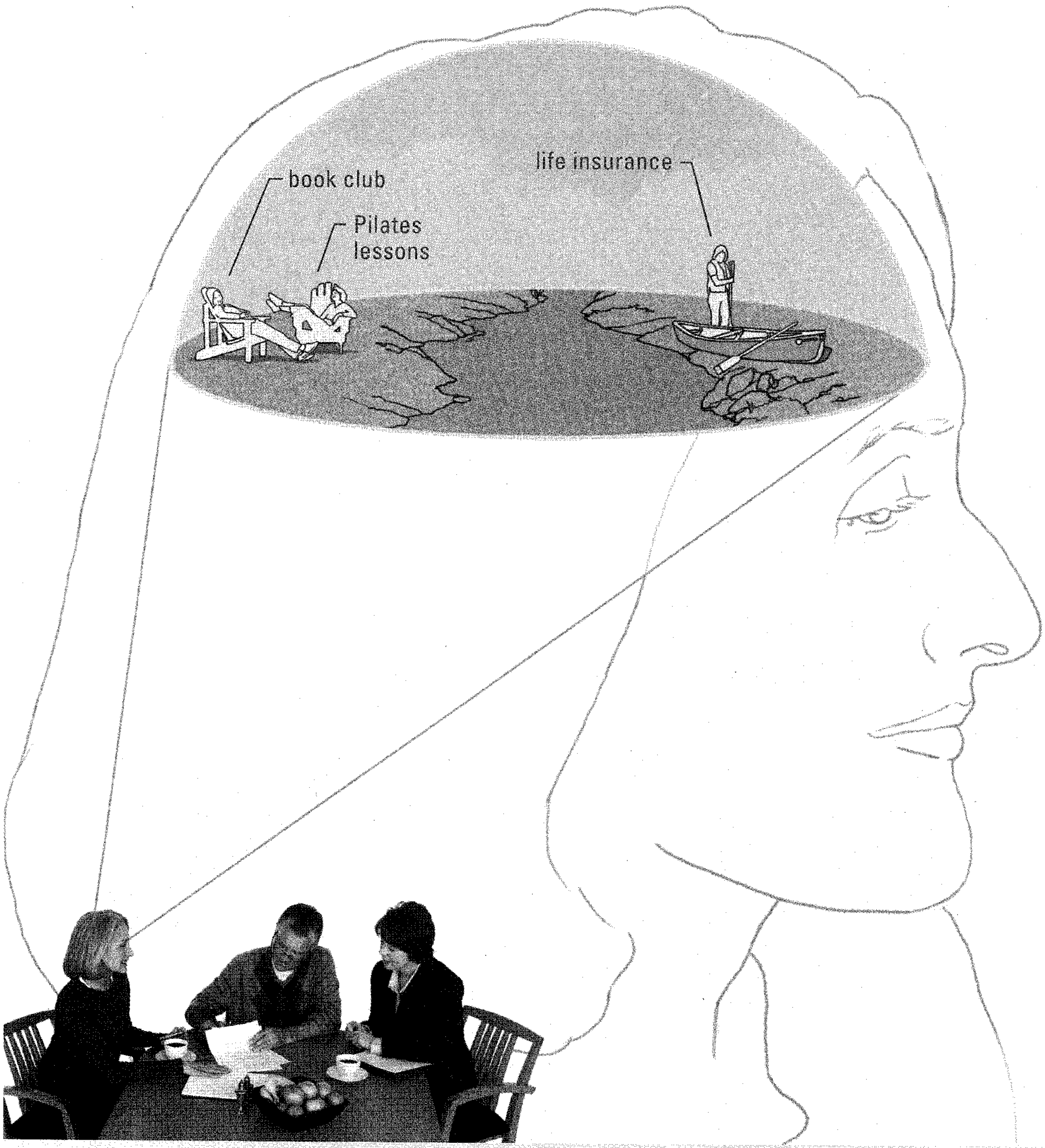
Jill Lepore (Books, p. 94) is a professor of history at Harvard. She is the author of "New York Burning," and the editor of "Websterisms," coming out in the fall.

Joni Mitchell (Poem, p. 72) is a musician, songwriter, and artist. She has won five Grammy awards. "Bad Dreams Are Good" comprises the lyrics of a song on her new album, "Shine," due out later this month.

Lorenzo Mattotti (Cover), an artist based in Paris, has been a contributor since 1993. He is the co-author of "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde," a graphic novel.

THIS WEEK ON NEWYORKER.COM

George Packer posts interviews with Zalmay Khalilzad and Lee Hamilton, and responds to readers' questions on his blog, Interesting Times. / *Mark Singer* talks about Joyce Hatto, with archival sound clips. / Q. & A. with *Paul Theroux* / *John Colapinto* and *Nick Paumgarten* on the U.S. Open. / Blogs by *Hendrik Hertzberg* and *Dana Goodyear*. / *Nell Freudenberger* discusses Grace Paley on the monthly fiction podcast. / From the archives: *Elizabeth Kolbert* on Hillary Clinton, complete coverage of the Iraq war, and the Film File. / Animated cartoons, the caption contest, and more.



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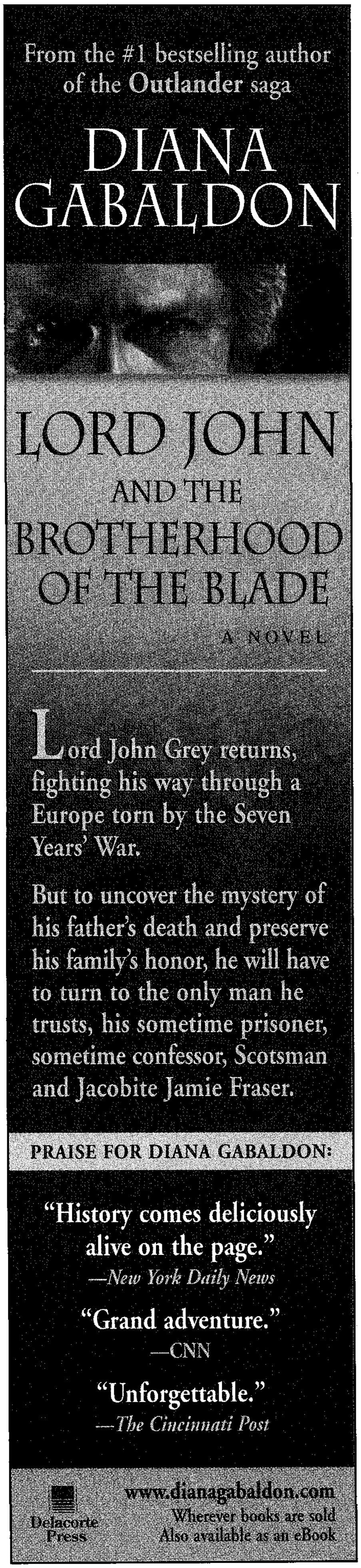

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THE DETAINEES

Jane Mayer outlines, to chilling effect, the extent to which President Bush, George Tenet, and other high-ranking government officials monitored the C.I.A.'s physical and psychological torture of detainees inside C.I.A. secret prisons ("The Black Sites," August 13th). The interrogation methods within these prisons were carefully designed to cause immeasurable suffering, violating the Geneva Conventions and a battery of international human-rights standards. Whatever confessions they resulted in should not, and likely will not, stand in a court of law. The abuses cited in Mayer's article are shocking, but what is unknown is how long it will take all of us to demand that Congress and the Administration deliver the United States back to the ranks of nations seeking to uphold human rights rather than violate them.

Larry Cox
Executive Director
Amnesty International USA
New York City

NAME GAME

Tom Mueller offers a compelling story of counterfeit olive oil in Italy, but fudging olive oil is not exclusively an Old World practice ("Slippery Business," August 13th). In "Life on the Mississippi," Mark Twain notes a discussion between two "drummers," or travelling salesmen, each extolling his particular ware over breakfast. One holds out a pat of oleomargarine on the end of a knife, adding, "Butter's had its day—and from this out, butter goes to the wall." The other man responds by displaying bottles of cottonseed oil, which he sells as olive oil, admitting, "We turn out the whole thing—clean from the word go—in our factory in New Orleans."

Daniel Jackovino
Maplewood, N.J.

I was astonished and dismayed to see Tom Mueller's byline on a story about Italian olive oil, and I searched in vain for a note that would indicate that the author and I are, in fact, unrelated. The absence of such a note has made for a great deal of confusion and consternation among my friends and business associates, because I guided the Filippo Berio brand to its leading position in the U.S. during the past twenty years, and I co-founded and have served as chairman of the North American Olive Oil Association. I strongly disagree with the article title's portrayal of the over-all quality of Italian extra-virgin olive oil. Filippo Berio olive oils, for instance, are crafted from the finest Mediterranean olive oils, which are selected by our expert panel of master olive-oil tasters and rigorously analyzed in our state-of-the-art laboratory to detect any potential adulterant or impurity.

Tom Mueller
President, Filippo Berio/SALOV North America Corp.
Hackensack, N.J.

HIGH JUMPS

Burkhard Bilger, in his account of Michel Fournier's quest to set a new high-altitude skydiving record, writes that, in the late nineteen-fifties, John Paul Stapp "couldn't afford a pressurized cabin" for his test pilot, Joe Kittinger, to make a high-altitude jump ("Falling," August 13th). In fact, he had two such balloon gondolas, one of which, Finnegan, was designed and built at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base by Jack Rayfield and me, both of us then lieutenants in the Air Force. The open-air gondola that Stapp and Kittinger elected to use can be more hazardous than the pressurized two-person gondola with a built-in jumper's step; but the latter also had a maximum float altitude of ninety-six thousand feet, and perhaps they hoped to exceed the "magic number" of a hundred thousand feet.

Richard Geer
Blaine, Wash.

•

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"Zhang Huan: Altered States," at the Asia Society. Photograph by Gus Powell.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
16	17	18	12	13	14	15

THIS WEEK

THE THEATRE
IF YOU'RE BLUE

Rosie Perez and Kevin Chamberlin star in a revival of Terrence McNally's gay-bathhouse farce, "The Ritz," from 1975. Joe Mantello directs the Roundabout Theatre Company production, at Studio 54. (See page 10.)

NIGHT LIFE
VISIONARY

The "Dream Concert," at Radio City Music Hall, brings together musical luminaries from a wide range of genres in an effort to raise money for the Martin Luther King, Jr., National Memorial, in Washington, D.C. The headliners include Stevie Wonder, Aretha Franklin, Carlos Santana, Garth Brooks, and Jessye Norman. (See page 15.)

ART
BIG SCOOP

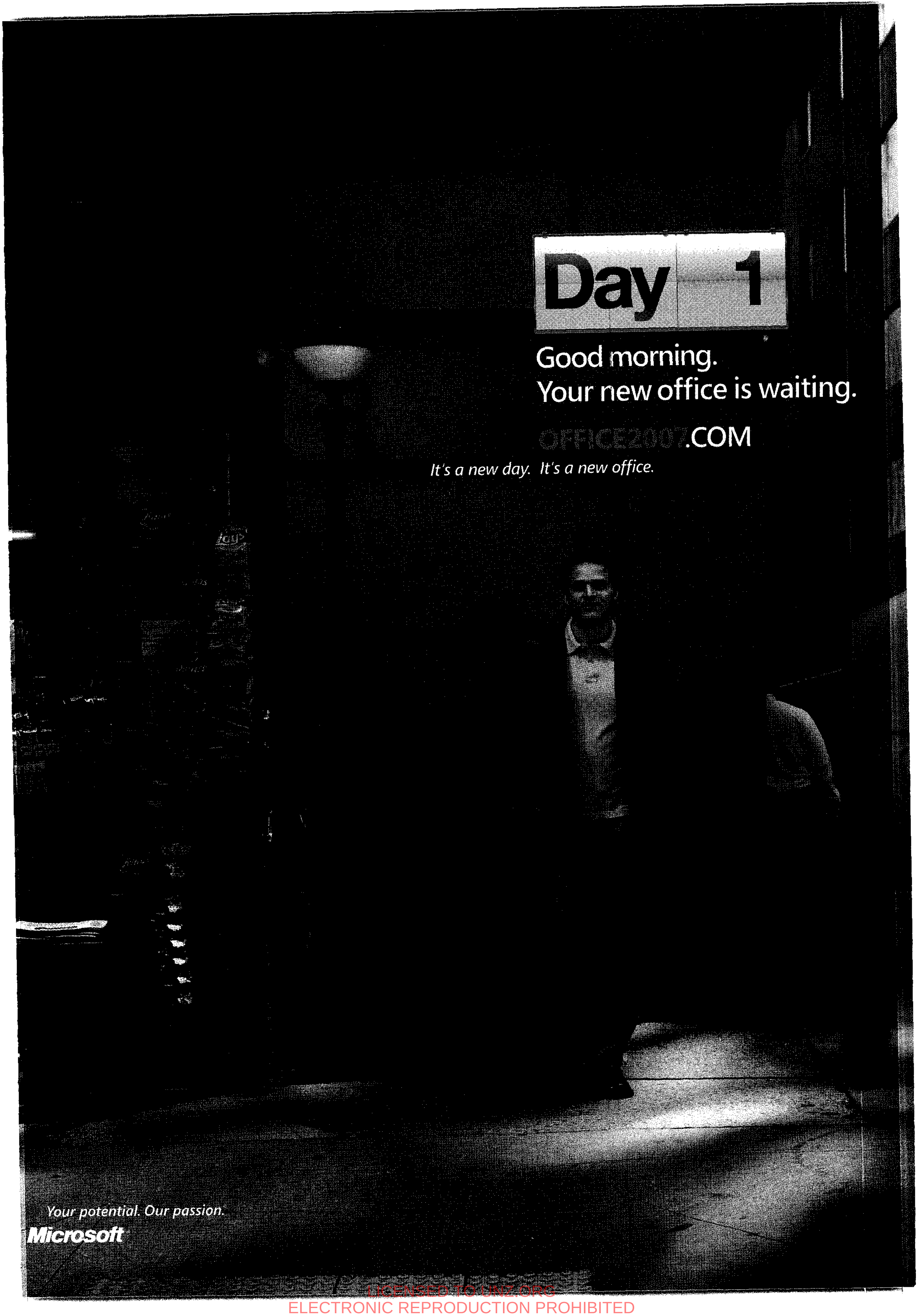
The beach and evanescence are favorite themes of the conceptual artist Quisqueya Henríquez, who was born in Cuba and now lives in the Dominican Republic. At the opening of "The World Outside," her mid-career retrospective at the Bronx Museum, an edible art work—ice cream made from Caribbean seawater, a commentary on the cliché of the hot-blooded Latin—will be served. (See page 16.)

MOVIES
NOIR-LISTED

Abraham Lincoln Polonsky, born in New York in 1910, had a Columbia law degree, a few published novels, and Communist connections by the time he went to Hollywood after the war. After writing the classic boxing noir "Body and Soul" and directing the intense, literate "Force of Evil," he was blacklisted, and didn't direct again until 1969. Anthology Film Archives offers a selection of Polonsky's work, credited and not, including the rare "I Can Get It for You Wholesale." (See page 24.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND
KINGS' PAGES

The Brooklyn Book Festival enters its second year with writers from Kings County and elsewhere—including A. M. Homes, Jonathan Lethem, Paula Fox, and Kimiko Hahn—gathering for a packed day of readings and discussions. (See page 26.)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CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
A PLACE FOR IT

It is ironic that "West Side Story," a plea for ethnic tolerance by four Jewish liberals—Leonard Bernstein (composer), Stephen Sondheim (lyricist), Arthur Laurents (book), and Jerome Robbins (choreographer)—has now become difficult to revive in New York. Latinos have complained that its view of Puerto Ricans is stereotyped; producers have worried that its "Cool, Daddy-O" slang now seems quaint. Yet the show, which opened fifty years ago, is a masterpiece of American musical theatre—perhaps *the* masterpiece. If the material is unfamiliar to you, skip the dreadful Oscar-winning movie version of 1961, with its embarrassing cast and hashed score and choreography. The original cast album, starring Carol Lawrence and Larry Kert, is ardent and heartbreaking, and Bernstein's own later recording makes a good case for the piece as an American opera. "West Side Story" is now performed in prisons and gang-ridden neighborhoods, where it is used as therapy, and in summer-stock productions, where it leaps off the stage. It's time for a full-scale New York revival.

—*David Denby*

THE THEATRE
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

AMERICAN SLIGO
Adam Rapp ("Red Light Winter") wrote and directs this dark comedy, about a wrestling legend on the eve of his last match. In previews. (Rattlestick, 224 Waverly Pl. 212-868-4444.)

BASIL TWIST'S "DOGUGAESHI"
The puppeteer employs the Japanese puppet-theatre art that uses a sliding-screen mechanism, portraying the tale of a sly white fox. Opens Sept. 12. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 212-715-1258.)

BLIND MOUTH SINGING
National Asian American Theatre Company presents Jorge Ignacio Cortiñas's play, about a strict matriarch and her children. Ruben Polendo directs. Previews begin Sept. 14. (Baruch Performing Arts Center, 55 Lexington Ave. 212-279-4200.)

CELIA
Carmen Rivera and Candido Tirado wrote this musical based on the life of the late Cuban singer Celia Cruz. Jaime Azpilicueta directs. Performances on Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 7 are in English; all other performances are in Spanish. In previews. (New World Stages, 340 W. 50th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE DINING ROOM
The Keen Company opens its season with A. R. Gurney's drama, a series of vignettes about a twentieth-century Wasp family. Jonathan Silverstein directs. In previews. (Clurman, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

DIVIDING THE ESTATE
Primary Stages presents the New York première of this comedy by Horton Foote, set in the late nineteen-eighties, in which a Texan family contemplates its fate. Previews begin Sept. 18. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

FLAGS
Jane Martin wrote this drama, about a family who lost a son to the Iraq war. Henry Wishcamper directs. In previews. Opens Sept. 15. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

HAMLET
At the Pearl, Shepard Sobel directs Shakespeare's tragedy. In previews. (80 St. Marks Pl. 212-598-9802.)

100 SAINTS YOU SHOULD KNOW
Playwrights Horizons kicks off the season with the world première of a play by Kate Fodor, about a woman who becomes intrigued by a troubled priest at the church that she cleans. Janel Moloney, Lois Smith, Jeremy Shamos, Will Rogers, and Zoe Kazan star. Ethan McSweeny directs. In previews. Opens Sept. 18. (416 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

THE MAGNIFICENT CUCKOLD
East River Commedia presents this 1920 farce by Fernand Crommelynck, in which a man is so paranoid that his wife might cheat on him that he forces her to do so with all the men in the village. Preview on Sept. 14. Opens Sept. 15. (Connelly, 220 E. 4th St. 212-868-4444.)

MAURITIUS
Alison Pill, F. Murray Abraham, Dylan Baker, Katie Finneran, and Bobby Cannavale star in Manhattan Theatre Club's production of a drama by Theresa Rebeck, about half sisters who inherit a stamp collection. Doug Hughes directs. Previews begin Sept. 13. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE MISANTHROPE
New York Theatre Workshop presents Molière's comedy, directed by Ivo van Hove. Previews begin Sept. 14. (79 E. 4th St. 212-239-6200.)

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THE POWER OF DARKNESS
Mint Theatre Company revives Leo Tolstoy's drama from 1886, about a Russian peasant who becomes involved in a murder. In previews. (311 W. 43rd St. 212-315-0231.)

THE RITZ
Roundabout Theatre Company revives Terrence McNally's 1975 comedy, starring Rosie Perez and Kevin Chamberlin, in which a heterosexual man hides out from a mobster in a gay bathhouse. Joe Mantello directs. Previews begin Sept. 14. (Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 212-719-1300.)

ROCK DOVES
The première of a drama by Marie Jones, set in postwar Northern Ireland. Ian McElhinney directs. In previews. Opens Sept. 16. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 212-868-4444.)

SCARCITY
Atlantic Theatre Company presents the première of a new play by Lucy Thurber, about siblings longing to escape their life of poverty. In previews. (336 W. 20th St. 212-279-4200.)

THE SHAPE OF METAL
Origin Theatre Company presents Thomas Kilroy's drama, in which a sculptor copes with the disappearance of her daughter. Brian Murray directs. Opens Sept. 12. (59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200.)

THREE MO' TENORS
This musical revue, conceived, directed, and choreographed by Marion J. Caffey, combines opera, blues, jazz, soul, and other genres. In previews. (Little Shubert Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200.)

TILL THE BREAK OF DAWN
Danny Hoch's new hip-hop play, about a group of South Bronx radicals who take a trip to Havana, Cuba. In previews. Opens Sept. 13. (Abrons Arts Center, 466 Grand St. 212-352-3101.)

NOW PLAYING

AMERICA LOVESEXDEATH
Billy the Mime is the creator and star of this show, a series of sketches about current events. (Flea, 41 White St. 212-352-3101.)

EDGE
Angelica Torn stars in this one-woman show about the life of Sylvia Plath. Paul Alexander wrote and directs. (ArcLight, 152 W. 71st St. 212-352-3101.)

IPHIGENIA 2.0
Charles Mee adapts ancient Greek texts to reflect the world as it is now: a fragmented place, torn apart by war, by the disintegration of the family, and by politicians who offer a canned performance of authority while disavowing all responsibility. Mee's new drama, in a Signature Theatre Company production, takes place in Greece, but it's less like the Greece of the Persian wars than like present-day Iraq and Afghanistan. Four soldiers (the excellent J. D. Goldblatt, Jesse Hooker, Jimonn Cole, and Will Fowler) act as a chorus in fatigues, listening as Agamemnon (Tom Nelis) contemplates sacrificing his daughter, Iphigenia (Louisa Krause), to the gods in order to make peace with his people. Divided between his emotions and his duties as a leader, Mee's Agamemnon is not unlike Mee the playwright struggling both to pay homage to the past and to create something new. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/3 & 10/07.) (Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. 212-244-7529.)

KING LEAR
Royal Shakespeare Company brings its production of the tragedy, starring Ian McKellen and directed by Trevor Nunn, to BAM. Playing in repertory with "The Seagull." (BAM's Harvey Theatre, 651 Fulton St. 718-636-4100.)

PEACE
Ralph Lee incorporates his striking puppets and masks in this Mettawee River Theatre production of Aristophanes' comedy, performed in the outdoor garden of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. (Amsterdam Ave. at 111th St. 212-929-4777. Through Sept. 16.)

PURPLE HEARTS
Burgess Clark's drama about the 1941 Pearl Harbor attack, directed by David Epstein. (Gene Frankel Theatre, 24 Bond St. 212-387-8440.)

RITES OF PRIVACY
In his one-man show, David Rhodes sings, dances, and portrays five characters, each with a secret

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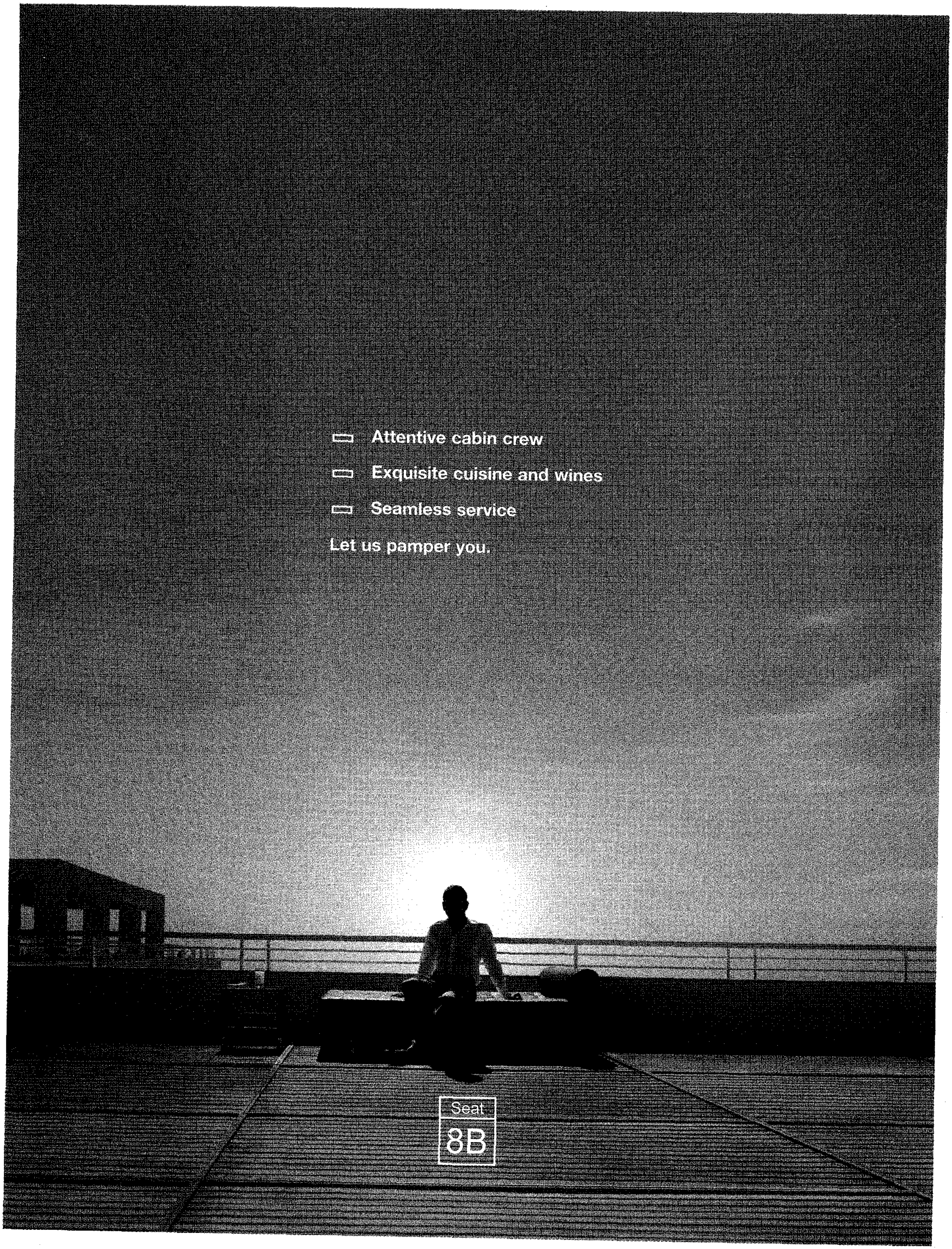

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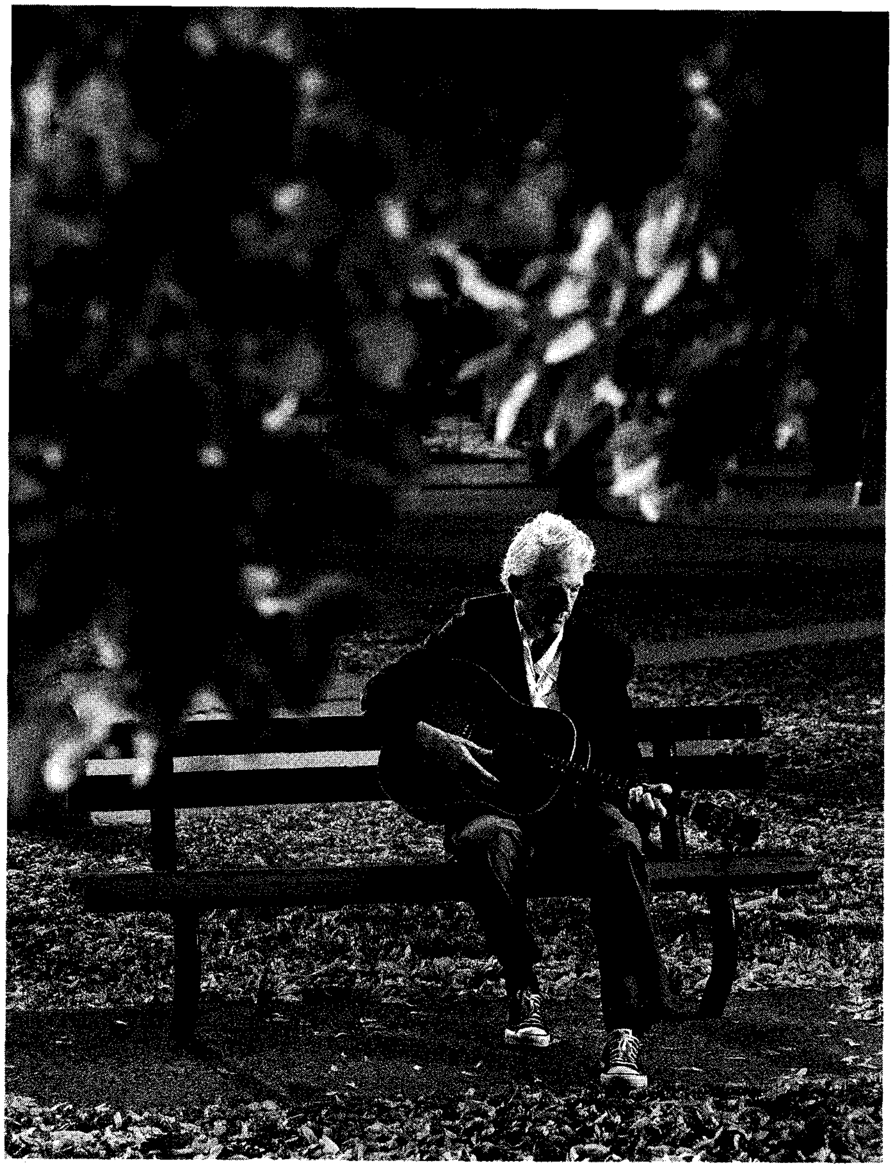


The singer-songwriter Nick Lowe is part of the new series "Music Downtown."

to tell. Ranging from a genteel Southern widow to a New Hampshire fisherman to an elderly refugee from Nazi Germany, they allow for an array of joyfully employed dialects, outfits, and wigs, which Rhodes sheds between scenes in order to tell stories from his own life. The show is about revealing long-hidden truths, but Rhodes's love for lurid spectacle—a character's self-induced abortion, a frenzied dance in front of projections of Hitler—makes the results more off-putting than engaging. Rhodes's personal confessions, warmly delivered but rife with old grievances, do little to endear him to the audience. Directed by Charles Loffredo. (Urban Stages, 259 W. 30th St. 212-868-4444.)

THE SEAGULL
Royal Shakespeare Company brings its production of Chekhov's drama, directed by Trevor Nunn, to BAM. Ian McKellen stars in select performances. Playing in repertory with "King Lear." (BAM's Harvey Theatre, 651 Fulton St. 718-636-4100.)

WALMARTOPIA! THE MUSICAL
Does a musical about Wal-Mart really need a ballad about the trials of motherhood? Rather than winking at the audience over the high-concept absurdity of its subject—an ominous near-future in which the retail chain has taken over the world—Catherine Capellaro and Andrew Rohn's anti-capitalist fable (which was a cult hit in last year's Fringe Festival) keeps its politics and its jokes straightforward and attempts to root the story in a heartfelt depiction of a working-class mother (Cheryl Freeman) and daughter (Nikki M. James) coming to terms with each other. The director, Daniel Goldstein, adds energy and spiffy production value to the script's relative sobriety, but he can't give it what it really lacks: bite. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 212-307-4100.)

Also Playing

ABSINTHE: South Street Seaport, Pier 17. 212-279-4200. **THE ALL-AMERICAN SPORT OF BIPARTISAN BASHING:** New World Stages, 340 W. 50th St. 212-239-6200. **AVENUE Q:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **THE BRIG:** Living Theatre, 19-21 Clinton St. 212-352-3101. **A CHORUS LINE:** Schoenfeld, 236 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **THE COLOR PURPLE:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 212-239-6200. **CURTAINS:** Al Hirschfeld, 302 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **GONE MISSING:** Barrow Street Theatre, 27 Barrow St. 212-239-6200. **GREASE:** Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 212-307-4100. **HAIRSPRAY:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 212-307-4100. **JERSEY BOYS:** August Wilson, 245 W. 52nd St. 212-239-6200. **LEGALLY BLONDE THE MUSICAL:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 212-307-4100. **MARY POPPINS:** New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 212-307-4747. **MASKED:** DR2, at 103 E. 15th St. 212-239-6200. **MONTY PYTHON'S SPAMALOT:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. **MOSCOW CATS THEATRE:** Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 212-307-7171. **SPRING AWAKENING:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200. **TINGS DEY HAPPEN:** Culture Project, 55 Mercer St. 212-352-3101. **XANADU:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.

NIGHT LIFE
ROCK AND POP

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—Sept. 14: **Chuck Berry,** one of rock and roll's founding fathers. Sept. 17: **Thomas Dolby** is too often dismissed as a New Wave one-hit wonder (for the single "She Blinded Me with Science") despite his pioneering work with synthesizers; he knows more about how to get a pile of transistors into orbit (at least musically) than all the engineers at NASA. He's backed here by the Jazz Mafia Horns, from San Francisco.

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111)—Sept. 14: The singer-songwriter **Teddy Thompson,** son of Richard and Linda, drops by with songs from his new release, "Up Front and Down Low," a rich reinterpretation of dark country standards.

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE
Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. (212-360-2777)—Sept. 16: The New York World Festival, a collaboration between the World Music Institute and the Center for Traditional Music and Dance, features musicians from around the Mediterranean, including **Hassan Hakmoun,** the **Orchestra of Tangier, Amalia Papastefanou, Lefteris Bournias, Christos Tiktapanidis, Yiannis Anastasopoulos,** and **Dimonis d'Albopàs.** (For more information, visit www.heartheworld.org.)

HIGHLINE BALLROOM
431 W. 16th St. (212-414-5994)—Sept. 14: **Michael Gira,** the prolific former Swans front man, celebrates the release of "We Are Him," a lush album from the Angels of Light, his recording alter ego. This new record is a summation of Gira's recent sonic palette, featuring gospel moments, country-style guitar picking, unexpectedly loud, dissonant riffs, and the occasional group chant. Gira, who is performing solo, is sure to emphasize his lyrics, which have recently taken on a yearning quality, though they still contain enough touches of Swans-era nihilism and loathing ("When you open your mouth you're too stupid to scream," for example) to keep old fans interested. Sept. 18: The **Aliens,** a trippy spinoff of the eclectic Scottish group Beta Band, is on its first American tour. Its début album is called "Astronomy for Dogs."

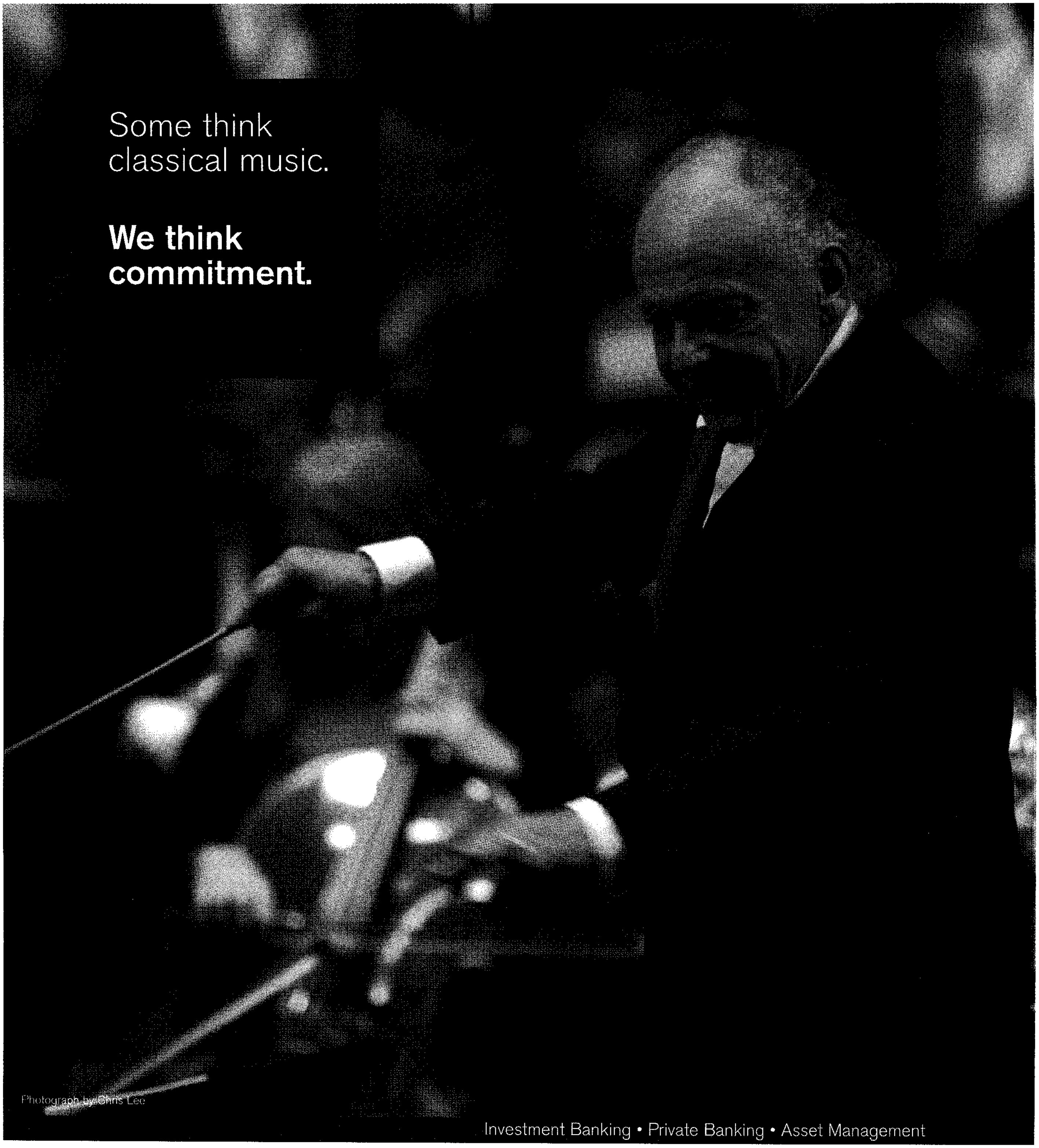
KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (212-219-3055)—Sept. 13: **Lee Rocker,** the bassist for the Stray Cats.

"LET'S ZYDECO"
The concert series dedicated to the various indigenous musical forms of Louisiana has arranged for a visit by **Rosie Ledet,** a young female accordionist and bandleader, who is a rarity in the male-dominated zydeco world. She's at Connolly's with her band, the Zydeco Playboys, on Sept. 16. (121 W. 45th St. For more information, call 212-685-7597 or visit www.letszydeco.com.)

MCCARREN PARK POOL
Lorimer St. between Bayard St. and Driggs Ave., Brooklyn—Sept. 15: **GZA,** of the Wu-Tang Clan, performs his 1995 solo album, "Liquid Swords," for the first time in New York City. With the British soul singer **Jamie Lidell.** (For more information, visit www.openspacealliancenb.org.)

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (212-307-7171)—Sept. 14: New York's own **Interpol** were initially derided at the dawn of the decade for being too derivative of iconic British post-punk outfits like Joy Division. The band's sombre sartorial style and icily oblique

MICHELE ASSELIN


Some think
classical music.
We think
commitment.
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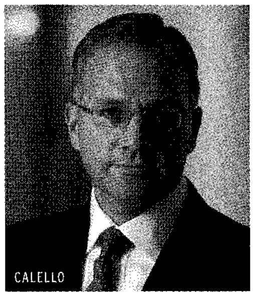
CREDIT SUISSE AND NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

A New Season. A New Partnership.

With the opening of its 2007–2008 season this week, the New York Philharmonic resumes the dialogue between tradition and innovation that has marked its history since 1842. This month the dialogue gained the support of Credit Suisse, when the venerable bank, more than 150 years old, became the orchestra's first exclusive global sponsor. "We have found an ideal partner in Credit Suisse," says Philharmonic president Zarin Mehta. "The hallmarks of our respective histories mirror each other closely in an absolute dedication to excellence and vision."



Credit Suisse Investment Bank Chief Executive Officer, Paul Calello cites tradition and innovation as values the partners share. Certainly both are evident in this season's programming. Even the upcoming celebration of Tchaikovsky, in a festival of all the symphonies and several concertos, has groundbreaking antecedents—the orchestra gave the U.S. première of eleven of the composer's works, including the "Pathétique" Symphony in 1894.

Music director Lorin Maazel will conduct the Tchaikovsky works as well as two of the iconoclastic programs he designed as a musical conversation between Beethoven and the contemporary composer Luciano Berio, who died in 2003. In a recent interview, Mehta explained how the pairing came about: "Both composers were revolutionaries. So we thought it would be interesting to hear the contrast between a revolutionary of the early nineteenth century and one of the late twentieth century."

Maazel is a passionate opera conductor and will treat audiences to the concert version of one of his favorites, "Tosca." But the orchestra's other operatic choice, Alexander Zemlinsky's "A Florentine Tragedy," adapted from an unfinished play by Oscar Wilde, is much less familiar. It was selected by the conductor James Conlon to bring attention to an early twentieth-century Viennese composer whom he feels deserves more recognition.

"We have to keep replenishing the repertoire," Mehta emphasizes, looking forward to the premières this season of two works commissioned by the Philharmonic. In March, Alan Gilbert, the Philharmonic's next music director, will conduct Marc Neikrug's "Quintessence" Symphony No. 2. In April, the pianist Lang Lang will perform a concerto written for him by Tan Dun, whose work has included the Academy Award-winning "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon" score.

The Philharmonic has always been global in its quest for new repertoire and the most talented musicians. To date, the orchestra has performed in fifty-eight foreign countries. During its three-week tour of China next February, audiences in Shanghai and Beijing will enjoy the relatively new experience of hearing Western classical music performed by America's oldest symphony orchestra.

"This global sponsorship represents our commitment to the values embodied by the Philharmonic," says Paul Calello of the Credit Suisse partnership, "as well as our broader effort to play an active, positive role in the communities around the world in which we live and work."

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lyrics did little to change that opinion, but after three critically acclaimed albums Interpol has become a revered reference point in itself, closing the circle by inspiring British acolyte bands such as the much fêted Editors.

MERCURY LOUNGE
217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700)—Sept. 13: As the lead singers of, respectively, the Feelies and the Dream Syndicate, **Glenn Mercer** and **Steve Wynn** were two of the more distinctive voices of the American underground in the eighties. After the breakup of both bands, at the start of the past decade, Wynn released a string of acclaimed solo albums. Mercer, who released three records in the mid-nineties with a pop band called Wake Ooloo, has recently issued his first solo album, "Wheels in Motion." Sept. 17: Blessed with distinctive and elastic vocal chords, **Craig Wedren** led the Washington, D.C., post-hardcore band Shudder to Think. A dozen years ago, he almost won them mainstream success before a diagnosis of Hodgkin's disease scuttled his momentum. Years later, Wedren has recovered and continues to sing, produce, and score music for films. He is currently at work on his second solo album, "Wand."

"MUSIC DOWNTOWN"
This free festival organized by Wall Street Rising, a group dedicated to the cultural future of Lower Manhattan, features three nights of music outside the area's newest skyscraper, 7 World Trade Center. It gets under way on Sept. 17 with the hard-rocking locals the **Hold Steady.** With the **Old '97s** and **Illinois.** Sept. 18: The singer-songwriter **M. Ward.** With **Victoria Williams** and **McCarthy Trenching.** Sept. 19: England's **Nick Lowe** has maintained an audaciously low-profile career for more than four decades. A lesser man would have given up, but bold staying power is the least that can be expected from someone who called his first solo album "Jesus of Cool" (the 1978 release was retitled "Pure Pop for Now People" for touchy Yanks). Lowe has had some chart success, most notably with the 1979 single "Cruel to be Kind," and he produced a number of seminal albums by the likes of the Damned and Elvis Costello. On his own, he's a tireless purveyor of rootsy, hook-laden pop and wryly winsome country-rock. With the **Holmes Brothers** and **Ollabelle.** (250 Greenwich St., at Barclay St. For more information, visit www.musicdowntown.org.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Sixth Ave. at 50th St. (212-247-4777)—Each fall, the opening of the U.N. General Assembly brings dignitaries from around the globe to New York City. The "Dream Concert," here on Sept. 18, is the pop-world equivalent. Some of the highest-ranking officials from the R. & B., rock, country, and classical realms will be on hand to help raise money for the Martin Luther King, Jr., National Memorial in Washington, D.C. The lineup includes **Stevie Wonder, Aretha Franklin, Carlos Santana, Garth Brooks,** and **Jessye Norman.**

WEBSTER HALL
125 E. 11th St. (212-353-1600)—Sept. 12: The soul acts **Macy Gray** and the **Brand New Heavies.**

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080)—Sept. 11-15: The **Pharoah Sanders** quartet. With soulful balladeering now tempering his titanic eruptions, Sanders has become the complete saxophonist. It's been quite an evolution for the roaring iconoclast who once made even late-period Coltrane sound reserved; these days, Sanders's colossal tone and naked expressivity are crucial elements in his openhearted embrace of the audience.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (212-475-8592)—Sept. 11-16: A double bill with **Ron Carter** and **Christian McBride.** The bass eminence Carter leads his most satisfying band, the tightly knit Golden Stryker Trio, with the guitarist **Russell Malone** and the pianist **Mulgrew Miller.** McBride—Carter's successor to the bass throne—fronts his own trio.

DIZZY'S CLUB COCA-COLA
Broadway at 60th St. (212-258-9595)—**Sherrie Maricle and the DIVA Jazz Orchestra,** a long-running all-female ensemble, is joined by the vocalists **Dee Daniels,** on Sept. 11-13, and **Carmen Bradford,** on Sept. 14-16.

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121)—Sept. 13-16: **Lee Konitz** has a devoted fan in his

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TABLES FOR TWO
MARLOW & SONS

81 Broadway, Brooklyn (718-384-1441)—You can be annoyed by Marlow & Sons, if you're in a stickler's mood. The place—a commissary/newsstand/tavern/oyster bar, and, most recently, restaurant—is pure ironic-nostalgic pastiche. Sausages dangle from the ceiling as if to evoke turn-of-the-century Little Italy; the waiters wear butcher-style aprons, and sometimes mustaches, for a dose of Five Points. In the cabinet-of-curiosities mode so beloved these days by hip New Yorkers, the bathroom is filled with salvaged obscurities: a youth-brigade photograph, an old doctor's scale, and a candle stuck in a jam jar. The effect, heightened by the blue nimbus of the looming Williamsburg Bridge, is something like Ellis Island by way of Epcot. But the fact that—in addition to fresh baked goods (plum-nectarine galette, poppy-seed cake, pizza), whole milk, novelty toothbrushes, and a selection of vintage gums—the storefront shop stocks *Cosmopolitan* assures us that the period pose is all in good fun.

Despite its hodgepodge leanings, when it comes to food, Marlow & Sons takes a purist stance. In a corner of the back dining room, an oyster shucker plies his trade with an alacrity that would have pleased Boss Tweed. Shuck, scrape, sniff. The stout Malpeques and dreamy Wiannos arrive, decked with lemon wedges, on mounds of shaved ice. It's for the common benefit that no cocktail sauce is provided. An appetizer, too, gets a municipal twist: the bread is semolina, crusty and corrugated enough to bring to mind rye, topped with strips of pancetta and a sweet-butter schmear. The skate wing comes with a "creamless creamed corn," so close to the real thing that it makes you wonder if the chef, Caroline Fidanza, could also make us believe it's butter. One end-of-summer night, there was on offer a special salad of basil, radishes, and nectarines. The nectarines were all pick of the litter; their pink-and-orange speckled skins brought to mind a mackerel sunset, and the wish that August would last forever. A little boy, wearing light-up sneakers, approached the shop counter, proffered some wadded bills, and emerged with a slice of white pizza. When he returned, two minutes later, for a granita, Marlow & Sons started to seem like its very own thing. (Restaurant open daily for dinner. Entrées $14-$22.)

—*Lauren Collins*

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fellow-saxophonist **Ohad Talmor,** who skillfully reorchestrates Konitz's music for his horn-and-strings-dominated New Nonet. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.** The **Mingus Big Band** takes over on Tuesdays.

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—Sept. 11-16: The trumpeter and New Orleans native **Terence Blanchard** performs music from his new album, "A Tale of God's Will (A Requiem for Katrina)." The ambitious work draws on music he originally composed for Spike Lee's 2006 documentary, "When the Levees Broke: A Requiem in Four Acts." Blanchard's band here includes the saxophonist **Brice Winston** and the pianist **Fabian Almazan.**

KITANO HOTEL
Park Ave. at 38th St. (212-885-7022)—Sept. 14-15: The pianist **Bill Mays,** accompanied by the trumpeter **Marvin Stamm** and the cellist **Alisa Horn,** has a fine new album, "Fantasy." It incorporates jazz and classical music in an easy, unpretentious manner that never stints on wit and lyricism.

Jessica Craig-Martin's "Watermill Center Benefit Gala," at Greenberg Van Doren.

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—Sept. 11-16: **Paul Motian, Joe Lovano,** and **Bill Frisell** wind up a two-week engagement. With the drummer Motian, the saxophonist Lovano, and the guitarist Frisell onboard, who needs a bass player? This magisterial trio can be both poetic and raucous over the course of a set, unafraid to indulge in tonal and rhythmic contusions or coolly bask in lyrical waters.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-535-7710)—**"The Age of Rembrandt: Dutch Paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art."** Opens Sept. 18. ♦ **"Bridging East and West: The Chinese Diaspora and Lin Yutang."** Opens Sept. 15. ♦ **"Abstract Expressionism and Other Modern Works: The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman Collection."** Opens Sept. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400)—**"What Is Painting: Contemporary Art from the Collection."** MOMA opens its vaults for a survey of painting that starts in the mid-nineteen-sixties and runs straight up to this year. As a meditation on what makes a painting brilliant, the show disappoints; it's a post-minimalism, post-Pop primer gone awry. Most of the offerings are lower-tier works by upper-tier artists. An important exception—cause for celebration at a museum once picketed by the feminist agitprop group the Guerilla Girls, who protested the paucity of women in its collection—is great work by Lee Bontecou, Lee Lozano, and Dorothea Rockburne. Through Sept. 17. ♦ **"Present Tense: Photographs by JoAnn Verburg."** Through Nov. 5. ♦ **"Lost Vanguard: Soviet Modernist Architecture, 1922-1932."** Through Oct. 29. ♦ **"James Lee Byars: The Art of Writing."** Through Oct. 30. (Open Wednesdays through Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Friday evenings until 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—**"Richard Pousette-Dart."** Through Sept. 25. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (800-944-8639)—**"Summer of Love: Art of the Psychedelic Era."** Through Sept. 16. ♦ **"Neither New Nor Correct: Recent Work by Mark Bradford."** Opens Sept. 14. ♦ **"Danny Lyon: Montage, Film, and Still Photography."** Through Nov. 30. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
Central Park W. at 79th St. (212-769-5100)—**"Mythic Creatures: Dragons, Unicorns, and Mermaids."** Through Jan. 6, 2008. ♦ The recently opened Anne and Bernard Spitzer Hall of Human Origins explores the science of evolution. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM
200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)— **"Infinite Island: Contemporary Caribbean Art."** Through Jan. 27, 2008. ♦ **"Brushed with Light: American Landscape Watercolors from the Collection."** Opens Sept. 14. ♦ **"Global Feminisms Remix."** Through Feb. 3, 2008. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

ASIA SOCIETY
Park Ave. at 70th St. (212-288-6400)—**"Zhang Huan: Altered States."** Through Jan. 20, 2008. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Friday evenings until 9.)

BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS
1040 Grand Concourse (718-681-6000)— **"Quisqueya Henríquez: The World Outside."** Opens Sept. 16. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Friday evenings until 8.)

COOPER-HEWITT NATIONAL DESIGN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (212-849-8300)—**"Piranesi as Designer."** Opens Sept. 14. ♦ **"Provoking Magic: Lighting of Ingo Maurer."** Opens Sept. 14. (Open Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5, Fridays, 10 to 9, Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM
1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200)—**"Camille Pissarro: Impressions of City and Country."** Opens Sept. 16. ♦ **"Isaac Bashevis Singer and the Lower East Side: Photographs by Bruce Davidson."** Opens Sept. 16. ♦ **"Love and Loss: A Video Trilogy by Neil Goldberg."** Through Oct. 14. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 11 to 5:45, and Thursdays, 11 to 8.)

NEUE GALERIE
1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-628-6200)—**"Ernst Ludwig Kirchner: Berlin Street Scene."** Through Sept. 17. (Open Thursdays, and Saturdays through Mondays, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 11 to 9.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY
170 Central Park W., at 77th St. (212-873-3400)—**"Elegy in the Dust: September 11th and the Chelsea Jeans Memorial."** Through Oct. 7. ♦ **"The World of Asher B. Durand: The Artist in Antebellum New York."** Through Sept. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 6, and Friday evenings until 8.)

SCULPTURE CENTER
44-19 Purves St., Long Island City (718-361-1750)—**"Jeppe Hein: Illusion."** Through Nov. 25. ♦ **"Scott Lyall: The Little Contemporaries."** Through Nov. 25. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, 11 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM
144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500)—**"David Adjaye: Making Public Buildings."** Through Oct. 28. ♦ **"Midnight's Daydream"** presents works by participants in the museum's 2006-07 artists-in-residence program: Titus Kaphar, Wardell Milan II, and Demetrius Oliver. Through Oct. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6, and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Galleries are usually open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; please call the gallery for exact hours.

SOL LEWITT
His wall drawings are so formally graceful that it's easy to forget that Sol LeWitt was first and foremost a conceptual artist. The eight graphite "Scribble Wall Drawings" in this show have been rendered here for the first time ever. For some people, this may be hard to square with the fact that the artist died in April. But LeWitt's drawings have, with rare exceptions, long been produced by a trusty team of assistants. The "idea" of the drawings—the written instructions that guide the hands—is the heart of the matter. Through Nov. 3. (PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. 212-421-3292.)

"25 YEARS LATER: WELCOME TO ART IN GENERAL"
One of Art in General's best shows ever is installed not in its Tribeca home but in a corporate lobby in midtown. Tucked into separate nooks of the UBS Art Gallery are ten projects by recent participants in the nonprofit space's programs, and almost every one of them is interesting. Standouts include Alejandro Cesarco's "Dedications," a soundtrack of the artist reading tender, unidentified dedications in books from his personal library, and installations exploring human disappearances, both voluntary (by Bik Van der Pol) and not (by Chitra Ganesh and Mariam Ghani). Other works, like Ana Prvacki's (literal) money-laundering service and Tim Hutchings's role-playing game set in a mock boardroom, will unfold over time. Through Nov. 9. (1285 Sixth Ave., at W. 52nd St. 212-713-2885.)

Short List

HUMA BHABA: Salon 94, 12 E. 94th St. 646-672-9212. Opens Sept. 12. **JESSICA CRAIG-MARTIN:** Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-445-0444. Through Oct. 6. **JOYCE KOZLOFF:** D. C. Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 212-247-2111. Through Oct. 6. **TRACEY ROSE:** The Project, 37 W. 57th St. 212-688-1585. Through Sept. 29. **H. C. WESTERMANN:** Zwirner & Wirth, 32 E. 69th. 212-517-8677. Opens Sept 13. **"30/40":** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 212-977-7160. Through Oct. 13. **"THE WRITER'S BRUSH":** Shapolsky, 152 E. 65th St. 212-452-1094. Through Oct. 27.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

MARCO BREUER
This survey of largely abstract, weirdly beautiful pictures made over the last fifteen years only scratches the surface of Breuer's restless inventiveness. Working without a camera, but with sheets of photosensitive paper that he abrades, slices, burns, punctures, and otherwise abuses, he makes unique images that look more like drawings than photographs. Breuer revives historic formats—the cyanotype, the photogram, the gum-bichromate print—to honor and carry on the spirit of experimentation that characterized the medium's early years. But with each new body of work, he's also concocting processes (and promoting accidents) whose results are as brilliant as they are unexpected. Through Oct. 6. (Von Lintel, 555 W. 25th St. 212-242-0599.)

MARK MORRISROE
Morrisroe, who was only thirty when he died, in 1989, has turned into something of a cult icon in the years since, but this is the first solo exhibition of his photographs since 1999, and it should not be missed. He took such a casual approach to his art that much of it—primarily Polaroid snapshots of friends like Jack Pierson and Pat Hearn, and impish self-portraits nude or in drag—looks tossed off. But the work has great spirit and wit, and flaws are key to its rough charm. Many of the larger prints are surrounded by a filigree of scrawled writing, and a group of splotchy, hand-colored photograms gives the show an avant-garde edge. In one, Morrisroe's bright-orange hand is raised in a peace sign that now looks like a gaudy benediction. Through Oct. 6. (ClampArt, 521-531 W. 25th St. 646-230-0020.)

KUNIÉ SUGIURA
Modestly sized prints of Sugiura's most recent work—photograms of Jasper Johns, Yayoi Kusama, Cai Cuo-Qiang, and other artists in action—introduce a series of enormous photographs made early in her career, between 1969 and 1972. Printed in black-and-white on photosensitive canvas, mounted on five-by-seven-foot stretchers, these graphite-enhanced images have a warm tone appropriate to their subjects: nature and sex. Richly textured closeups of ivy, tree bark, sand, and pitted stone provide a sensuous context for three knockout pictures of a man and a woman having sex. At once intimate and restrained, these monumental photos are also remarkably tender, and their heat hasn't cooled down. Through Oct. 13. (Tonkonow, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-255-8450.)

DANCE NOTES
BURIED TREASURE

Next week's hottest dance ticket is free, but get there early, because there are fewer than two hundred seats. On Sept. 18 at 6, the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, in its Bruno Walter Auditorium (111 Amsterdam Ave.), will show what is probably the world's most famous pirated ballet film, the movie that the photographer Bert Stern, lurking in a lighting booth, made of the first performance of Balanchine's 1965 "Don Quixote," with Balanchine playing the Don and the nineteen-year-old Suzanne Farrell as Dulcinea.

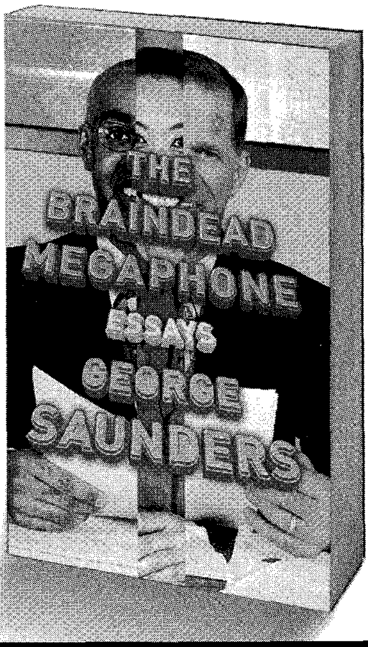
Stern had two cameras, one wide-angle and one for closeups. The library's film experts have edited some of the closeups into the wide shots and "restored" the whole thing, meaning that, where they could, they fixed the scratches on the print and the growls in the soundtrack. The result is still rough, but you'll never again see dance footage like this. Farrell has spoken of the "off-balance" style of ballet that Balanchine invented in collaboration with her. Dulcinea's long solo in Act III (the solo, or the first one, that she finishes by kneeling, with her face in her hands) is the best example on record. More than that, the film shows what New York City Ballet was like in the nineteen-sixties. To critics complaining of N.Y.C.B.'s current way of dancing, others often say, "What are you belly-aching about? The company is fabulous." Look at this film, and not even at the astonishing Farrell, but just at the female demi-soloists—how much they can do, clearly and musically, in one bar of music. That, or the loss of that, is what the critics are complaining about.

—*Joan Acocella*

ANDY FREEBERG
Freeberg's début is almost too clever for its own good: "Sentry," a series of color photographs, skewers the cliché of the white-cube gallery by focussing on its bunkerlike reception desk. Each image takes a deadpan, frontal view of the subject and the surrounding architecture, notably the ubiquitous poured-concrete floor. But whether the locale is Sonnabend, Gladstone, or Cheim & Read, and whether the desk is barrier or portal, one detail remains the same: the receptionist is never more than a glimpse of head bobbing above a stark-white rim. In a sense, Freeberg is taking scalps, but his real targets are uniformity, anonymity, and their chilling effect. Through Oct. 13. (Danziger, 521 W. 26th St. 212-629-6778.)

ANDREA ZITTEL
Confronted with the fashion demands of working in an art gallery (Pat Hearn's gallery in SoHo, in the early nineteen-nineties), Andrea Zittel conceived a sartorial system that evolved into "A-Z Personal Uniforms," an integral part of her design-for-living/living-for-design oeuvre. "Smockshop," which opened during fashion week, extends her practice to ready-to-wear garments, sewn by young artists (who share in the profits) and sold at prices well below those of blue-chip artworks—or designer clothes. Zittel's idea is that all the buyers will wear their smocks as she does, exclusively, for a whole season. Her motto: "Liberation through limitation." Through Oct. 13. (Inglett, 534 W. 22nd St. 212-647-9111.)

"An antidote to the dumbing down virus plaguing our country."
—*Vanity Fair



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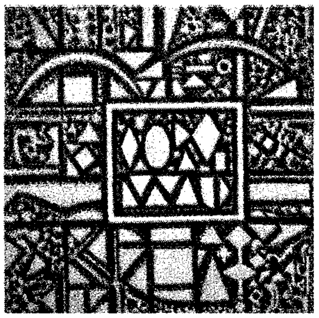
CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
THE LOVED ONE

Richard Pousette-Dart (1916-1992), a hard case among the founding Abstract Expressionists, solicits love in a smallish, erratic retrospective at the Guggenheim. Mere liking won't do. Minnesota-born, the college-dropout son of highly cultured parents, he came to New York City in 1937 and made a mark with clamorous pastiches—as awkward and ebullient as a two-chord garage band—of Picasso, Arshile Gorky, and John Graham, among others. Ahead of the pack as a developer of big-scale abstraction and, like Pollock, of perfervid Jungian symbolism, he shrank from Cedar Tavern society, moving to Rockland County in 1951. Pousette-Dart's blowzy spirituality is a trial, what with the cornball mandalas and hieroglyphs. But his heavily worked surfaces, stippled with jewel-like pats of color, often invoke uncanny light, suggesting fluorescent stucco. They entice the eye. Whether the mind follows is in question. Pousette-Dart is either a lonesome prophet of higher values or the best bad painter of his generation—or both. Marginalized in histories of Abstract Expressionism, he longs to be your special friend.

—Peter Schjeldahl



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"MAKERS AND MODELERS: WORKS IN CERAMIC"
Names like Ken Price, Rebecca Warren, and Andrew Lord are familiar enough in the context of ceramics. Elizabeth Peyton, Liz Larner, and Kai Althoff are a different story. Nonetheless, every artist here (the list also includes Jonathan Meese, Urs Fischer, and Peter Fischli and David Weiss) has used the medium in some capacity, though the idea of Mike Kelley or Sarah Lucas mastering their pottery skills is about as alien to their image as that of Picasso authorizing a mass-produced coffee mug. Through Oct. 3. (Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. 212-206-9300.)

Short List

LARRY CLARK: Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. 212-206-9100. Through Oct. 13. **EBERHARD HAVEKOST:** Kern, 532 W. 20th St. 212-367-9663. Through Oct. 13. **ADAM HELMS:** Boesky, 509 W. 24th St. 212-680-9889. Through Oct. 6. **JAMIE ISENSTEIN:** Kreps, 525 W. 22nd St. 212-741-8849. Through Oct. 20. **RAYMOND PETTIBON:** Zwirner, 519 W. 19th St. 212-727-2070. Through Oct 20. **JON PYLYPCHUCK:** Petzel, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-680-9467. Through Sept. 29. **COLLIER SCHORR:** 303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 212-255-0024. Opens Sept. 15. **KOHEI YOSHIYUKI:** Milo, 525 W. 25th St. 212-414-0370. Through Oct. 20.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

MIKE NELSON
For his first major American installation, produced by Creative Time, the London-based installation artist Mike Nelson (short-listed for this year's Turner Prize) tunnels into the Essex Street Market Building, which has been closed to the public for thirteen years. Nelson's sinister architectural fantasy, titled "A Psychic Vacuum," incorporates elements of an abandoned Chinese restaurant and alludes to the tattoo parlors and clairvoyants' storefronts that are fixtures of the neighborhood. Accessed through an inconspicuous door in the wall, it's like an amusement park dreamed up by squatters. Through Oct. 28. (Essex Street Market, 117 Delancey St. 212-206-6674.)

Short List

SADIE BENNING: Orchard, 47 Orchard St. 212-219-1061. Through Oct. 7. **HUMA BHABA:** Salon 94, at 1 Freeman Alley. 646-672-9212. Opens Sept. 16. **JOHN KESSLER:** The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. 212-219-2166. Opens Sept. 14. **CHRIS MARKER:** Peter Blum, 99 Wooster St. 212-343-0441. Through Nov. 1. **GEORGINA STARR:** Williams, 313 W. 4th St. 212-229-2757. Opens Sept. 14. **FRANK STELLA:** Freeman, 560 Broadway. 212-966-5154. Through Nov. 17.

DANCE

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY
After last year's belt-tightening, one-night-only eightieth-anniversary celebration, the struggling troupe returns to the Joyce for a full two weeks. Three programs concentrate on the most reliable of Graham's works—"Cave of the Heart," "Sketches from 'Chronicle,' " "Appalachian Spring"—and the current artistic director, Janet Eilber, continues with her crusade to provide "context" by inviting guest hosts, including Lar Lubovitch, Susan Stroman, and Jacques D'Amboise, to tell anecdotes. The Sept. 15 matinée features a Graham-centric edition of Tina Croll and Jamie Cunningham's "From the Horse's Mouth," with a couple dozen company alumni dancing and telling stories. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 212-242-0800. Sept. 11-12 at 7:30, Sept. 13-14 at 8, Sept. 15 at 2 and 8, Sept. 16 at 2 and 7:30, and Sept. 18 at 7. Through Sept. 23.)

JEREMY WADE
In 2006, the rave dancer turned choreographer won a Bessie for his extreme, nude drug trip of a duo, "Glory." Now based in Berlin, he's produced his first group piece, a quintet called ". . . and Pulled Out Their Hair." It, too, explores extreme states, but in a less original form: it looks like another night at the insane asylum. Mouths agape most of the time, the dancers stumble through a range of hysterics without hitting upon anything as transporting as the endless kiss in "Glory." (Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. 212-352-3101. Sept. 11-16 at 8.)

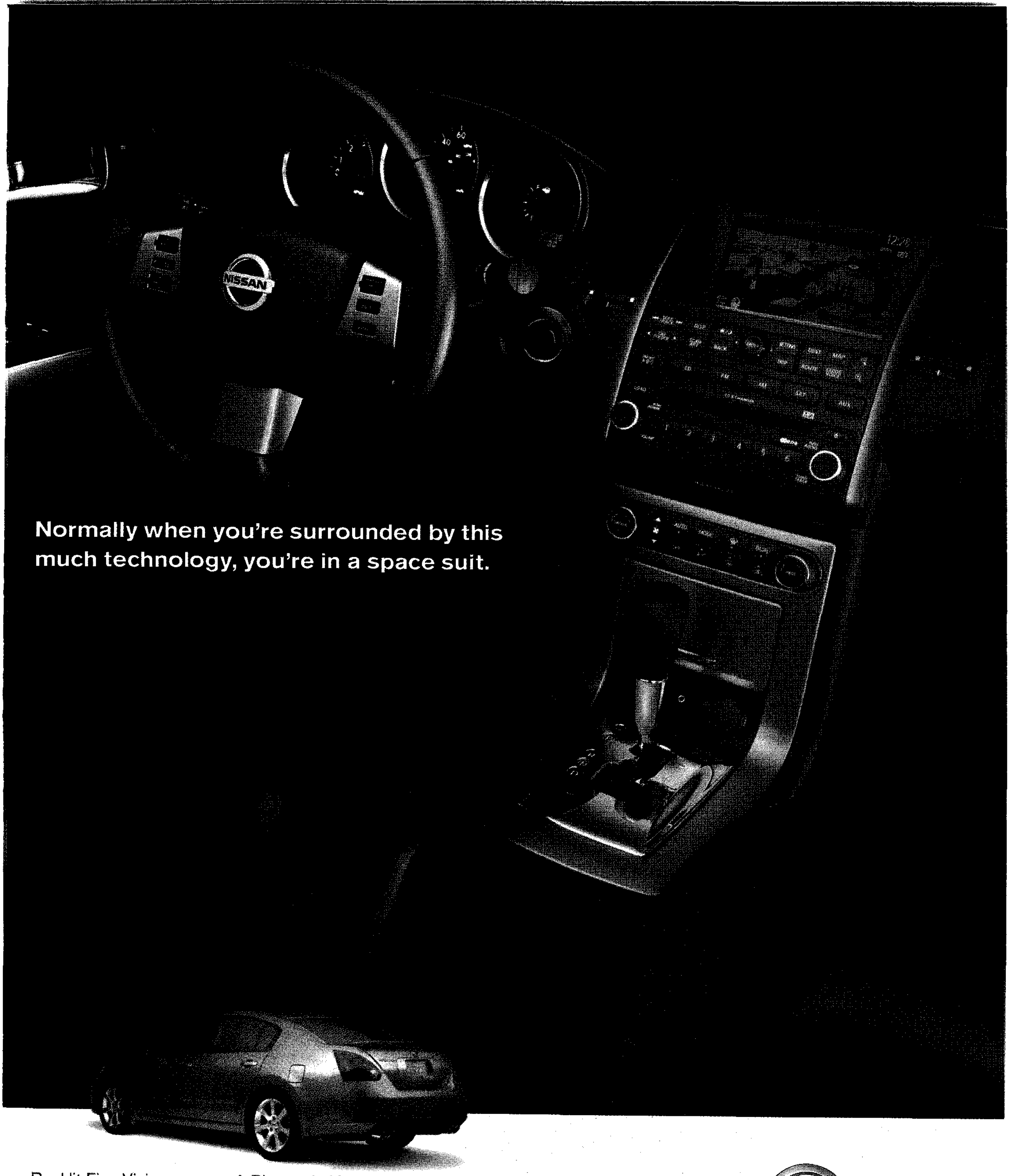
"MAP ME"
In their New York début, the Brussels-based performers Charlotte Vanden Eynde and Kurt Vandendriessche lie on the floor or stand before us, naked, as video is projected onto their bodies. Textured patterns appear, then images of a mouth, a blinking eye. His back seems to turn to soft clay, gouged, scored, and sculpted by her hands. Her front becomes an armoire, clothes spilling out as the drawers open. When the video stops, the two bind themselves together in the most intimate way using string, scissors, and duct tape. The technology creates some stunning illusions; the exposed, vulnerable flesh makes the beauty piercing. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 212-924-0077. Sept. 13-15 at 7:30.)

"WORKS & PROCESS"
The Boston Ballet brings excerpts of two new works and a chestnut, the "White Swan Pas de Deux," from "Swan Lake" (to be performed by one of the company's stars, Larissa Ponomarenko). Boston Ballet's resident choreographer, Jorma Elo, presents sections of his recent work "Brake the Eyes," created for Ponomarenko and Sabi Varga and a corps of six. From the former William Forsythe dancer Helen Pickett, we get "Etesian," an octet that explores the range of improvised movement and the distortion of classical technique. Elo, Pickett, Mikko Nissinen (the company's artistic director), and Nigel Redden (the director of the Lincoln Center Festival) will discuss the works. (Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 212-423-3587. Sept. 16-17 at 7:30.)

"WINDOW"
The free dancing-in-the-streets "Sitelines" series takes the unusual step of commissioning some freestyle street dancing. Bill Shannon, formerly known as "Crutchmaster," brings a crew of house dancers and his own crutch-wielding virtuosity to an intersection on lower Broadway. Viewers look on from behind a window while simultaneously catching closeups on transparent video screens manned by VJ Plugnplay and listening to recorded beats and sounds sampled from the street mixed together by DJ Excess. Reservations are required. (140 Broadway. 212-219-9401. Sept. 17-18 at noon. Through Sept. 21.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
The company begins its season with a mix of new and classic works. The durable Harold Prince production of **"Don Giovanni,"** restaged by Albert Sherman, features Aaron St. Clair Nicholson in the title role, heading a cast that also includes Mardi Byers, Julianna DiGiacomo, Bruce Sledge, and Daniel Mobbs; David Wroe conducts. (Sept. 13 at 8 and Sept. 15 at 1:30.) ♦ James Robinson's production of **"La Bohème,"** set during the First World War, has proved an effective forum for the company's many fine young singing actors. This season's cast features Inna Dukach, Elizabeth Caballero, Dinyar Vania, and Brian Mulligan as the quartet of young lovers; Ari Pelto. (Sept. 15 at 8.) ♦ City Opera presents Tazewell Thompson's New York-première production of **"Margaret Garner,"** the starry collaborative effort of the American neo-Romantic Richard Danielpour and the literary legend Toni Morrison. Morrison's libretto—a moving tale of a slave woman who is forced to kill her own children—is developed around a character first glimpsed in her novel "Beloved." With Tracie Luck (in the title role), Lisa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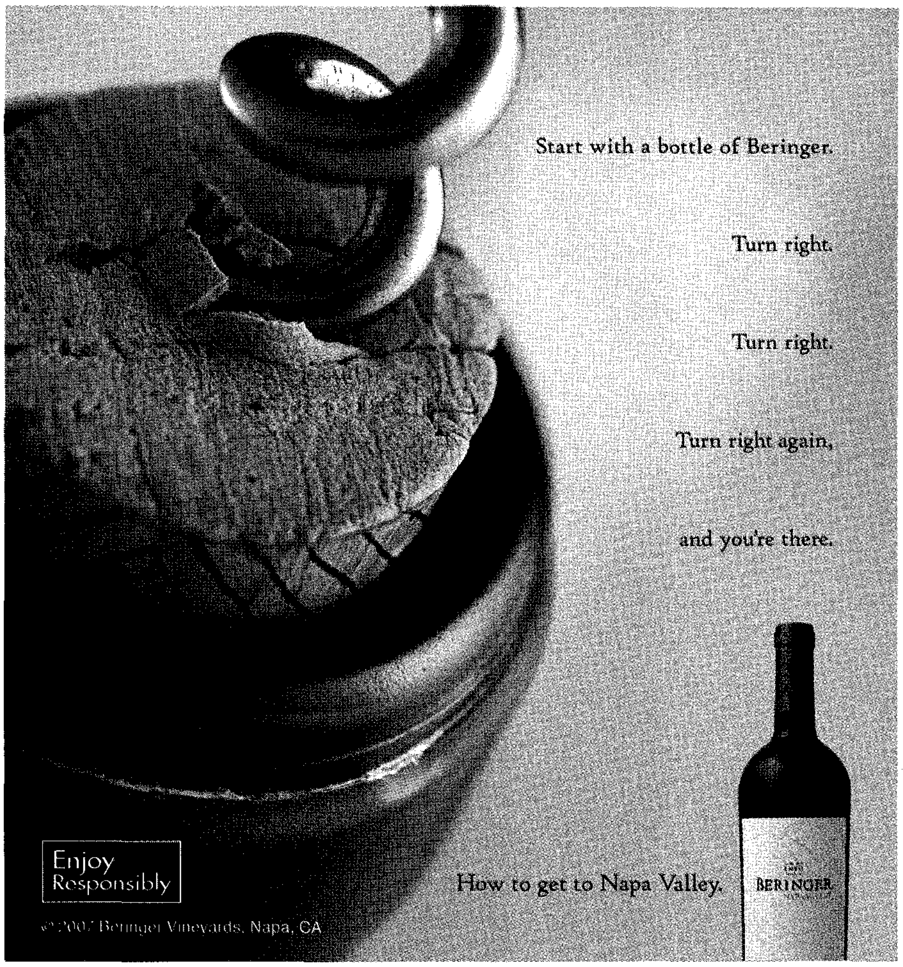
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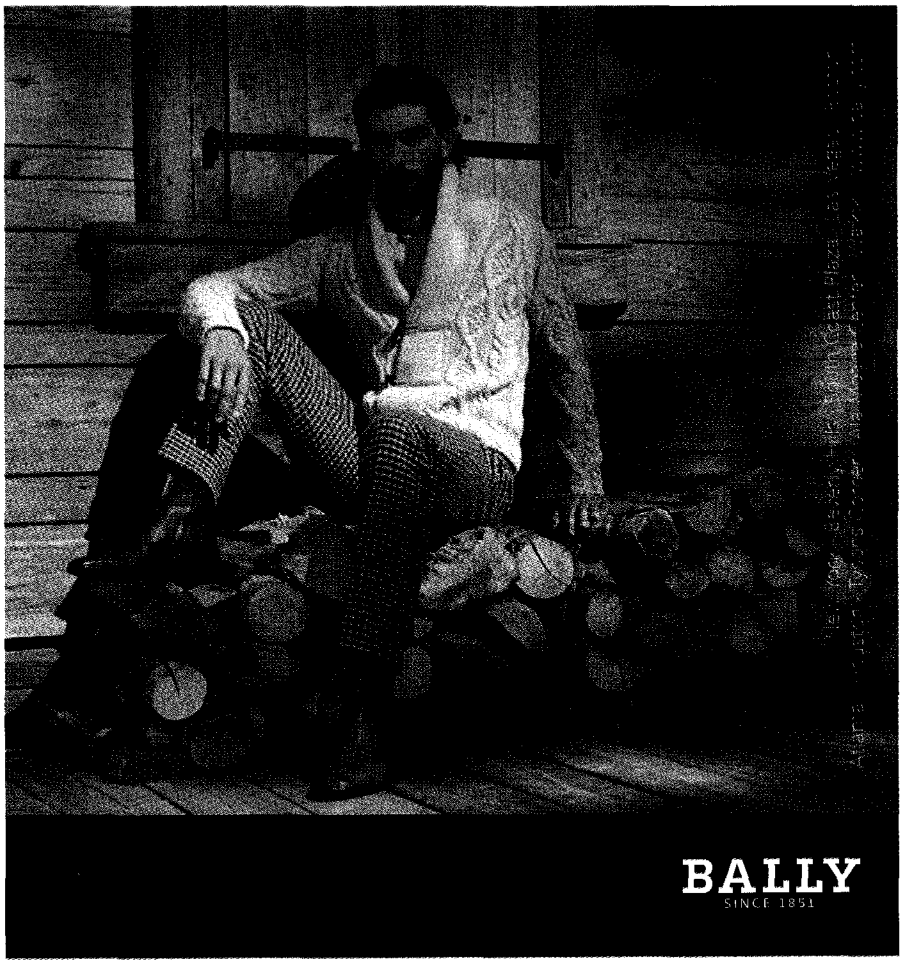


Daltirus, Gregg Baker, and Timothy Mix; George Manahan. (Sept. 14 at 8 and Sept. 16 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 212-721-6500.)

"OPERA ON TAP"
Those wishing to leave the trappings and expense of grand opera behind get to take in some lyrical art brut (along with a drink) at Freddy's Bar and Backroom in Prospect Heights, where this intrepid company of young professionals will offer a selection of romantic arias and duets. (485 Dean St., Brooklyn. 718-622-7035. Sept. 13 at 9.)

VERTICAL PLAYER REPERTORY: "IL TABARRO"
With the blessing of American Stevedoring, Inc., the feisty Brooklyn company will stage Puccini's on-the-waterfront tragedy at an actual waterfront—Red Hook Marine Terminal, the last working container port in Brooklyn, at which the decommissioned oil tanker Mary A. Whalen (i.e., the stage) is docked. (Pier 9B, Hamilton Ave. at Van Brunt St. 212-868-4444. Sept. 14 and Sept. 16 at 7. These are the final performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
The Hollywood doyen John Williams, welcome anywhere, leads off the Philharmonic's new season by conducting a trio of prelude concerts that feature excerpts from his scores for "Memoirs of a Geisha," "Hook," the "Harry Potter" movies, and the George Lucas and Steven Spielberg spectaculars. The director Stanley Donen is also on hand, hosting a presentation of selections from his great movie musicals; clips from such films as "Royal Wedding" and "Singin' in the Rain" will run simultaneously with the orchestra's performances. (Sept. 14-16 at 8.) ♦ Lorin Maazel's next-to-last season as the Philharmonic's music director will be a showcase for the elegant conservatism that keeps (most of) its audience happy. Opening night sets the tone, with Yo-Yo Ma featured in an all-Dvořák program that includes the "Carnival Overture," the Cello Concerto, and the Seventh Symphony; listeners looking for a bargain can hear the music for free by grabbing a seat outside on Josie Robertson Plaza, where a video simulcast will be projected onto a jumbo-sized screen. (Sept. 18 at 7:30.) ♦ Note: The orchestra is offering free admission to the dress rehearsal of the opening-night program; tickets, which are required, will be available at the box office beginning at 8 A.M. (Sept. 18 at 9:45 A.M.) (Avery Fisher Hall. 212-875-5656.)

RECITALS

BARGEMUSIC
Sept. 12 and Sept. 14 at 8: Few young artists are as versatile as the four gentlemen of the string quartet Brooklyn Rider, whose members—the violist Nicholas Cords, the violinists Johnny Gandelsman and Colin Jacobsen, and Jacobsen's cello-playing brother, Eric—are veterans of Yo-Yo Ma's Silk Road project as well as expert advocates for the classical repertory. Accordingly, their next concerts, in which they collaborate with the stunning pi-pa player Wu Man, combine works by Brahms and Schulhoff with new pieces by Wu ("Red, Blue, and Green") and Chen Yi. ♦ Sept. 15 at 8 and Sept. 16 at 4: A diverse group of nationally prominent string players (including the violinists Andy Simionescu and Rachel Barton Pine and the cellist Edward Arron) offer sumptuous late-Romantic string sextets by Schoenberg ("Transfigured Night") and Tchaikovsky ("Souvenir de Florence"). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

THE KITCHEN: "BETWEEN THOUGHT AND SOUND"
In the last few seasons, this venerable West Chelsea avant-garde venue has moved toward a conception of musical performance that is as much visual as it is aural. So it's no surprise that its latest concert series is offered as a pendant to an art exhibition that conjures up the postwar heyday of the "graphic score," in which composers used

fanciful shapes and symbols, rather than standard musical notation, to inspire (or instruct) their performers. It begins with the ensemble Either/Or (featuring the violinist Jennifer Choi) performing graphic-score pieces by such modernist icons as Earle Brown and Morton Feldman—which, naturally, will also be on view in the Kitchen's gallery. (512 W. 19th St. 212-255-5793, ext. 11. Sept. 14 at 7.)

HONG XU / SUSAN CHAN
Since Carnegie Hall is getting increasingly tightfisted about managing its various spaces (ask the longtime residents of the hall's tower studios, who are being evicted), the generous selection of "rental gigs" in which aspiring performers, usually helped out by friends or by a far-off academic institution, get to have their own Carnegie Hall début may not go on forever. Two such concerts are being given back to back at Weill Recital Hall this week. Sept. 15 at 8:30: Hong Xu, a young, prize-winning Chinese pianist who is a master's student of Jerome Lowenthal at Juilliard, performs works by Mozart, Chopin, Prokofiev (the "Romeo and Juliet" Suite, Op. 75), Liszt (the formidable Sonata in B Minor), and the contemporary composer Huang Ruo ("Four Tunes from Hainan Island"). ♦ Sept. 16 at 2: Oregon's Portland State University presents a recital by one of its faculty members, Susan Chan, an energetic advocate for contemporary music, who offers works by Chen Yi, Somei Satoh, and Alexina Louie along with a selection of Chopin preludes, and arrangements (by the keyboard giants Siloti, Petri, Kempff, and Busoni) of music by Bach. (212-247-7800.)

ARIUM: JEROME LOWENTHAL
Concerts are done a little differently at Arium, a light-filled, laid-back venue—half restaurant, half concert hall—in the meatpacking district, where performances are preluded by complimentary hors d'oeuvres and a selection of libations. Lowenthal, long renowned in New York for his supreme virtuosity and catholic taste, offers a recital featuring performances of music by Stravinsky and Schubert (the Four Impromptus, Op. 90) along with several works by Poulenc. (31 Little W. 12th St. 212-463-8630. Sept. 16 at 5.)

OUT OF TOWN

SOUTH MOUNTAIN CONCERTS
Only the most distinguished groups appear in this simple but exclusive series in the Berkshires, which was founded eighty-nine years ago by Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, better known for her work at the Library of Congress. Its end-of-summer season continues with a concert by the Emerson String Quartet, offering classic quartets by Haydn (Op. 20, No. 2) and Beethoven (the first of the "Razumovsky" Quartets) along with a new work by Kaija Saariaho. (Route 7, Pittsfield, Mass. Sept. 16 at 3. For information, see www.southmountainconcerts.org.)

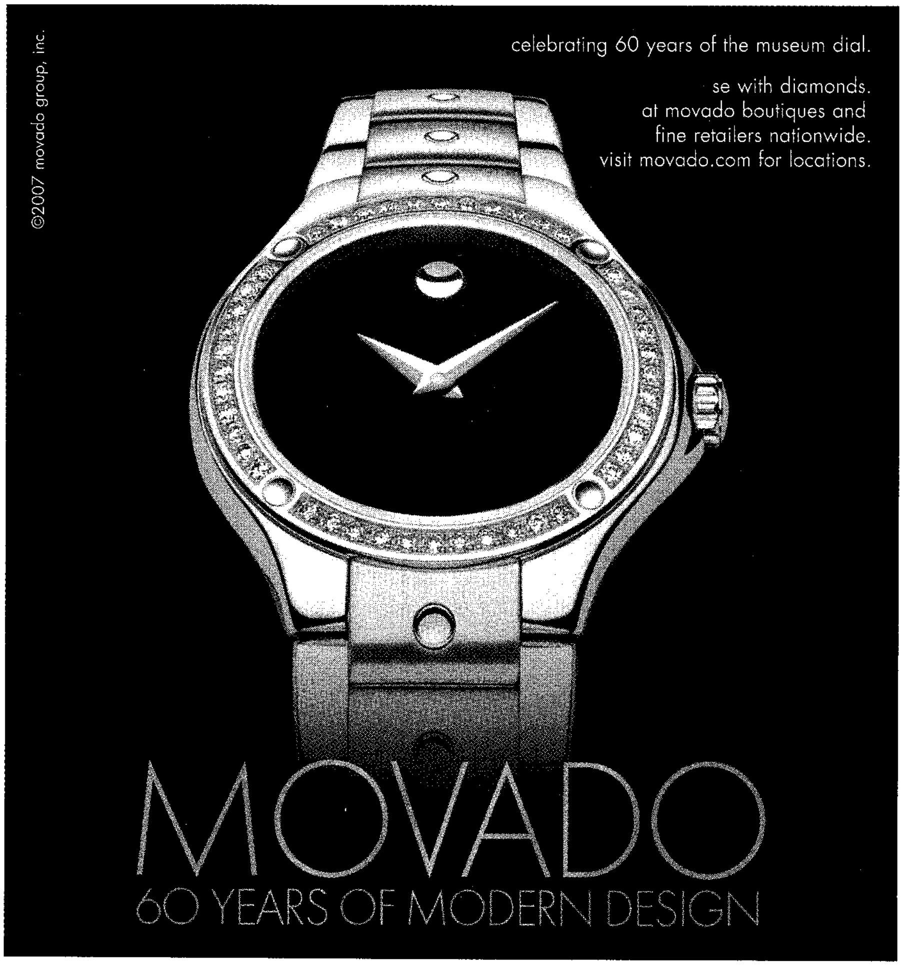
MOVIES
OPENING

ACROSS THE UNIVERSE
Julie Taymor directed this drama, set during the Summer of Love and featuring songs by the Beatles, about a peace activist (Evan Rachel Wood) whose brother (Joe Anderson) is drafted. Opening Sept. 14. (In limited release.)

ANGELS IN THE DUST
A documentary, directed by Louise Hogarth, about a woman who established a home for South African children orphaned by AIDS. Opening Sept. 14. (Village East Cinemas.)

THE BRAVE ONE
In this thriller, Jodie Foster stars as a talk-radio host who becomes a vigilante after being attacked. Co-starring Terrence Howard; directed by Neil Jordan. Opening Sept. 14. (In wide release.)

DARKON
Andrew Neel and Luke Meyer directed this documentary, about players of a fantasy medieval war game. Opening Sept. 14. (Cinema Village.)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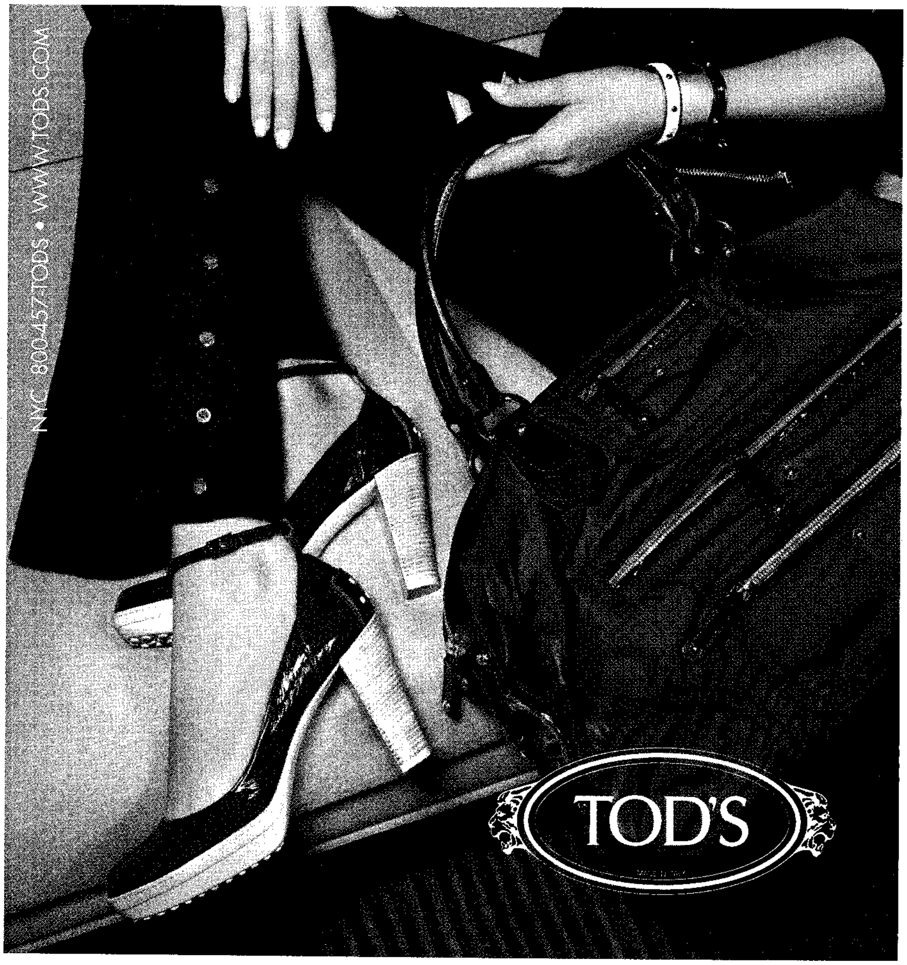


DECEMBER BOYS
In this drama, four teen-age orphans in an Australian convent wait to be adopted. Starring Daniel Radcliffe; directed by Rod Hardy. Opening Sept. 14. (Lincoln Square and Village Theatre VII.)

DRAGON WARS
An action film about a TV newsman who must recover his identity as an ancient warrior to save Los Angeles from evil dragons. Directed by Hyung-rae Shim. Opening Sept. 14. (In wide release.)

EASTERN PROMISES
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Sept. 14. (In wide release.)

FOREVER
A documentary by Heddy Honigmann about the Père-Lachaise cemetery in Paris. In French. Opening Sept. 12. (Film Forum.)

GREAT WORLD OF SOUND
Reviewed below in Now Playing. Opening Sept. 14. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

HELVETICA
A documentary about the typeface and its historical significance. Directed by Gary Hustwit. Opening Sept. 12. (IFC Center.)

IN THE VALLEY OF ELAH
Paul Haggis wrote and directed this drama, about a soldier who disappears after returning home from Iraq. Starring Tommy Lee Jones, Susan Sarandon, and Charlize Theron. Opening Sept. 14. (In limited release.)

IRA AND ABBY
A comedy, written by and starring Jennifer Westveldt and directed by Robert Cary, about an aggressive woman (Westveldt) who pursues an indecisive man (Chris Messina). Opening Sept. 14. (Sunshine Cinema.)

KING OF CALIFORNIA
A man released from a mental institution (Michael Douglas) persuades his daughter (Evan Rachel Wood) to help him dig for gold at a Costco. Directed by Mike Cahill. Opening Sept. 14. (Angelika Film Center.)

MR. WOODCOCK
In this comedy, a young writer (Seann William Scott) finds that his mother (Susan Sarandon) plans to marry his former gym teacher (Billy Bob Thornton). Directed by Craig Gillespie. Opening Sept. 14. (In wide release.)

MY BROTHER'S WEDDING
Charles Burnett's second film, from 1983 but previously unreleased, about a man living in South Central Los Angeles who works in a dead-end job while his brother is planning marriage to a prosperous woman. Opening Sept. 14. (IFC Center.)

THE RAPE OF EUROPA
A documentary, directed by Richard Berge, Bonni Cohen, and Nicole Newnham, about the Nazi plunder of Europe's art and the Allies' attempts to recover it. Opening Sept. 14. (Angelika Film Center and Paris.)

SILK
In this adaptation of a novel by Alessandro Baricco, Michael Pitt stars as a French silkworm merchant who travels to Japan in 1861 and falls in love with a Japanese woman. Directed by François Girard; co-starring Keira Knightley. Opening Sept. 14. (In wide release.)

TOOTS
A documentary about the legendary saloonkeeper Toots Shor by his granddaughter Kristi Jacobson. Opening Sept. 14. (In limited release.)

NOW PLAYING

DEEP WATER
The story of Donald Crowhurst, a sensation in its day, has been told before in print, but not on film—a surprising omission, given not only the twists of the tale but the wealth of visual evidence that was waiting to be unearthed. Now, at last, it is laid out in a new documentary. Crowhurst was a contestant in a non-stop, round-the-world race for lone yachtsmen, held in 1968. Compared to his fellow-entrants, he was a novice, and, when catastrophe loomed after barely a month at sea, he took drastic action. For anyone unfamiliar with what happened next, the directors, Louise Osmond and Jerry Rothwell, proceed with patient suspense. We get shaky, firsthand footage from Crowhurst's boat, audiotapes of his solitary thoughts, and interviews with friends and relatives who, even now, seem agonized by the outcome. Like most sagas of deceit, the Crowhurst tale tends to inspire fanatical interest, and the movie does well to maintain an even keel.—*Anthony Lane* (Reviewed in our issue of 8/27/07.) (Angelika Film Center.)

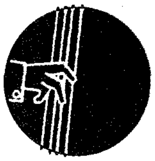
DELIRIOUS
There are glitches in the narrative, but otherwise this is a tough, acid, truth-telling New York independent film, written and directed by Tom DiCillo, about an aging paparazzo, Les (Steve Buscemi), and Toby (Michael Pitt), the good-looking street kid whom he makes his assistant. Les teaches Toby how to crash parties, cadge or steal goody bags, and other necessary skills; they live together, but spiritually they are homeless, two lost men desperately hanging on to the edges of the fast life. The movie bears more than a casual resemblance to "Midnight Cowboy," with touches of "A Star Is Born" thrown in. The street kid, who wants to be an actor, moves up the celebrity ladder quickly with the help of a casting director (Gina Gershon) and a troubled pop star (Alison Lohman) who take a fancy to him, but he leaves his mentor behind.—*David Denby* (8/20/07) (Village East Cinemas.)

EXILED
One of the masters of Hong Kong cinema, Johnnie To, brings his best game to this genre-busting gangster drama. The story, played a bit like a black comedy, concerns a gangster marked for death and the hit men who help him pull off one last job in order to provide for his family. As their plans unravel and the violence builds, the film becomes a poetic discourse on honor among thieves, as well as a thoroughly engrossing crime saga. To's magnificent use of slow motion within his spectacularly violent set pieces has bullets flying and bodies spinning as if it were a mad ballet staged by Brian De Palma. The marvellously contained ensemble of actors includes Anthony Wong, Francis Ng, and Nick Cheung. The shadowy, elegant cinematography is by Siu-keung Cheng. In Cantonese.—*Bruce Diones* (Angelika Film Center.)

THE GEISHA BOY
Frank Tashlin's 1958 comedy, starring Jerry Lewis as a failed magician who signs up for a U.S.O. show tour in occupied Japan, offers familiar, though uproarious, shtick and plenty of sentiment involving a Japanese orphan (Robert Hirano). It also offers the nebbishy magician's incidental admission that he is "oversexed" and some amazingly vulgar innuendo to go with it, including his psychoanalytically charged accidental intrusions on the privacy of the sexy starlet (Marie McDonald) who headlines the tour. But, as always, Tashlin uses the antic mask of comedy to express the gravest of concerns—here, the atomic bomb, which he astonishingly parodies in a Tokyo hotel room with a bowl of gunpowder, some lighting and sound effects, and the unfortunately timed arrival of a pair of locals (a private eye and a baseball player). The Dodgers, freshly transplanted to Los Angeles, later make an appearance.—*Richard Brody* (MOMA; Sept. 13 and Sept. 15.)

GREAT WORLD OF SOUND
The title of Craig Zobel's darkly satirical drama refers to a scamming record company based in Charlotte, North Carolina. Its smooth operators, Shank (John Baker) and his henchman, Layton (Robert Longstreet), induce aspiring musicians to put up cash toward the production of CDs that may never get made. The protagonist, Martin (Pat Healy), a pale, earnest, artistic dreamer with a radio background, is hired as a "producer"—as he soon discovers, a salesman—and goes on the road with his hard-knocks partner, Clarence (Kene Holliday), delivering the hard sell in seedy hotel rooms throughout the South until his scruples start to catch up with him. This is a classic Sundance film, in which the script and the actors do all the work: Healy's sly understatement and Holliday's burnished, saxophone-like voice keep the action afloat, and Zobel is content to film their subtle theatrics. Despite undeveloped characters and a rushed dénouement, the tale offers tangy and sardonic entertainment: the many do-it-yourself musicians and their bewildered predators are equally ludicrous and touching.—*R.B.* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

JAZZ NOTES
MISSIVE TO MITCHELL



Herbie Hancock's new album, **"River: The Joni Letters"** (Verve), pays tribute to a pair of musical geniuses: Joni Mitchell, whose songs make up the album's marrow, and Wayne Shorter, the extraordinary saxophonist and longtime Hancock collaborator who steals the recording. Working with a rotating cast of vocalists, Hancock, Shorter, and company tap into the moody and meditative nature of songs that work best when their musical poetry is respected.

Hancock, who spent the sixties establishing himself as one of the most accomplished and inventive modern-jazz pianists, apparently tuned out Mitchell's early folk albums. Apart from the title track and a thoroughly reworked "Both Sides Now," Hancock trains his sights on Mitchell's jazzier material, from "Court and Spark" (released in 1974) and beyond. Hancock keeps the album rooted in spare, predominantly acoustic arrangements, yet avoids the temptation to transform Mitchell's songs into mere vessels for charging improvisations.

Given that these songs are inseparable from their creator, the singers do what they can to stay afloat. Norah Jones glides through "Court and Spark," Tina Turner sasses "Edith and the Kingpin," Corinne Bailey Rae purrs the now overexposed "River," and Luciana Souza intones a calming "Amelia." (Leonard Cohen signs off with a deep-from-the-tomb spoken-word version of "The Jungle Line.") Modestly slipping in for "Tea Leaf Prophecy," Mitchell herself makes lightweights of them all. Though the tonal purity and agile range of her youth are long gone, she remains a master of rhythmic phrasing and unforced emotional expression—the ideal interpreter of her own work.

Hancock plays with care and beauty, his understated lyricism infusing the instrumental features "Sweet Bird," "Both Sides Now," and Duke Ellington's "Solitude," one of two non-Mitchell songs. But it is Shorter who truly inhabits Mitchell's unique musical universe; relying on suggestion and shading, his compact soprano and tenor saxophone lines deliver the impact of ten notes with just one. Shorter gets to stretch out on his own composition, "Nefertiti," the spiralling number that, in its début on Miles Davis's 1967 album of the same name, gave notice that the saxophonist was on the cusp of becoming a major jazz figure. Here, it acts as an homage to the artistic daring of three soul siblings: Joni, Wayne, and Herbie.

—*Steve Futterman*

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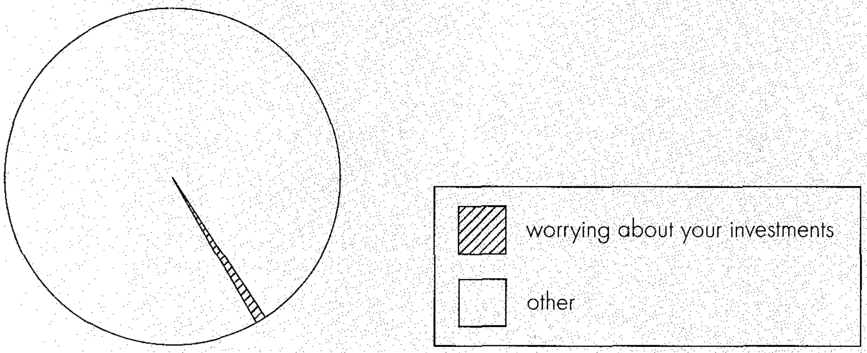
ALLOCATION OF TIME



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I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE
Designer Susan Hayward must choose between instant success with a suave retail giant (George Sanders) and eventual success with her loyal and loving partners (Dan Dailey and Sam Jaffe) in their garment-district startup. However obvious the plot may be, the picture does remind you how rarely movies have exploited the volatile Seventh Avenue milieu. (Is it too close to the movie business for comfort?) The film is slick and denatured—despite a parade of ethnic stereotypes, the only Yiddish word we hear is "schnook"—but some juice still seeps through. Written by Abraham Polonsky; directed by Michael Gordon. Released in 1951.—*Michael Sragow* (Anthology Film Archives; Sept. 15 and Sept 20.)

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOON
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Lincoln Square and Sunshine Cinema.)

THE NANNY DIARIES
Despite some bright moments and a superior level of craftsmanship, this adaptation by Shari Springer Berman and Robert Pulcini of Nicola Kraus and Emma McLaughlin's 2002 best-seller is essentially pointless. A recent college graduate (Scarlett Johansson), who could do anything with her life, falls into the clutches of an unhappy Upper East Side couple (Laura Linney and Paul Giamatti), who hire her as a nanny and then bully and exploit her. The book, which offered eager glances at misery and lousy parenting among the super-rich, was more snark than satire; the movie aims at pathos—Linney almost makes something touching out of a wife betrayed by her adulterous husband, and Johansson tries to suggest a soulful attachment to the couple's little boy (Nicholas Reese Art), who, however, has a face like a closed fist. The movie is an unconvincing urban fairy tale. With Chris Evans as a handsome young man known as "Harvard Hottie," a prince in a workout shirt.—*D.D.* (9/3 & 10/07) (In wide release.)

SUPERBAD
A suburban mock epic, first conceived by the screenwriters Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg when they were teen-agers, and much revised, under the eye of the producer Judd Apatow. The comedy is now ripely Apatovian—a mixture of desperately filthy talk and the most tender, even delicate, emotion. Three primal high-school nerds (the plump, hysterical Jonah Hill, the sweet-faced Michael Cera, and the pale, needle-nosed Christopher Mintz-Plasse) agree to buy the booze for a senior-class party being thrown by the coolest girls. The boys reason that the girls will get so drunk that they will make out with them by mistake. Getting themselves to the party, however, turns out to be a journey somewhat more difficult than that endured by the Greeks coming home from Troy, and the friendship of Hill and Cera, who are inseparable, almost breaks up from the strain of it. The director, Greg Mottola, indulges some TV-grade slapstick involving two antic cops (Rogen and Bill Hader), but many of his touches are miraculously right, and there's an amazing sequence devoted to one of the boys' memories of drawing penises as a ten-year-old—a child's garden of verses for our time.—*D.D.* (8/20/07) (In wide release.)

3:10 TO YUMA
A grave and violent Western with a wild card at its center—Russell Crowe's ironic and self-amused performance as Ben Wade, a notorious outlaw in the Arizona territory after the Civil War. Christian Bale is the transplanted Massachusetts man and rancher, hard up for cash, who helps transport Wade to a prison train. The men pass through a wilderness with towns so insubstantial that they seem merely scratched onto the surface of the desert. Nothing resembling a social structure exists, and the rancher's defense of the mere promise of civilization becomes an expression of personal honor. There are some choppily edited scenes, but the viewer settles into the stern logic and physical splendor of the movie with a grateful sigh. Peter Fonda gives a surprisingly powerful performance as a bounty hunter, and the gifted Ben Foster is the fanatically loyal killer who works for Wade. The movie is a remake of a 1957 Western directed by Delmer Daves, and this version—directed by James Mangold, and written by Michael Brandt and Derek Haas, who amplified Elmore Leonard's 1954 story and Halsted Welles's script for the original—is faster, more cynical, and more brutal than the first.—*D.D.* (9/3 & 10/07) (In wide release.)

2 DAYS IN PARIS
A loving but ill-matched couple, Marion (Julie Delpy, who also wrote and directed the film) and her American boyfriend, Jack (Adam Goldberg), make a brief stop in Marion's home town before returning to New York. Their stay is more than long enough, however, to open up carnal and cultural rifts: Jack is bemused by his girlfriend's mother and father—unkempt anarchists played by Delpy's real-life parents, Marie Pillet and Albert Delpy—and nagged by continual revelations of her past desires. The resulting conflict is largely played for laughs, with nods to Woody Allen, but there is a rude harshness in Delpy's approach, a taste for close confrontation, which both sours and enlivens what might otherwise have drifted into an easygoing comedy of manners. Delpy seems genuinely torn between two worlds, and, where the Allen of "Manhattan" was lost in reverence for his city, the Parisienne delivers little more than a bitter *billet-doux*. In English and French.—*A.L.* (8/13/07) (In wide release.)

THE WEDDING MARCH
As this extravagant, wickedly ironic 1928 melodrama shows, Erich von Stroheim was not only a supreme (if typecast) actor but one of the greatest silent-era directors. He cast himself as Prince Nikolaus von Wildeliebe-Rauffenburg, the hedonistic scion of a fading noble family whose parents want to marry him off to a homely corn-plaster heiress (Zasu Pitts). The prince is game for the mercenary match until he falls hard for Mitzi (Fay Wray), a willowy working-class beauty. The scene of their encounter—at a pompous royal procession, where he is perched atop a high horse and the maiden is packed among street-level gawkers—is an elaborate masterpiece of montage equal to any in Eisenstein. The stately pace unfolds layers and nuances of the intricate social codes of prewar imperial Vienna with a novelistic fullness: Stroheim's plethora of angles, shifting points of view, and profusion of details of décor, dress, and gesture bring to the screen a Dostoyevskian frenzy of inner life. Silent.—*R.B.* (Film Forum; Sept. 18.)

Also Playing

BALLS OF FURY: In wide release. **HALLOWEEN:** In wide release. **THE HUNTING PARTY:** In wide release. **THE INNER LIFE OF MARTIN FROST:** IFC Center. **SHOOT 'EM UP:** In wide release.

Jodie Foster stars in Neil Jordan's crime drama "The Brave One," opening Sept. 14.

ALEX WILLIAMSON

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5181)—"New-Filmmakers Presents." Sept. 12 at 8:30: "The Unrecovered" (2007, Roger Copeland). ♦ "Unamerican Activities: The Films of Abraham Polonsky." Sept. 13 at 7:30, Sept. 15 at 9, and Sept. 18 at 9:30: "Force of Evil" (1948). ♦ Sept. 13 at 9:30 and Sept. 18 at 7: "Red Hollywood" (1995, Thom Andersen and Noël Burch). ♦ Sept. 14 at 7 and Sept. 16 at 9: "Odds Against Tomorrow" (1959, Robert Wise). ♦ Sept. 14 at 9, Sept. 16 at 4:30, and Sept. 17 at 7: "Body and Soul" (1947, Robert Rossen). ♦ Sept. 15 at 3 and Sept. 19 at 7: "Madigan" (1968, Don Siegel). ♦ Sept. 15 at 5 and Sept. 20 at 9: "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" (†). ♦ Sept. 15 at 7 and Sept. 17 at 9:15: "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here" (1969). ♦ Sept. 16 at 2:30 and Sept. 20 at 7: "Golden Earrings" (1947, Mitchell Leisen). ♦ Sept. 16 at 6:45 and Sept. 19 at 9:15: "Romance of a Horsethief" (1971). ♦ "Essential Cinema." Sept. 15 at 6:30: "Kino-Eye" (1925, Dziga Vertov; silent). ♦ Sept. 16 at 5:30: "Enthusiasm" (1931, Vertov). ♦ Special screening. Sept. 15 at 8: "Another Sky" (1955, Gavin Lambert).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100)—"Yugoslavian Black Wave." Sept. 12-19 (call for showtimes): "W.R.: Mysteries of the Organism" (1971, Dušan Makavejev). ♦ Sept. 13 at 6:50: Short films by Karpo Godina (1970-72; in Serbo-Croatian and English), followed by a Q. & A. with the director and the critic Jurij Meden. ♦ Sept. 16 at 2: "The End of the World Is Coming" (1968, Alexander Petrović; in Serbo-Croatian) and "When I Am Dead and White" (1967, Živojin Pavlović; in Serbo-Croatian). Both films feature live English translation.

FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—The films of Rouben Mamoulian. Sept. 12 at 1, 4:35, and 8:10: "Golden Boy" (1939). ♦ Sept. 12 at 2:55, 6:30, and 10:05: "Rings on Her Fingers" (1942). ♦ Sept. 13 at 1, 4:45, and 8:30: "The Gay Desperado" (1936). ♦ Sept. 13 at 2:40, 6:25, and 10:10: "High, Wide, and Handsome" (1937). ♦ Sept. 14-15 at 1, 4:40, and 8:20: "The Song of Songs" (1933). ♦ Sept. 14-15 at 2:45, 6:25, and 10:05: "Queen Christina" (1933). ♦ Sept. 16 at 1:40, 5:45, and 9:50: "Summer Holiday" (1948). ♦ Sept. 16 at 3:30 and 7:35: "Silk Stockings" (1957). ♦ Sept. 17 at 1, 5:25, and 9:50 and Sept. 18 at 1 and 5:25: "We Live Again" (1934). ♦ Sept. 17 at 2:35 and 7 and Sept. 18 at 2:35: "Rouben Mamoulian: The Golden Age of Broadway and Hollywood" (2006,

Patrick Cazals). ♦ Sept. 17 at 3:50 and 8:15 and Sept. 18 at 3:50: "Becky Sharp" (1935). ♦ "Fay Wray Centennial Celebration." Sept. 18 at 7:45: "The Wedding March" (†), with tributes to Wray by the curator Bruce Goldstein and others.

FRENCH INSTITUTE ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE
Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—"Fresh Look: First-Time Directors." Sept. 18 at 12:30, 4, and 7:30: "Cold Showers" (2005, Antony Cordier; in French).

IFC CENTER
323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (212-924-7771)—Special screening. Sept. 18 at 7: "Super Amigos" (2007, Arturo Perez Torres), introduced by the filmmaker, and "Night Mail" (1936, Harry Watt and Basil Wright), with a live music performance.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480)—Through Sept. 30: "A Sense of Where You Are: Films from the Collection." Sept. 13 at 6: "Daughter of Keltoum" (2001, Mehdi Charef; in Arabic and French). ♦ Sept. 13 at 8:30: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940, John Ford). ♦ Sept. 14 at 6: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese). ♦ Sept. 14 at 8:30: "A Matter of Life and Death (Stairway to Heaven)" (1946, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger). ♦ Sept. 15 at 2: "Unforgiven" (1992, Clint Eastwood). ♦ Sept. 15 at 5: "Lord of the Flies" (1963, Peter Brook). ♦ Sept. 15 at 7 and Sept. 17 at 6: "Red Desert" (1964, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian). ♦ Sept. 16 at 2: "The River" (1951, Jean Renoir). ♦ Sept. 16 at 4:30: "Manhattan" (1979, Woody Allen) and "One Chase Manhattan Plaza" (1961, Morris Engel). ♦ Sept. 17 at 8:30: "Lost in Translation" (2003, Sofia Coppola). ♦ Films featuring Sessue Hayakawa. Sept. 12 at 6: "The Victoria Cross" (1916, William C. DeMille; silent). ♦ Sept. 12 at 7:30 and Sept. 16 at 3:30: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957, David Lean). ♦ Sept. 13 at 6 and Sept. 15 at 3:30: "The Geisha Boy" (†). ♦ Sept. 14 at 6: "The Dragon Painter" (1919, William Worthington; silent). ♦ Sept. 14 at 8: "The Tong Man" (1919, Worthington; silent). ♦ Sept. 15 at 2: "The Devil's Claim" (1920, Charles Swickard; silent). ♦ Special screenings. Sept. 17 at 6: "The Text of Light" (1974, Stan Brakhage). ♦ Sept. 17 at 8: Four films by Ernie Gehr, including "Essex Street Market" (2004), followed by a conversation with the director.

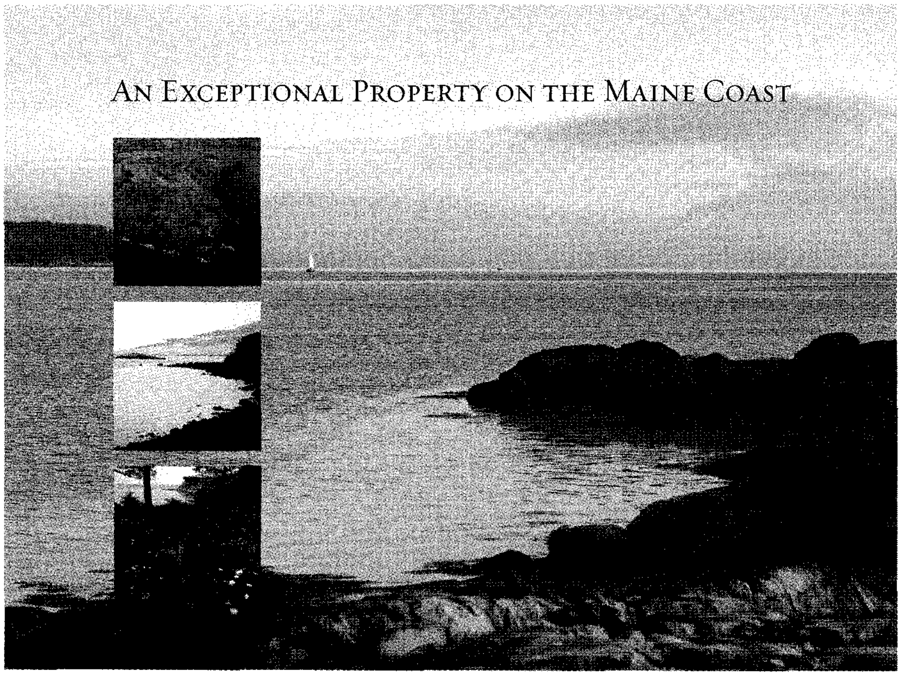
MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Preview screening. Sept. 13 at 7:30: "Eastern Promises" (2007, David Cronenberg), introduced by the director. (The screening will take place at Directors Guild Theatre, 110 W. 57th St. For tickets, visit www.movingimage.us or call 718-784-4520.) ♦ Through Sept. 30: Film noirs by Fritz Lang. Sept. 15 at 2: "The Woman in the Window" (1944). ♦ Sept. 15 at 4: "Scarlet Street" (1945). ♦ Sept. 16 at 4:30: "You Only Live Once" (1937). ♦ Croatian Film Festival. All films are in Croatian. Sept. 15 at 6: "I Love You" (2006, Dalibor Matanić), introduced by the director. ♦ Sept. 15 at 8: "Armin" (2007, Ognen Sviličić). ♦ Sept. 16 at 7: "The Melon Route" (2006, Branko Schmidt). ♦ Special screening. Sept. 16 at 2: "Dynamite Warrior" (2006, Chalerm Wongpim; in Thai).

PIONEER THEATRE
155 E. 3rd St. (212-591-0434)—In première. Sept. 12-18 (call for showtimes): "Wool 100%" (2006, Mai Tominaga; in Japanese). ♦ In revival. Sept. 14-15 at midnight: "Night of Lust" (1962, Jose Benazeraf; in French).

RUBIN MUSEUM OF ART
150 W. 17th St. (212-620-5000)—"Cabaret Cinema." Sept. 14 at 9:30: "Viridiana" (1961, Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), introduced by the writer Patricia Volk.

THALIA THEATRE
Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—"John Sayles's Personal Choice." Sept. 16 at 7:30: "The Magnificent Seven" (1960, John Sturges). ♦ Sept. 18 at 7:30: "Paths of Glory" (1957, Stanley Kubrick).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—"Latinbeat 2007." Except where noted, all films are in Spanish. Sept. 12 at 12:30 and Sept. 18 at 8:30: "Soy Andina" (2007, Mitch Teplitsky). ♦ Sept. 13 at 2: "Amores Perros" (2000, Alejandro González Iñárritu). ♦ Sept. 14 at 2 and Sept. 15 at 1: "Violet Perfume: No One Is



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Photos: Maazel: Chris Lee; Ma: Steve Sherman

Live broadcast on September 18.
Check local listings for details.
PBS

Listening" (2001, Maryse Sistach). ♦ Sept. 14 at 4 and Sept. 16 at 4:15: "Whisky" (2004, Juan Pablo Rebella and Pablo Stoll). ♦ Sept. 14 at 6:15 and Sept. 16 at 2: "Mutum" (2007, Sandra Kogut; in Portuguese). ♦ Sept. 14 at 8:30 and Sept. 15 at 5: "M" (2007, Nicolás Prividera). ♦ Sept. 15 at 8: "Déficit" (2007, Gael García Bernal). ♦ Sept. 16 at 6:15 and Sept. 17 at 6: "Madrigal" (2007, Fernando Pérez).

READINGS AND TALKS

"UPSTAIRS AT THE SQUARE"
The pairing of musicians and writers at the Union Square Barnes & Noble continues with appearances by Craig Finn, of the indie-rock band the Hold Steady, and the Nigerian novelist Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie. (33 E. 17th St. No tickets necessary. Sept. 13 at 7.)

HAROLD CLURMAN FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS
The Stella Adler Studio of Acting presents four days of music, drama, and discussion. The events include a concert by the multi-instrumentalist David Amram on Sept. 15 at 2; a reading with Ishmael Beah, the author of "A Long Way Gone: Memoirs of a Boy Soldier," Zlata Filipovic, the author of "Zlata's Diary: A Child's Life in Wartime Sarajevo," and others on Sept. 16 at 7; and a symposium about the life and work of Stella Adler, with Matthew Modine and others, on Sept. 17 at 7. (31 W. 27th St., 3rd fl. 212-689-0087. Sept. 14-17.)

92ND STREET Y
Lawrence Wright, the author of "The Looming Tower: Al-Qaeda and the Road to 9/11," talks with the global-affairs analyst Ralph Buultjens about Al Qaeda. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 212-415-5500. Sept. 16 at 7:30.)

THE CENTER FOR BOOK ARTS
The winner of the center's 2007 chapbook competition, Eric Pankey, joins Beth Ann Fennelly and Ann Snodgrass, who each took home honorable mentions, for a reading from their poetry. This year's judges, Jane Hirshfield and Sharon Dolin, will also be on hand. (28 W. 27th St., 3rd fl. Tickets at the door. Sept. 17 at 7.)

KNITTING FACTORY
Luc Sante reads from his essay collection, "Kill All Your Darlings: Pieces 1990-2005," and Jana Martin reads from her short-story collection, "Russian Lover." The two books are newly published by *Yeti*, an underground arts magazine from Portland, Oregon. (74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. No tickets necessary. Sept. 18 at 6:30.)

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB
The "PAGE" reading series gets under way for the season on Sept. 18 at 7 with Deb Olin Unferth, Paul LaFarge, and Wah-Ming Chang, who will offer selections from their new work. (15 Gramercy Park S. No tickets necessary.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

QUEENS COUNTY FAIR
Greenmarkets and Whole Foods may be all the rage in Manhattan, and Brooklyn may have its fabled food co-op, but Queens can do the other boroughs one better—it has a working farm. This weekend, the forty-seven-acre site is home to a traditional county fair, complete with livestock and produce competitions and pie-eating and corn-husking contests. (Queens County Farm Museum, 73-50 Little Neck Parkway, Floral Park. 718-347-3276. Sept. 15-16, from 11 to 6.)

BROOKLYN BOOK FESTIVAL
The dominant literary borough plays host to a daylong gathering of readings and discussions in and around Borough Hall. Phillip Lopate, Pete Hamill, Francine Prose, A. M. Homes, and many others are expected, as are nearly a hundred booksellers and publishers, who will offer their wares. (Sept. 16, from 10 to 6. For more information, visit www.brooklynbookfestival.org.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES
In the lull before next week's Asian-art whirlwind, the city's auction houses dive into the decorative delights of European and American art from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, in sales rich in sensual pleasures. On Sept. 12, **Christie's** offers American paintings, drawings, and sculptures in an auction that includes a fine portrait of the artist (and Lincoln Kirstein confidant) Paul Cadmus by Luigi Lucioni. The sale will be followed later the same day by a selection of Impressionist and modern paintings bursting with color-drenched landscapes and flower-filled interiors by the likes of Utrillo, Derain, and Jules Cavailles. The good times continue in the house's wine sale (Sept. 15), featuring premium vintages by Domaine Romanée-Conti, Bruno Giacosa, and Hermitage La Chapelle. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 212-636-2000.) ♦ **Sotheby's** quickens the pace in a two-part sale of contemporary art (Sept. 12) that ranges from Marisol Escobar's oddball sculpture group "Portrait of Georgia O'Keeffe with Antelope," in which O'Keeffe presides like a totem, to lush studies of color by Calder, Jack Bush, and Karin Davie and a richly hued, suggestive work by Peter Doig, "Night Fishing." (York Ave. at 72nd St. 212-606-7000.)

ON THE HORIZON

THE THEATRE
ENGLISH LESSONS
Sept. 21

Claire Danes stars as Eliza Doolittle, and Jefferson Mays plays Henry Higgins in the Roundabout Theatre Company's production of "Pygmalion," at the American Airlines Theatre. The cast also includes Boyd Gaines and Jay O. Sanders. (212-719-1300.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
MARÍA DE NEW YORK
Sept. 26 and Sept. 28-29

Gotham Chamber Opera, which since 2000 has been offering high-quality performances of intimate operas from the far corners of the repertory, has a new space this season (N.Y.U.'s Skirball Center) and a new focus on combining music and dance. The season begins with a production of Astor Piazzolla's tango opera, "María de Buenos Aires," directed and choreographed by David Parsons. (212-279-4200.)

MOVIES
RING IN THE NEW
Sept. 28-Oct. 14

The forty-fifth New York Film Festival offers an exciting blend of American movies and world cinema, including Gus Van Sant's teen drama "Paranoid Park"; John Landis's documentary about Don Rickles, "Mr. Warmth"; Alexander Sokurov's "Alexandra," starring the opera singer Galina Vishnevskaya; and the eighty-seven-year-old Eric Rohmer's "Romance of Astrée and Céladon," based on a seventeenth-century novel by Honoré d'Urfé. (212-875-5050.)

ART
BELLES LETTRES
Sept. 28-Jan. 6, 2008

Twenty sketch-laden letters, written by Vincent Van Gogh to Émile Bernard between 1887 and 1890, will be exhibited alongside paintings, drawings, and watercolors by both artists in "Painted with Words," at the Morgan Library. (212-685-0008.)

NIGHT LIFE
FREE SPIRITS
Oct. 10

The all-girl, all-glam foursome the Donnas have been together since they were in junior high. Next month, they bring the hard-rocking songs from their first self-released album, "Bitchin'," to the Highline Ballroom. (212-414-5994.)

"Alexandra," from Russia, at the New York Film Festival.

JEROEN KOOLHAAS

GLOBAL WARMING

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There are 151 new conventional coal-fired power plants in various stages of development in the US today.

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WAL-MART

Wal-Mart is investing a half billion dollars to reduce the energy consumption and CO_2 emissions of their existing buildings by 20% over the next seven years. If every Wal-Mart Supercenter met this target... *The CO_2 emissions from only one medium-sized coal-fired power plant, in just one month of operation each year, would negate this entire effort.*

CALIFORNIA

California passed legislation to cut CO_2 emissions in new cars by 25% and in SUVs by 18%, starting in 2009. If every car and SUV sold in California in 2009 met this standard... *The CO_2 emissions from only one medium-sized coal-fired power plant, in just eight months of operation each year, would negate this entire effort.*

EVERY HOUSEHOLD

If every household in the US changed a 60-watt incandescent light bulb to a compact fluorescent... *The CO_2 emissions from just two medium-sized coal-fired power plants each year would negate this entire effort.*

EDUCATION

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BEHIND THE SCENES

"HEROES" MASTERMIND REVEALS SUPER POWERS

Sprung from the imagination of its creator and executive producer, Tim Kring, NBC's "Heroes" is the dramatic, serialized smash hit that follows the lives of ordinary people who discover they have extraordinary abilities. Recently acknowledged with eight Emmy nominations, including Best Drama, "Heroes"—which consistently ranks in the Nielsen top 20—is broadcast in HDTV. This is the début in a series of interviews with the brain trust and talent behind the powerful superhero drama.

KRING

Is "Heroes" the anti-"24"?

KRING: The "Heroes" world is a very small and interconnected place. These days, a lot of Americans now realize that what happens tens of thousands of miles away affects us here. "Heroes" has a hopeful message about connecting people from disparate cultures and backgrounds; it's a universal message of unity that has captured the audience's imagination.

What are the show's precursors and inspirations?

KRING: I was curious about the advent of serialized storytelling because you can tell deeper and longer stories, and you don't have to wrap up or force artificial plot points in an hour. Thematically, the idea of fate and coincidence has always been a big part of my writing.

Tell us about the show's weekly miracles—characters who fly, time-travel, glow, walk through walls, and vanish...

KRING: We stretch the boundaries of TV by using a visual vocabulary from real comic books and graphic novels that includes extreme angles and lighting. It's iconic imagery for people who grew up reading comics like Frank Miller's classic film noir-style stories.

How do you plan to keep the momentum going in season two?

KRING: "Heroes" lives or dies by defying expectations. It survives off moments where people say, "Wow, I didn't see *that* coming!" The second season has to do just that. I came up with the idea of doing a series inside the series called "Heroes: Origins," which takes the basic idea that there are other characters out there with super powers. They may or may not have anything to do with the mothership of "Heroes." In a way it's reminiscent of the ground-breaking Rod Serling style of storytelling.

AQUOS
HEROES

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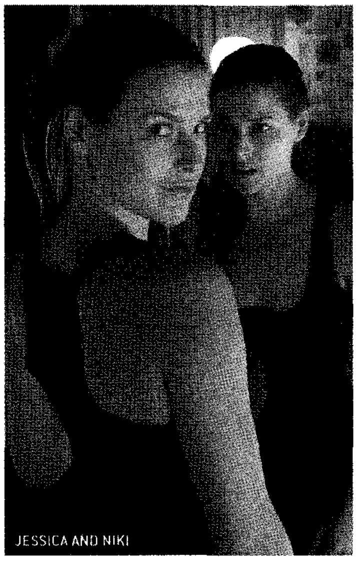
JESSICA AND NIKI

Does the HDTV broadcast contribute to the success of the show?

KRING: On a show like this, there's a tremendous amount of subtle detail. Visual clues, such as the helix symbol, follow many of our characters and has been placed subtly in scenes. It's much easier to spot it in HDTV. Also, the special effects are spectacular. So you get the full experience of seeing the hard work that goes into making the show.

What's on the just-released first season DVDs and HD DVDs?

KRING: The seventy-two-minute original uncut Tim Kring version of the pilot, among other cool features.

You've been referred to as TV's Lord of the Geeks. Explain.

KRING: To quote the show's beloved character, Hiro Nakamura: "A hero's journey takes him down many dark paths until he returns to the light." While I don't ever recall being associated with geekdom in my career, I wear the title as a badge of honor.

What's in your home theater?

KRING: A thirty-seven-inch Sharp AQUOS LCTV. It was the way to go, for both price and quality. It's the TV that I watch the show on.

Do you believe there are people with special powers who walk amongst us?

KRING: I hope so. Because with all the huge problems we currently face, I think we're in desperate need of moving to the next evolutionary rung. As a product of the '60s, I'm on the lookout for it.

**"Heroes" can be seen Mondays, 9–10 P.M. ET on NBC.
New season première on September 24th.**

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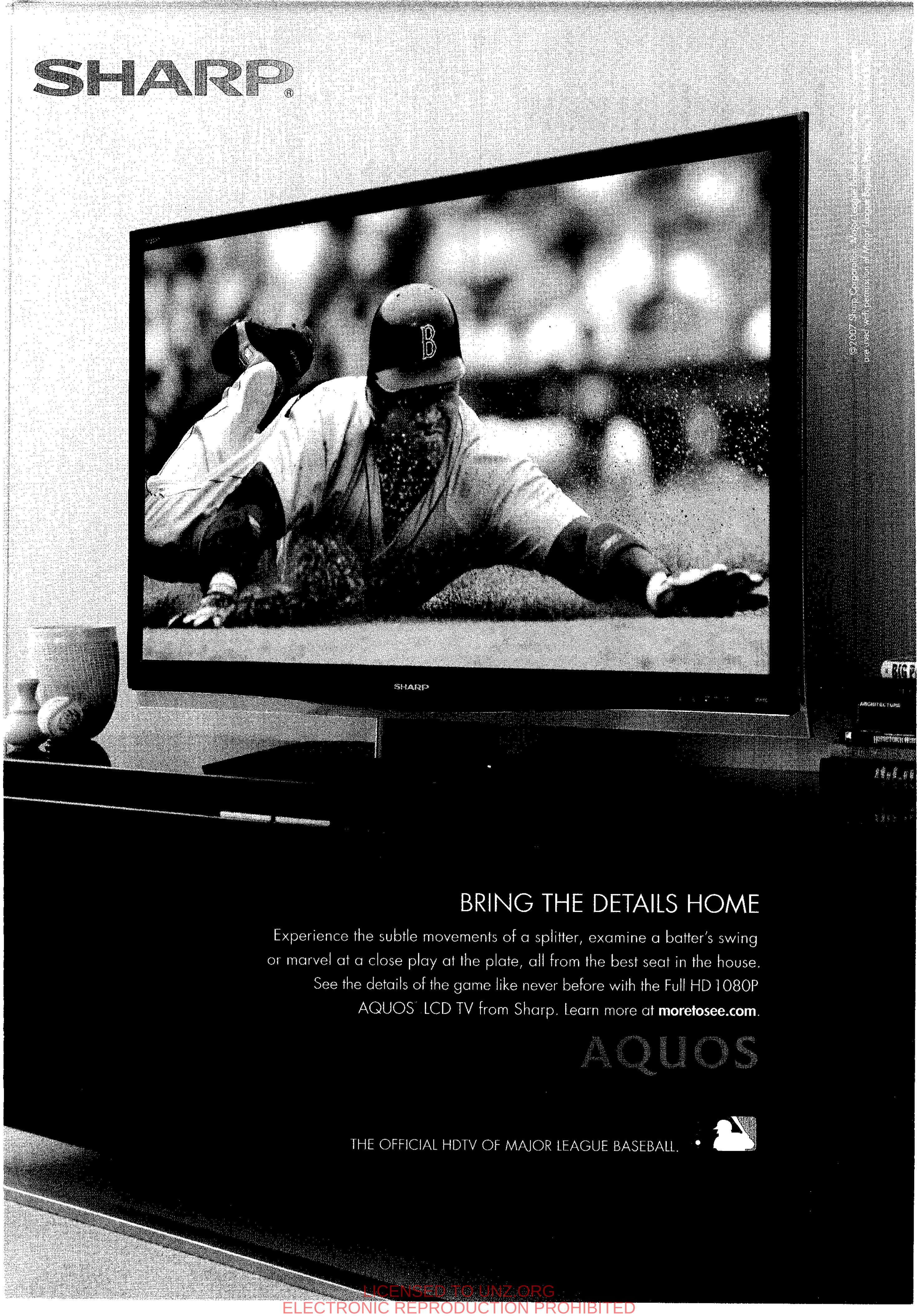

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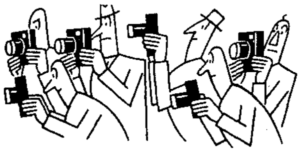
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
OFFENSES

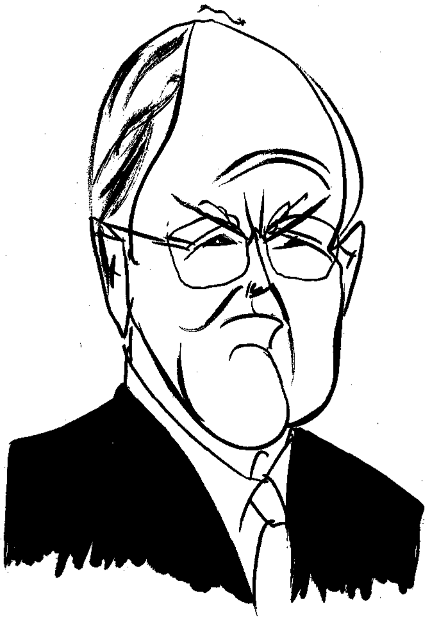


On the evening of January 21, 1953, Bayard Rustin, a forty-year-old organizer for the Fellowship of Reconciliation, a leading organization of religious pacifists, gave a talk, in Pasadena, California, about anti-colonial struggles in West Africa. Among the admirers who approached him after the speech were two young men. Late that night, he and the young men were arrested after being discovered *in flagrante* in a parked car. He pleaded guilty to a charge of "lewd vagrancy" and was carted off to serve sixty days behind bars.

The episode was a source of shame for Rustin, not on account of his homosexuality (about which, for that era, he was astonishingly relaxed) or because of the stigma of jail (he had spent two years in federal prison as a conscientious objector) but because he knew that his carelessness had let down his colleagues in the nonviolent movements for peace and racial equality. Yet his service to those causes did not end. Though he had to resign from the F.O.R., its secular twin, the War Resisters League, soon hired him as its executive secretary. In 1956, he became a mentor to the young Martin Luther King, Jr., beginning an association that, while rocky at times, culminated, on August 28, 1963, in the epochal March on Washington. The cover of the next issue of *Life* featured not King but the instigator of the march, the labor leader A. Philip Randolph, and its principal organizer, Bayard Rustin.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

Rustin's homosexuality, and the Pasadena incident in particular, embarrassed and angered some of his political comrades. But none of them responded to it with cruelty or contempt. Senator Larry Craig, of Idaho, has not been so lucky. No sooner had Craig's brother Republican politicians learned that he had been caught with his pants down in a men's-room stall at the Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport (where, a year from now, they will arrive by the planeload for their National Convention) than the stampede began. Senator Mitch McConnell, the Minority Leader, pronounced Craig's conduct "unforgivable" and forced him to relinquish his posts as the senior Republican on three Senate committees. From the campaign trail, Senator John McCain called for the miscreant's resignation. "I don't try to judge people, but in this case it's clear that it was disgraceful," the Senator judged. Mitt Romney, the former governor of Massachusetts, offered a singularly unfeeling response to the troubles of the man who, until the day before, had been the Idaho co-chairman of, and one of two "Senate liaisons" to, the Romney for President campaign. "Frankly," Romney said, "it's disgusting."



The danker reaches of the conservative Web chimed in. "I realize that I did not say this about Senator Vitter," blogged Hugh Hewitt, a popular right-wing radio host (he was referring to David Vitter, Republican of Louisiana, whose documented heterosexual contact with prostitutes has been unaccompanied by calls from his colleagues for his resignation), "but Craig's behavior is so reckless and repulsive that an immediate exit is required." Michelle Malkin, another Internet omnipresence, observed, "He's a supremely arrogant, lying crapweasel." Meanwhile, back on the prairie, local Christianists were fixin' to have a political necktie party with a guest list not limited to Craig. In a "statement" demanding that the Senator resign (the better to be prayed for), Bryan Fischer, the executive director of the Idaho Values

Alliance, called for a precinct-by-precinct campaign of erotic cleansing:

> One larger issue must be addressed. The Republican Party platform clearly rejects the agenda of homosexual activists. The Party, in the wake of the Mark Foley incident in particular, can no longer straddle the fence on the issue of homosexual behavior. Even setting Senator Craig's situation aside, the Party should regard participation in the self-destructive homosexual lifestyle as incompatible with public service on behalf of the GOP.

The story, combining as it does the libidinal and the scatological, has been a comic bonanza. Craig and his associates have proved coöperative in that department. Their contributions include the Senator's explanation for playing footsie with the cop in the neighboring stall ("I have a wide stance"), his greeting to reporters at the press conference after the news broke ("Thank you all very much for coming out"), his spokesman's dismissal of the whole business ("a he said/he said misunderstanding"), and the nickname of the Idaho governor, who will appoint a politically if not affectively identical Republican to take Craig's place if he does get around to quitting (C. L. "Butch" Otter).

Besides snark, the overriding theme of public discussion of the Craig case has been hypocrisy. "I'm not gay," the Senator insists, and if gayness is an identity as well as an innate predilection he may be right. He is, however, evidently homosexual. Yet he supports permitting job discrimination against homosexuals, opposes letting them serve in the military, favors a constitutional amendment forbidding them to marry, and voted for an Idaho ballot measure that proscribes gay civil unions. He is like the many politicians who have smoked marijuana themselves but oppose legalizing it even for medical use. Hypocritical? Yes. But, in both cases, the fundamental moral problem is not the inconsistency between private actions and professed beliefs. The problem is the professed beliefs.

If Craig has been (as he once described Bill Clinton) "a nasty, bad, naughty boy," there is little evidence of it in the police report of his arrest. The report, written in a style somewhere between "The Naked Gun" and "Guy Noir, Private Eye" ("At about 1200 hours, I was working a plainclothes detail involving lewd conduct in the main men's public restroom of the Northstar Crossing"), describes a profoundly unshocking sequence of events. After exchanging stares with the seated officer through the crack of the stall door, Craig entered an adjoining stall, sat down, and tapped his foot. In response, the cop wrote, "I moved my foot up and down slowly." Craig touched the side of his foot to the side of the cop's. Then he swiped his fingertips three times along the bottom of the stall divider. Then he got arrested.

Disorderly conduct, the misdemeanor to which Craig pleaded guilty, requires proof of "offensive, obscene, abusive, boisterous or noisy conduct" or "offensive, obscene, or abusive language tending reasonably to arouse alarm, anger or resentment." His real misdemeanor is to be a conflicted, closeted homosexual who is driven to seek furtive (though consensual) sex by sending coded signals in public toilets. The real offense, the real obscenity, is that even a jurisdiction as enlightened as the Twin Cities still feels free to devote police resources to compounding the unhappiness of such people.

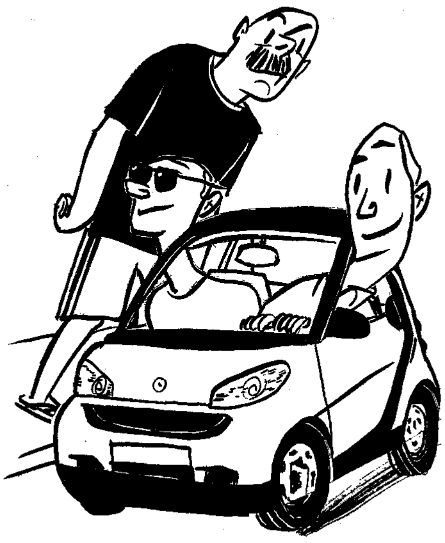
Last week, Craig suggested that he might not resign after all, and moved to reverse his guilty plea. If he succeeds, the resulting trial, whatever its outcome, might help discourage the kind of treatment to which he has been subjected. Bayard Rustin would appreciate the irony of a Republican senator engaging in a sort of unconscious civil disobedience. Rustin's biographer Jervis Anderson wrote a decade ago that "his openness about his gay lifestyle sprang from a feeling that he was entitled to be whatever he was, even at a time in America when homosexuality was prosecuted as a crime." That time is not quite finished, but perhaps Larry Craig, despite himself, will help bring it a little closer to its inevitable end.

—Hendrik Hertzberg

HERE TO THERE

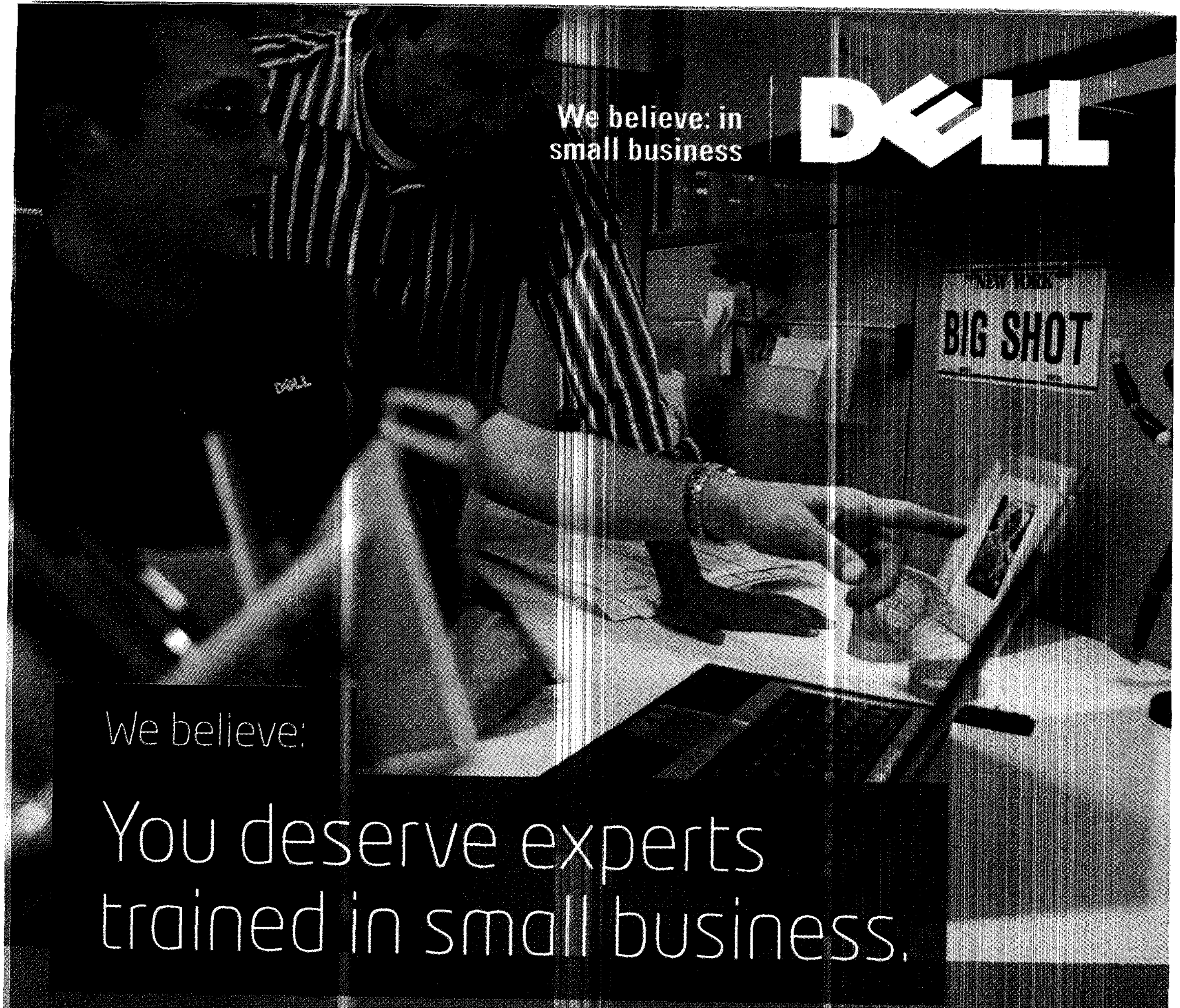
TINY WHEELS

A classic problem in Euclidean geometry—how to fit more cars into Manhattan—has been solved. The two-passenger Smart Fortwo, which is manufactured by DaimlerChrysler, is only a hundred and six inches long, or nearly three and a half feet shorter than a Mini Cooper (and just six feet longer than a Cozy Coupe, the orange-and-yellow plastic toddler-powered vehicle sold by Little Tikes). That means that you can easily parallel-park two Fortwos in any curb space that's long enough to fit a single Lincoln Navigator L—or perpendicular-park three of them, since the Fortwo is less than a third as wide as the Navigator is long, and is so short that it doesn't stick out into traffic when docked nose in.



A Smart Fortwo visited the city recently, accompanied by David Schembri, who is the president of Smart USA. (The car has been sold in Europe for the past eight years and will go on sale in the United States in January.) As Schembri drove up Third Avenue, a passenger in a green Mercury Mountaineer with suitcases bungee-corded to the roof made the international roll-down-your-window signal, then hollered, "I saw you on 'Good Morning America'!" and gave Schembri a thumbs-up.

Schembri darted into a side street—"A three-lane cross is no problem"—and pulled up next to a Toyota Matrix, which had stopped at a light, in order to prove that the Matrix was practically S.U.V.-size by comparison. A cop, apparently objecting to the fact that Schembri had driven into the opposing traffic lane in order to do this, stopped his own car alongside the Fortwo and gave Schembri a meaningful look. Schembri shouted, "Hey, we're just test-driving it! It would make a good police car—you'd get to



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know your prisoner real well!" The cop smiled and drove away.

A little later, Schembri perpendicular-parked in a seemingly too-teensy gap between two police cars parallel-parked on the east side of Third Avenue between Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets, just around the corner from the Police Academy. When he got out, a middle-aged man with a mustache and flip-flops came over to look.

"How safe is it?" he asked, pressing his hand against one of the doors, which have removable plastic panels that can be swapped between cars. Schembri said, "The passenger compartment is protected by a reinforced-steel cage. In a crash, it will act very much like a NASCAR roll cage. You see how high the door handles are? That's for easy rescue."

The man returned to his own car, a quite-a-bit-worse-for-wear white Ford Tempo parked at the corner, and Schembri walked down Third to Dunkin' Donuts, to buy a cup of coffee. When Schembri returned, the man was studying the Fortwo again, making notes in ballpoint in the margins of a newspaper. A cop walked up and looked at the Fortwo. He got into the police car that was parked on the uptown side of it, and drove away. The man ran back to his Tempo and moved it into the space. While he was doing that, a different middle-aged guy with a mustache stopped and said, "This car is good for China, India, and Europe. Especially China. I'm from India. How many people is it for?"

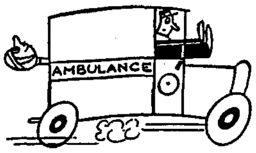
"Two," Schembri said. "That's why it's called Fortwo. But there's a lot of room. We had a six-foot-eight guy in there, and he fit beautifully. Also a guy who weighed more than five hundred pounds."

"But if you make the front a little shorter, and add a little extra in the back, and you put the trunk under the seat, and maybe make it a little bit longer, you have a five-people car. You know what I'm talking about?"

While he was saying this, a parking cop, who was working his way down Third Avenue, stopped at the Tempo and scanned the registration sticker in the corner of the windshield. He printed out a ticket, stuck it under the wiper, and moved on. Its owner, whose face was pressed against the Fortwo's window, didn't notice.

—*David Owen*

911 DEPT.
LAST CALL

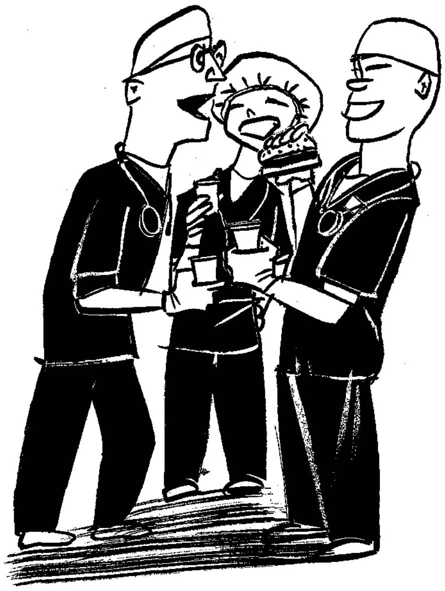


A recent block party to commemorate the closing of St. Vincent's midtown hospital (until 2003, it was called St. Clare's), at Fifty-second Street and Ninth Avenue, could have passed for any Labor Day cookout: hamburgers on the grill, beer in Solo cups, Italian ice served from the back of an ambulance. Then you caught a scrap of conversation: "Hey, Mike, remember the jumper at the Carter Hotel who got impaled on the fence? That was your guy, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yeah," said Mike Rosenblum, a former paramedic who's now a doctor in Springfield, Massachusetts. "He jumped off a building trying to kill himself, and got harpooned two floors below, like this." (Rosenblum arched his back.) "So he was hanging off the side of the building, probably looking at beautiful downtown Manhattan and the Empire State Building in the distance. And when we got there he said, 'You know, when you try to kill yourself you never expect something like this to happen.' And we were like, 'You're right! It *is* unusual.' "

The hospital is itself an anomaly: the city's first 24/7 paramedic unit, it managed, despite periods of bankruptcy, to see Times Square and Hell's Kitchen through the heroin and crack epidemics of the seventies, eighties, and nineties. In 1998, Joe Connelly, a St. Clare's ambulance driver, wrote a book based on his experiences there, called "Bringing Out the Dead," which Martin Scorsese made into a movie. The hospital is the first of several to be shut down by a task force known as the Berger Commission, which aims to consolidate New York State's health resources. (Fire Department paramedics will take up the slack.)

"Remember the night we picked up one of the musicians from 'Saturday Night Live'?" Fred Kavanagh, a heavyset ex-medic who's now a physician's assistant, asked. "That was another drug-related one." "And the one who married the millionaire?" Rosenblum said. "Anna Nicole Smith!" (Her mother was sick.) One partygoer said he knew the paramedics at the scene of Nelson Rockefeller's death. Other famous patients: Stevie Nicks (slipped in the studio), Barry Manilow (allergic reaction), Henny Youngman (pneumonia), Roger Moore (fainted), Shawn Bradley (basketball injury), Tennessee Williams (swallowed the cap of his pill bottle, fatally), and Ian Schrager—who collapsed in a hotel next to Studio 54 while getting fitted for a tuxedo. "He'd been standing still for a long time, and he was getting hot," Rosenblum said. Kavanagh added, "He was not too happy to see us."



Tony Rose, a former E.R. nurse, explained the occupational vocabulary: "13 Willie" is code for midtown paramedics (10, Manhattan; 3, midtown; W, paramedics); "buses" are New York ambulances (they're "rigs" or "trucks" elsewhere); "gomers" are frequent customers. "It stands for 'Get out of my emergency room,' " Rose said. "You talk about getting a gome from the home—someone who's stuck in E.R., who's a lot of work. Then, there's 'skel.' There's a derivation to that. Originally, there was a guy, Robert Skeldon, a highwayman in England. He had a gang called the Skeldon boys. That was corrupted to 'skel'—anyone who's drunk or homeless." (According to William Safire, skel comes from "skellum," meaning a rascal or thief.) Rose

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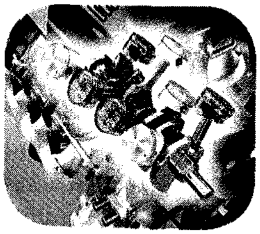

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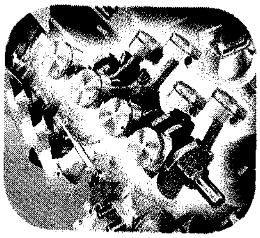

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was interrupted by cheers from a nearby garage: the morgue truck, making its final run.

A little after 9 P.M., two E.M.T.s, Jimmy Mathos and Patrick Powers, put down their burgers and answered the final call of the evening: an assault, near Times Square. Someone had bitten his taxi-driver. The passenger had apparently charged that he was the one being attacked—a cross complaint—so the taxi-driver had been thrown in jail. Mathos and Powers hopped into an ambulance, siren blaring. At the Midtown North Precinct, a man in handcuffs sat on a metal chair, holding his arm. He pulled up his shirtsleeve to reveal a deep, purplish bruise. "It hurts," he said. Powers inspected the injury and swabbed it with disinfectant. "Did you get a tetanus shot?" he asked. "Yes," the patient said. "A long time ago, in Jamaica." Powers told him, "You should get a shot tomorrow."

Back at the hospital, the party was spilling into a downstairs hallway. Someone had knocked a hole through the plaster wall connecting the ambulance supervisor's room to the crew room. Two former driving partners, Lucy Winton, who is now an artist, and Maggie Dubris, a writer (her works include "Skels" and "WillieWorld"), wandered among lunglike Ambu bags, vials of medicine for drug overdoses and heart attacks, and adult nonrebreather masks. "We used to do people's astrological charts in the back of the ambulances," Winton said. "If we had a police officer, we'd say, 'You've been deceiving your girlfriend,' because they all did. And he'd go, 'Oh, my God! This is so real.' " She paused. "It really felt like the center of the world."

—Lizzie Widdicombe

THE LITERARY LIFE
FIRST AT NINETY

Millard Kaufman, a début novelist whose book "Bowl of Cherries" comes out this month, has been described by his publisher, McSweeney's, as quite possibly "the best extant epic-comedic writer of his generation." This is high praise, and would be higher still were it not for the fact that there are few, if any, epic-comedic writers extant from Kaufman's generation. Kaufman, who turned ninety in March, is seventy-six years older than the hero of "Cherries," who, through a number of compelling, if implausible, twists of fate, winds up in prison in the fictional southern Iraqi town of Coproliabad, so named for its specialization in turning human excrement into a kind of cheap, durable concrete.

"People seem to me to have a number of basic problems, and one of them is, What do you do with human waste?" Kaufman said the other day. "So I thought, What would happen if somebody took this stuff and did something positive with it?" The novel, which is equal parts "Catcher in the Rye" and "Die Hard," is likely to offend Iraqis to the same degree that the work of Sacha Baron Cohen offends natives of Kazakhstan. "It seemed to me there was a lot of public interest in Iraq, which is why I set it there, but it could have been set in Oswego, New York, where I have also never been," Kaufman said.

Kaufman grew up in Baltimore. After graduating from Johns Hopkins, he moved to New York and became a copyboy at the *Daily News* for thirteen dollars and seventy cents a week. When the Second World War broke out, he enlisted in the Marines, with whom he participated in the campaign to win Guadalcanal and landed at Guam and Okinawa. "I weighed a hundred and eighty-two pounds when I went overseas, and when my wife met me afterward she didn't recognize me—I weighed a hundred and twenty-eight," Kaufman said. "I had dengue fever and malaria, and I didn't really feel like I could spend the heat of the summer or the cold of the winter in New York anymore."

He moved to California, where he took up screenwriting, winning an Oscar nomination in 1953 for a movie called "Take the High Ground." (He was nominated again two years later, for "Bad Day at Black Rock.") He lent his name to Dalton Trumbo, who had been blacklisted, for a movie called "Gun Crazy." "The only time I ever met him was at a meeting of the Writers Guild," Kaufman said. "It was such a bore, and I left and went into a bar at the hotel, and Trumbo was there. We met because some guy was standing between us who was fairly drunk, and he said, 'What's all that noise?' One of us said, 'It's a writers' meeting.' He said, 'What do they write?' and we said, 'Movies.' He looked aghast and said, 'You mean they *write* that stuff?' " Kaufman's most enduring contribution to entertainment, at least thus far in his career, is as co-creator of Mr. Magoo, whom he modelled in part on an uncle. "That is what we thought the character was based on until, twenty years later, we were accused of being nasty about people with bad eyesight," he said.

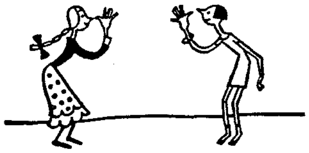
Kaufman began the novel after his most recent screenplay, which he undertook at the age of eighty-six, came to nothing. His alliance with McSweeney's was a product of circumstance. "My literary agent, who was younger than me, had died suddenly, and I had nobody," Kaufman said. He is now writing a second novel. "Years ago, I was working in Italy, and Charlie Chaplin and his family came from Switzerland," he recalled. "We were at a beach north of Rome, and it was a very foggy day and the beach was lousy. At about three o'clock it cleared up, and Chaplin said, 'I'm going back to the hotel. Unless I write every day, I don't feel I deserve my dinner.' That made an impression on me."

Kaufman writes longhand and has a secretary type up his work. "The only promise to myself that I have ever kept was no more typewriters," he said. "I hate the damn thing." (When it was suggested to Kaufman that he might want to check his Amazon ratings after "Bowl of Cherries" comes out, he said that he wasn't sure what Amazon ratings were.)

None of Kaufman's friends have read the book, not even the members of his lunch club, which meets weekly at Hamburger Hamlet and includes Christopher Knopf, the seventy-nine-year-old former president of the Writers Guild, and Arthur Hiller, the eighty-three-year-old former president of the Academy. Kaufman is the oldest member of the group. "Everybody I know is dead by ninety," he said, "and I don't think I can dig them up for lunch."

—Rebecca Mead

ICEBREAKER DEPT.
SOCIAL STUDIES



Jean Baudrillard, as any philosophy student will tell you, theorized that, in the postmodern world, "the territory no longer precedes the map." In other words, if you are a member of N.Y.U.'s class of 2011, you probably arrived in New York City with a preëxisting web of soon-to-be college friends from Facebook, the online social-networking site. You know which of them count "Harold and Kumar Go to White Castle" among their favorite movies, which are interested in punk rock or organic food, and which belong to such groups as "My Pimpin' Is Immaculate, Hard Like Calculus!" and "I Went to a Public High School . . . Bitch." You and your friends may or may not have actually met.

The peril in getting to know classmates on the computer is that incoming undergraduates may forget how to do so in real life. That was the thinking behind "Facebook in the Flesh," a seminar held during N.Y.U.'s freshman orientation. "Meeting new people face-to-face can be . . . intimidating," a brochure read. "This fun, interactive workshop will get everyone talking as we build social networks in person." The session took place at the Kimmel Center—it was scheduled at the same time as "Dude, Where's My Class?"—and drew about thirty-five students, who spent the initial minutes sitting side by side in uncomfortable silence. Eventually, two girls struck up a conversation and realized, to their delight, that they were both from Long Island. ("Suffolk County?" "Me, too!")

"Here's what in-person networking is," David Schachter, an assistant dean, began. "It's face-to-face. It's brief. It works best when there's virtually nothing at stake except a few minutes of someone else's time. And it's social. It happens in the same space."

Schachter went on to describe the benefits of live interaction: "Is there a way that, perhaps, if you're trying to find out what the great falafel place is, you might be able to do it through your social network?" No one mentioned that this can easily be done online. "What else do you think networking with peers can help you find out about?"

"Things to do?"

"Requirements you might have missed online?"

"Fascinating things about other people?"

Schachter asked the group to pair off, with the goal of conducting a casual six-minute conversation. He handed out a worksheet with pointers ("Ask questions. Try to discover commonalities and/or connections with the other person") and provided a few sample questions, in case of a jam. ("What drew you to N.Y.U.?" "What do you think of this workshop so far?") A visitor was partnered with Mike Scolnic, whose interests, according to his Facebook profile, include shoes, football, and cool breezes on hot days.

"I'm a Facebook addict," Scolnic said. "I already have nine hundred friends at N.Y.U. Facebook sent me a warning that said, 'Stop friending people.' " (Friend, *v.*: to add to one's roster of Facebook buddies.) "I guess I didn't take it as seriously as I should have, because last week my account was disabled for four days."

Life in the dorm, he said, has been odd. "In the elevator, people who I'm friends with will say hi to me and I'll have no idea who they are. Don't get me wrong, I think it is useful. I met two girls on Facebook who came over to our room once we got to N.Y.U. We hung out with them, we drank with them, we watched a movie. But for every situation where it helped me there've been, like, five or six that have just been really awkward."

Schachter blew a whistle. "Thoughts? Feelings? Reactions?" he said. "Was it hard?"

"Harder than Facebook," one girl said.

"If we were going to do this again, is there anything that you would do differently, what I call an 'upgrade' or an 'enhancement'?"

"I wish we could poke people," someone said. Schachter looked confused.

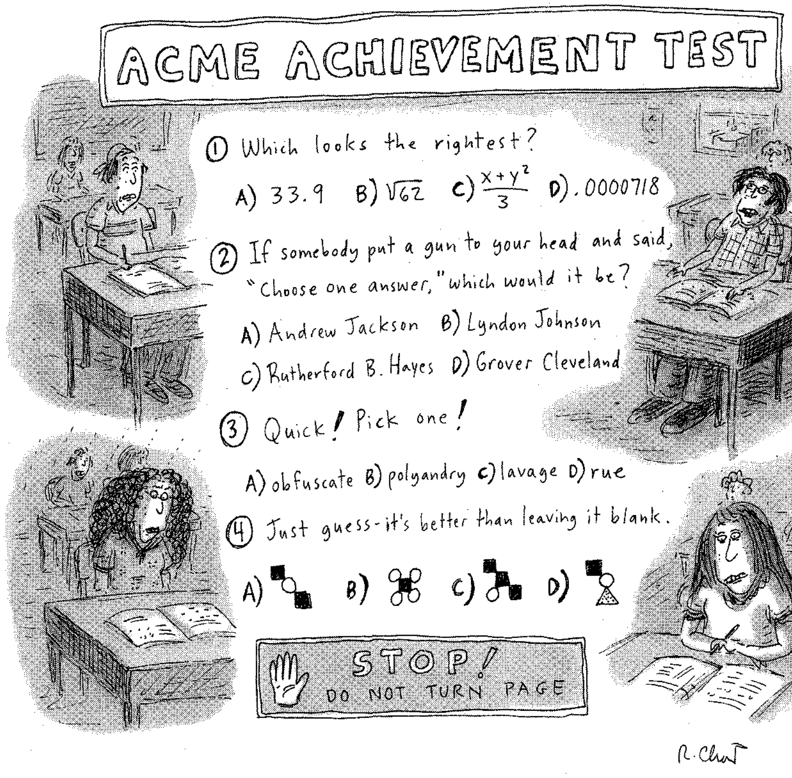
The student elaborated: "If you want to let someone know that you want to talk to them on Facebook, you poke them."

"Got it," Schachter said. "So is there a way to poke someone in person?"

A girl suggested shyly, "Smile at them?"

After the session, Schachter admitted that he had never been on Facebook. He said that when he was a freshman at N.Y.U., in 1978, he met his best friend while signing up for classes the first week of school. They hit it off, he recalled, when they started talking in the registration line and realized that they were both from Long Island.

—*Michael Schulman*


ACME ACHIEVEMENT TEST
① Which looks the rightest?
A) 33.9 B) √62 C) (x+y²)/3 D) .0000718
② If somebody put a gun to your head and said, "Choose one answer," which would it be?
A) Andrew Jackson B) Lyndon Johnson
C) Rutherford B. Hayes D) Grover Cleveland
③ Quick! Pick one!
A) obfuscate B) polyandry C) lavage D) rue
④ Just guess - it's better than leaving it blank.
A) B) C) D)
STOP! DO NOT TURN PAGE
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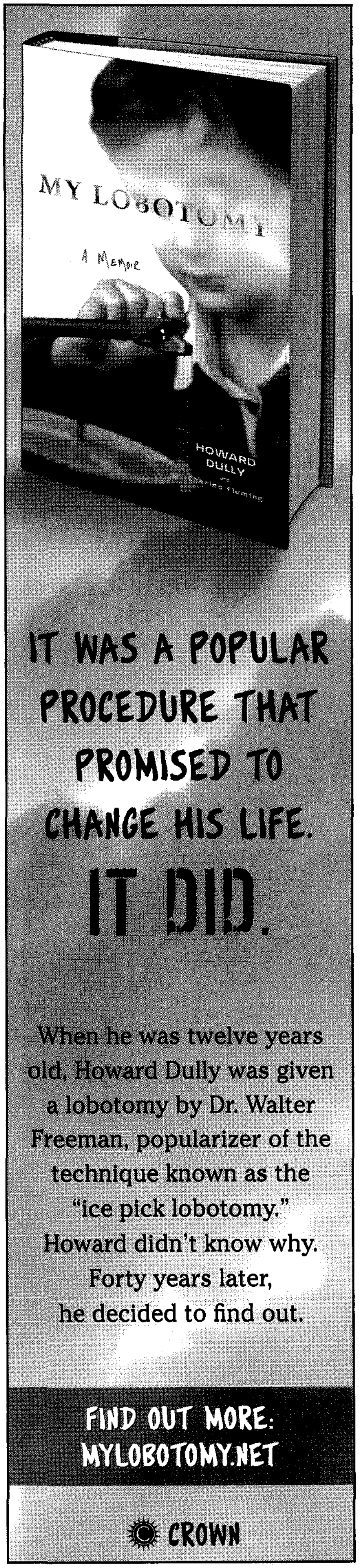

IT WAS A POPULAR PROCEDURE THAT PROMISED TO CHANGE HIS LIFE.

IT DID.

When he was twelve years old, Howard Dully was given a lobotomy by Dr. Walter Freeman, popularizer of the technique known as the "ice pick lobotomy." Howard didn't know why. Forty years later, he decided to find out.

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CROWN

THE POLITICAL SCENE

THE LEGACY PROBLEM

Hillary and her rivals take on the Clinton Administration.

BY RYAN LIZZA

Hillary Clinton, in her memoir, "Living History," recalled the first words she heard out of Bill Clinton's mouth. It was the fall of 1970 at Yale Law School, and Bill (she thought that he resembled a Viking) was excitedly telling classmates about the virtues of his home state. "And not only that, we grow the biggest watermelons in the world!" he boasted as Hillary Rodham happened to walk by. Hillary asked a friend who he was. "Oh, that's Bill Clinton," the friend told her. "He's from Arkansas, and that's all he ever talks about."

Thirty-seven years later, on the Sunday before Labor Day, the ex-President and First Lady stood in a barn at the Hopkinton State Fair, in New Hampshire, and inspected the finalists in an annual pumpkin-growing contest—which inevitably led to talk about watermelons. Bill, in a pink checked shirt and white pants, reminisced about the enormous melons of his Arkansas youth as he admired the champion gourd, which, at a thousand and four pounds, sat triumphantly before them; he asked the grower, Bruce Whittier, detailed questions about the art and science of raising oversized fruit. Hillary smiled and chatted politely, but she seemed ready to move on to the cows and sheep.

Bill, now an expert, was asked how much water pumpkins need. "No, no, don't tell them," Hillary said. "It's a trade secret." Striking a pensive pose, arms folded across his chest, Bill paused for a second before overruling his wife. "Way over fifty gallons a day," he said, with genuine astonishment. Then, as he began to talk about the differences between watermelon- and pumpkin-growing, Hillary turned away to talk to the governor of New Hampshire and eventually left her husband behind in the pumpkin stall.

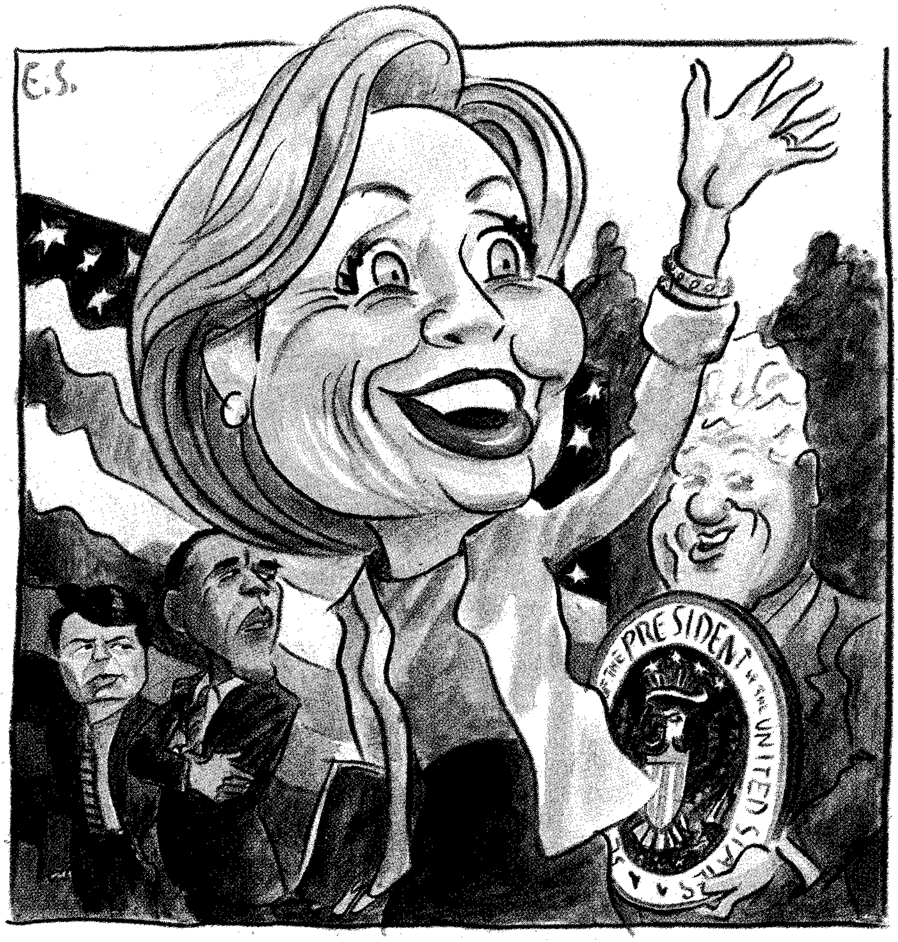
She was halfway to Jeff Jordan's Sheep Barn when Bill's ruminations turned into a full-fledged press conference. "I don't know what the latest record was, but the last record I saw was, like, two hundred and seventy-something pounds," the former President explained, as reporters thrust recorders into his face. "So that's like a quarter of the size of the winner here, a little more than a quarter. But that's a huge watermelon." Returning to the message of the day—that Hillary knows when to "stand her ground" and when to "find common ground"—he went on to offer a startling comparison between fruit competitions and serving in the White House: "When you grow a big pumpkin or you're in a watermelon contest, if you give it too much water and the skin breaks, you're eliminated. And if you give it too little somebody else beats you, because they got a bigger melon or a bigger pumpkin. So it's like, at the end, and in very tense circumstances, there are these constant judgment calls. You know, it's kind of like being President—you want to make it as big as you can without breaking the skin." With that, Bill Clinton may have aptly described his role in his wife's campaign.

After the pumpkin press conference, Bill noticed that Hillary and her entourage were out of sight. "Where'd they go?" he asked an aide. "Do they just not shake hands with as many people as I do?" Though Bill is a more loquacious politician and a more vigorous campaigner than Hillary, her aides have decided that his popularity among Democrats outweighs the considerable risk that he will overshadow her. He has become suddenly ubiquitous, especially in New Hampshire, which is set to hold the season's first Presidential primary, in January, and where Clinton nostalgia is a potent force. (Clinton's surprise second-place showing in 1992, behind Paul Tsongas, propelled him toward his party's nomination.) When he's not introducing his wife at rallies or sitting down for interviews with Oprah and Larry King, as he did last week, he is wooing old friends on her behalf. In

June, Clinton met with ten Democratic activists whose endorsement Hillary covets. Kathy Sullivan, the former New Hampshire Democratic Party chair, who hosted the gathering, told me that after the meeting Clinton had just one question for her: “Do you think I helped Hillary?”

Although Hillary Clinton’s candidacy insures that her husband’s eight years as President will be central to the 2008 campaign, he also hovered over the two previous primary seasons, in each of which the field narrowed to a Clinton candidate and an anti-Clinton candidate. In 2000, Bill Bradley, the former New Jersey senator, characterized the Clinton Presidency as timid and accommodationist, while Vice-President Al Gore ran on Clinton’s record. In 2004, Howard Dean ran on an antiwar message, but he tried to rally Democrats who believed that Clintonism was fundamentally unprincipled; John Kerry recruited people from the Clinton White House and associated himself with the centrist Democratic Leadership Council. Hillary’s advisers argue that the obvious lesson of those two campaigns is that invoking Democratic resentment about Clinton’s ideological and personal failings does not work. But his prominence this time makes the strategy irresistible. “The whole race is going to end up there,” a spokesman for one of Hillary’s rivals told me. “It has to, because that’s what she’s running on. She’s running on Bill Clinton. If she were running on her Senate record or some new ideas for the future, rather than the nineties, it would be different. But her biggest strength is Bill Clinton, so the only way to attack her is to take that head on.”

Barack Obama has been pondering his place in a post-Clinton world for several years. In the spring of 2004, a few weeks after he won the Illinois Democratic primary for U.S. senator, I visited him in Springfield. During a stroll from the Capitol, where he had served for eight years as a state senator, to his campaign office, downtown, Obama talked about the politics of Bill Clinton, saying, “The way a lot of the Democratic debate has gotten framed these days is you’re tied to either this hidebound nineteen-sixties liberalism or, in some cases, nineteen-thirties liberalism, or, alternatively, you’re this Democratic Leadership Council centrist who isn’t willing to make big bold steps to deal with issues like jobs and health care.”


E.S.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

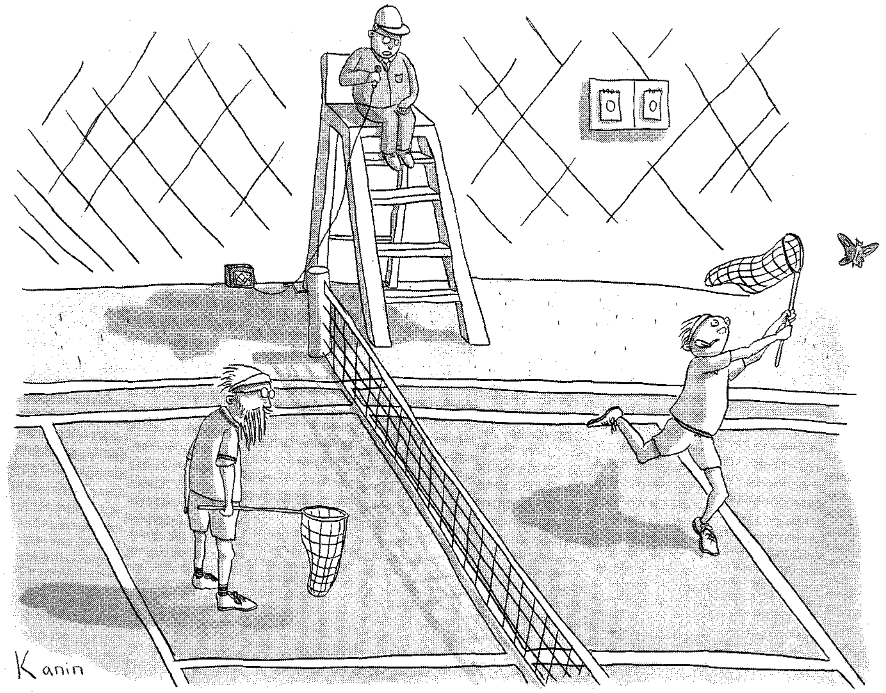
Hillary has learned to treat Clintonism as a buffet, taking only the parts she likes.

EDWARD SOREL

For Obama, policy boldness represented not a break with Clintonism but the natural next step. “My suspicion is that if Bill Clinton were around here now he would be doing this,” he told me. “He captured appropriately, I think, the mood of the country and a needed correction within the Democratic Party that was appropriate in the early nineties. Well, we have to do the same thing in 2004 that was done in 1992. And you can’t assume that that just means you go back to 1992, because circumstances have changed.”

In Obama’s recent book, “The Audacity of Hope,” he could be harsh about the Clinton years. He described some of Clinton’s more calculated political moves, such as his criticism of the rapper Sister Souljah, as “clumsy and transparent,” and he called the campaign-season execution of a mentally damaged man on Arkansas’s death row “frighteningly coldhearted.” Obama acknowledged some of the virtues of Clinton’s centrism, but, discussing Washington’s toxic political environment after the Republicans took over Congress in 1994—the year of Newt Gingrich’s Contract with America—he wrote, “In the back-and-forth between Clinton and Gingrich and in the elections of 2000 and 2004, I sometimes felt as if I were watching the psychodrama of the Baby Boom generation—a tale rooted in old grudges and revenge plots hatched on a handful of college campuses long ago—played out on the national stage.” Obama argued that the effect of the polarizing Clinton years was a stronger conservative movement that eventually “would take over the United States government.”

This past June, on the way to a campaign event in Boone, Iowa, I asked Obama again about Clinton’s legacy. “I think his basic instincts were sound in suggesting that we’ve got to break out of a lot of these false divisions that exist in our politics,” he said. “Is government the problem? Is crime just a function of individual immorality, or is it institutional racism or poverty?” But he was also crit-



"And the score remains unchanged."

• •

ical of the direction that his party had taken since the nineties, saying that a lot of Democrats had concluded that "the message of Bill Clinton and his electoral success is that we should split the difference with the other side on every issue." Choosing his words carefully, Obama went on, "I do think that for a variety of reasons, including some of the appalling tactics of the Gingrich Republicans and the conservative right, he was never able to make that full case to the American people in a way that would create a broad base of consensus for change. So, politically, you never had the capital, you never had the tools to actually deliver on that vision on big projects. What you would end up getting instead were great insights, but the applications were modest."

Obama may be right to believe that, in the wake of Bush's sharp drop in popularity and the new Democratic majorities in the House and Senate, a Democrat of bold ideas who presents himself as the anti-Clinton could be successful. The Party's interest groups certainly feel emboldened. There is little appetite for unrestricted free trade, a cornerstone of Clinton's economic strategy, starting with his support for the North American Free Trade Agreement during the 1992 campaign. The Service Employees International Union, one of the most liberal unions in America, has successfully pushed every Democrat in the race into supporting universal health care. And, with an economy that is producing historic levels of inequality and stagnant median wages, there is an opening for a more populist message. There is some evidence that such a message worked in 2006. Senators Jon Tester, of Montana, and Jim Webb, of Virginia, arguably won last year by challenging the Wall Street wing of their party.

But it's not clear that Obama is the right candidate for that message. He has made a fetish of the politics of consensus at a moment when his party seems to want confrontation. And although he has correctly diagnosed what alienated some Democrats from Clintonism, he seems at times more concerned with distancing himself from liberals than with embracing them. An outside adviser to Obama sounded exasperated as he described the complicated ideological terrain of the Democratic Party in 2007: "The frustration is that there is a revival of old-fashioned populism out there. Edwards is embracing it, and Clinton is embracing it, too. If Obama gets up and says something extremely populist on, say, trade, to appeal to the left-wing base of the Party or to the unions, wide groups of voters and insiders say, 'Oh, is he really a liberal candidate? We're no longer going to view him as a uniter who brings people together. We're going view him as a left-wing panderer.' "

The issue of health care has been particularly vexing. It has not proved to be the liability for Clinton that her opponents assumed it would. "At the S.E.I.U. health-care forum in Las Vegas, it doesn't go that well for Barack," the Obama adviser explained, referring to one of the numerous candidate cattle calls this season. "He tried to leave it at the highest level of principle, and then he's roundly panned. S.E.I.U. says, 'You're a joker.' They asked, 'What is your plan?' He did what all the experts said to do: just get up and say what your general view is, because if you release details you get hammered. The public reaction and the S.E.I.U. reaction was extremely negative."

In describing this dynamic, Obama's adviser became more and more agitated. "Then Hillary Clinton doesn't come out with any plan! Because she just says, 'I know a lot about health care,' they have let her go for months without a plan! And then her advisers, on background, criticize Obama's plan, even though they don't have one." He continued, "Coming up with a plan to solve America's health-care crisis is not an easy thing. We pulled a lot of all-nighters. And I'm, like, Why doesn't she have to come out with a plan?" (Clinton is scheduled to unveil a plan soon.) The adviser was baffled about why many experts in the health-care field believe that Hillary's experience in 1993 and 1994 is an asset. "I'm sure George Bush learned how not to invade Iraq," he said. "Should we then trust him to invade Iran?"

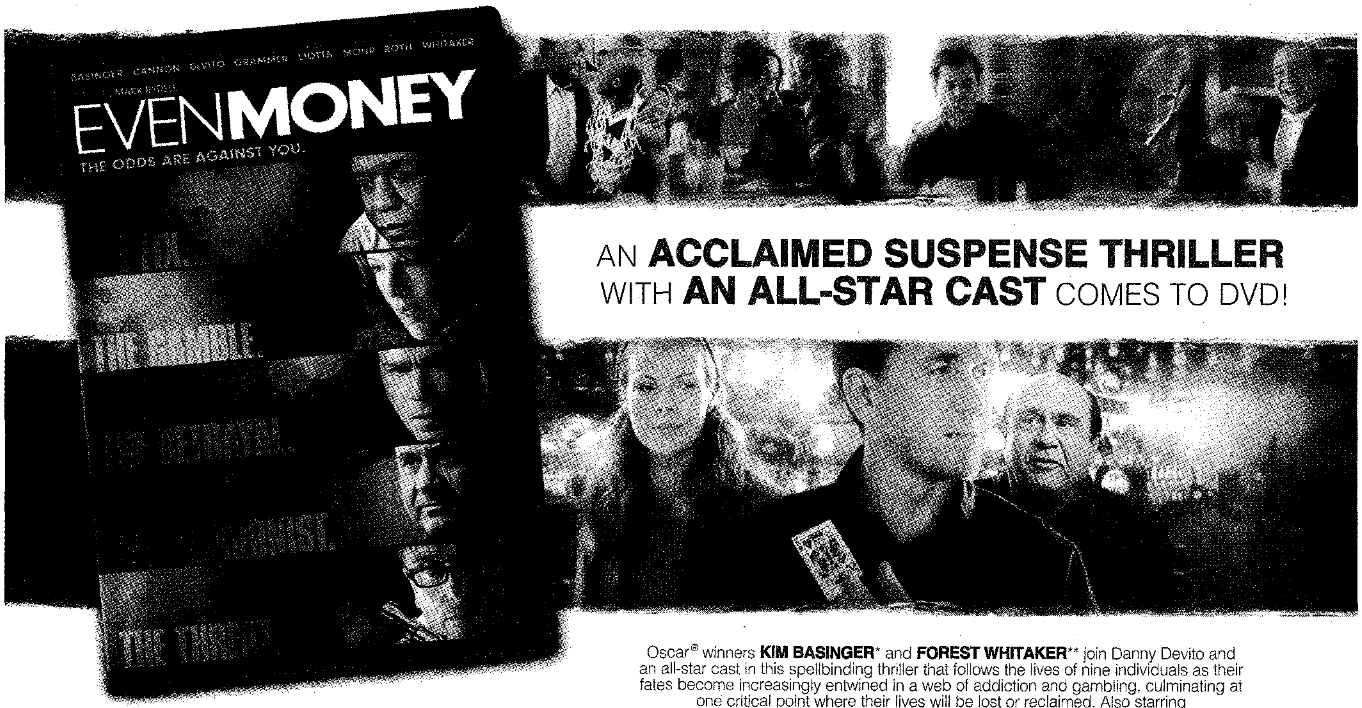
It is true that Hillary Clinton's unhappy experience with health care has been remade into a political selling point. During her first two years as First Lady, her five-hundred-person Task Force on National Health Care Reform, which worked in secret, came to symbolize everything that was wrong with her approach—arrogance, a lack of consultation with Congress, a final product that pleased no one. Its failure set back the cause of universal health care and probably cost the Democrats control of Congress in 1994. Now she uses what happened as a parable about hubris and lessons learned—a reminder that, more than any other candidate, she understands the limits of the American political system's capacity for sweeping change. "We came in and, largely propelled by a lot of the stories from back-yard meetings and living-room gatherings in New Hampshire, determined to do something about health care," she told a gathering of voters in Concord. "But we didn't have a good enough grasp of how to get it done. And if we had known then what we know now it would have been a lot different."

Much of Clinton's case for doing better this time rests upon the graduate degree in legislative politics that she feels she has earned since her election to the Senate, in 2000. Gone is the style that she brought to Washington in 1993, when she became the first First Lady to have an office in the West Wing—and faced ferocious criticism when she tried to use it. Now she talked about being "flexible" in working with the House and the Senate and about respecting the "prerogatives that the Congress wants to claim," and she scoffed at what she sees as the naïveté of her Democratic rivals. "When my colleagues who are running against me, who are all wonderful people, say things like 'We're going to make it happen!'—well, we've got to get the vote, and we've got to be able to make the persuasion. And that very often means you've got to compromise, which is not a word that people in a Democratic primary want to hear, because we all want to think that we can go in and do exactly what we believe in and make it happen. The fact is you can't. And I think we learned that as well. When Bill passed the deficit-reduction act, it was with one vote. And I'm glad he passed it with one vote, but it sort of set up a lot of the political problems to come."

Karl Rove recently attacked Clinton as a "fatally flawed" candidate, arguing that nobody who started the primary season with disapproval ratings as high as hers (they are in the high forties) has ever won the Presidency. She claims, however, that her faults, because they are well known, are actually a strength, and that nominating a candidate who is relatively unknown to the public would be a dangerous course. "The tactic used, effectively, will be to drive up the negatives of whoever our nominee is," she said at the close of her talk in Concord. "And it will all be fresh information. It will all be 'Oh, you didn't know? Let us tell you. Let us paint a caricature. Let us give you this picture.' Whereas I have the somewhat mixed but rather fortunate blessing of already starting with those negatives. And I mean for me that's a plus." Clinton's argument is that she offers electability, plus everything that voters loved about the Clinton era and none of the things that they hated. As she finished up, she said, "I'm running because I think I can win and I can take the White House back for us, and, frankly, build on the positives of the nineties and avoid some of the mistakes."

Obama may have decided that there

WHAT WOULD YOU GAMBLE TO **WIN BIG?**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is no percentage in trying to mount an ideological challenge to Clintonism, and that his case against the Clintons should be more subtle. Earlier this year, his campaign attacked Hillary for her association with a controversial fund-raiser named Sant Singh Chatwal. More recently, Obama has been the only candidate to raise, however obliquely, the sensitive subject of a Clinton dynasty. "I didn't come through the back door," he said, raising his voice and shaking his head, during a recent speech in front of a labor audience in Waterloo, Iowa, minutes after Hillary addressed the same forum. "I didn't come from some fancy congressional internship. My daddy wasn't in politics. I didn't inherit this."

One morning in mid-August, John Edwards's staffers were milling outside the lobby of the Sheraton hotel in Iowa City. Joe Trippi, one of the campaign's newest additions, was talking on his cell phone. "I'm getting on the bus to prep him," Trippi said. Trippi is best remembered as Howard Dean's Svengali in 2004, but he also worked for the Presidential campaigns of Ted Kennedy (1980), Walter Mondale (1984), Gary Hart (1987), Dick Gephardt (1988), and Jerry Brown (1992). His specialty is populist, outsider campaigns for candidates who bring with them a dash of anger. He joined the Edwards team in April, and has emerged as the campaign's chief strategist.

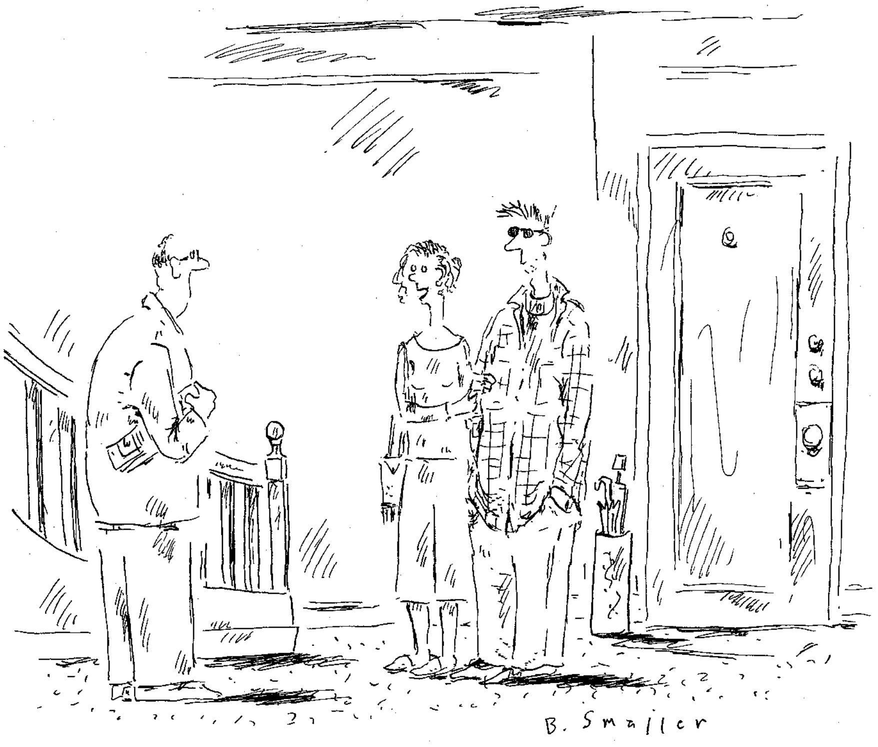
With Trippi's encouragement, Edwards has taken a turn to the left, and he has been attacking the Clinton legacy more and more frequently. During a recent speech on trade, Edwards charged that "triangulation and compromise won't fix anything" and reminded his audience that trade deals, like NAFTA, were the work of "Presidents from both parties." At a debate broadcast on the gay-oriented cable network Logo, Edwards sharply noted that "Don't Ask, Don't Tell," the Clinton-era policy effectively barring openly gay men and women from serving in the military, which Edwards would overturn, "is not just wrong now, it was wrong when it began." Edwards, more than Obama, seems determined to test liberal fealty to Clintonism.

On the last day of a week-long tour through Iowa, Edwards travelled from Polly Bukta's Annual Corn Boil, in Clinton, to the Scott County Democrats Summer Picnic, in Davenport. Edwards's blue campaign bus felt lived in, with stacks of papers strewn about and suitcases obstructing the aisle. Edwards doesn't have a day job, and he spends a lot of time campaigning, especially in Iowa, where he placed second in 2004, and where recent polls have often shown him in the lead. The conventional wisdom is that he must win the state's caucuses in January to have a chance at the nomination.

Edwards, in faded Levi's and a blue-and-white striped button-down shirt, exuded a sense of comfort that was missing during his last campaign, when, as he admitted, he lacked "seasoning" and "substance." As we talked, he twirled a bent paperclip between his thumb and forefinger, dropping it occasionally to gesture or to emphasize a point. Describing the Clinton years, he said, "I think they did a lot of good. You know, balanced the budget, helped create an economy that was showing significant growth. I think in general it was a period of prosperity." He added, "We're just in a different era. Things have changed."

In public, he subtly reminds liberals of what they found distasteful about the Clinton Administration but carefully avoids criticism of Bill Clinton himself, revealing another of the complications of running against Hillary. Edwards has heretical things to say about deficit reduction and free trade, two pillars of Clintonomics. "My view about the deficit is it's relatively not as bad as when Clinton took office," he explained. "It's about two per cent of G.D.P." (When Clinton took office, it was about five per cent of G.D.P.) "And, secondly, I just think that we have these other big structural problems that need to be fixed. I'm willing to tolerate some level of deficit, yes." Many liberals believe that Clinton's obsessive focus on deficit reduction was the greatest obstacle to achieving other big goals. Gene Sperling, Clinton's chief economic adviser and now a top adviser to Hillary, recently wrote that at the White House he fielded many complaints from "exasperated progressives" eager to vent on this issue.

The resentment among some Democrats toward Clinton-era free-trade deals is even stronger. "On trade, there's no question, there's still a huge amount of bitterness toward Bill Clinton," Thea Lee, the policy director for the A.F.L.-C.I.O., told me. Clinton's record "is just terrible," Douglas McCarron, the head of the carpenters' union, which recently endorsed Edwards, says. "Clinton gave us



"Yes, Justin is a college dropout, but he's a dropout from a very prestigious university."

NAFTA. He gave us the World Trade Organization. He and his Labor Secretary really wouldn't say the word 'union' for two years when they were first elected." Clinton himself recently acknowledged the reaction. In a speech to the Democratic Leadership Council in late July, he said, "There is one problem that we all have to admit still divides our party and divides the country, where our position right now is not popular, and that is trade. There is a sweeping rejection of globalization and a withdrawal from more trade relations, not just in the United States but in virtually every wealthy country in the world." Trade is the core of Edwards's anti-Clinton attack, especially in Iowa, where there is considerable protectionist sentiment.

When a voter in Iowa asked Edwards for his thoughts about NAFTA, the candidate looked at him intently and made a thumbs-down gesture. Aboard his bus, Edwards told me, "I've always been against NAFTA." In his speeches, he has gone even further, declaring that he doesn't want "fast-track" authority, which limits congressional involvement in trade deals, and suggesting that he won't support free-trade deals unless labor and environmental standards are written into the text of the agreements. Clinton tried to improve labor and environmental rules, but he never allowed them to ruin an opportunity to open up new markets.

Edwards presents not only an ideological challenge to Clintonism but a tactical one as well. Describing the difference between him and Hillary, he said, simply, "She is the status quo and I am change." Edwards, who was the first candidate this year to present a detailed universal-health-care proposal, argued that Clinton learned the wrong lesson from her policy defeat. "For me, the lesson of the Clinton health-care experience is you can't compromise and negotiate with these people who stand between us and change—insurance companies, drug companies, lobbyists. I think she's got just the opposite conclusion. Or, at least, the way she responds seems to be an opposite conclusion: that the way to bring about change is you have to work with these people." He went on, "That's what we saw happen in the nineteen-nineties. And I think now we're going to have to actually take them on in a serious way, with the backing of the American people, and beat them."

Edwards dismisses Obama's argument that more consensus is needed in Washington. The difference between them, Edwards told me, is the difference between "Kumbaya" and "saying, 'This is a battle. It's a fight.'" When I asked whether he's a populist, he lifted a riff from his stump speech: "If it means you're willing to stand up for ordinary people, the kind of people that I grew up with, against very powerful, entrenched interests, then yes, I am a populist."

The terminal at the airport in Concord, New Hampshire, is small and shabby, and filled with seventies-era office furniture. Inside the main waiting room, the only relief from the stained carpet and the bare walls is a bright-colored mural of children's heads popping up from behind boulders, trees, and knolls. On a recent morning, a Secret Service agent, a Clinton campaign staffer, and I waited for Hillary Clinton to arrive as we watched helicopters take off and land at a National Guard base across the tarmac.

Hillary stepped out of her black S.U.V. in oversized sunglasses and a fitted sapphire jacket that gave her a vaguely martial appearance. She was followed by several Secret Service agents and accompanied by her travelling chief of staff, Huma Abedin, a strikingly attractive woman of Indian and Pakistani descent who recently showed up in a photo spread in *Vogue*. I went with Clinton to a small office; she took a seat behind a metal desk and joked about the ambience of the place. "We've got the dead bugs in the light fixture," she said, laughing and pointing.

Hillary Clinton's ideology has been one of the white whales of American politics. Conservatives once caricatured her as a virtual Marxist. More recently, antiwar Democrats have savaged her as a neoconservative hawk. During the first great ideological debate within the Clinton Administration, Hillary sided with the liberals who believed that the deficit hawks were sacrificing the progressive soul of the Clinton agenda in order to satisfy Alan Greenspan and the bond markets. "We didn't come here to spend all our time cutting deficits created by Republicans," she asserted at the time, according to Carl Bernstein's recent Hil-

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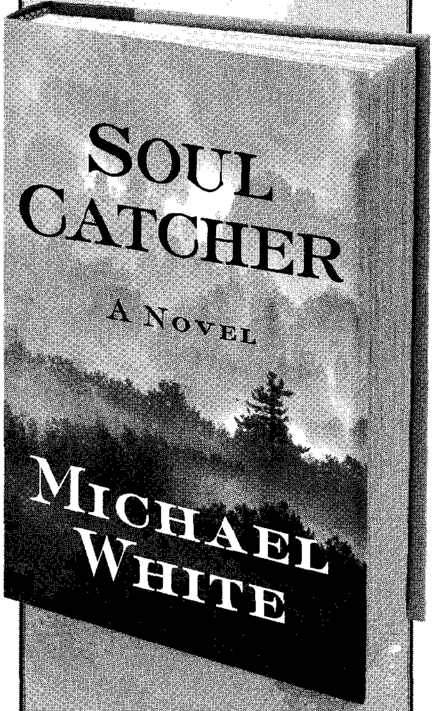

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lary biography, "A Woman in Charge." But after the Gingrich revolutionaries won Congress, in 1994, Hillary became a fervent advocate of triangulation. She boosted the influence inside the White House of the unwaveringly centrist consultant Mark Penn, who is now the chief strategist for her Presidential campaign. By 1996, she was supporting her husband's decision to sign a welfare-reform bill after he vetoed two previous versions that she opposed. The legislation assured his reëlection.

Sitting across the desk, raising and lowering her voice in response to airplane engines whirring outside, she sounded like a candidate traversing the current political moment as adeptly as her husband did when, after his shaky early years in the White House, he shifted to the center and, in 1995, outmaneuvered Gingrich in their confrontation over the government shutdown. Whereas in 1999 and 2000 George W. Bush emphasized his independence from his father's Administration, Hillary showed no hesitation in discussing the Clinton Presidency as a joint venture. Speaking of a recent address she gave on the credit-mortgage crisis, she told me, "We had the same kinds of events in '92, in New Hampshire. And then, during the nineties, we didn't have these problems. And it's like déjà vu all over again. You know, here we are, with middle-class people worrying about whether they're going to keep their homes, and afford their health care, and send their kid to college." She spoke of her Presidency as an inevitability. "So, unfortunately, after making progress during the nineties on a lot of these bread-and-butter issues, I'm back to facing them again, and will have to deal with them as President."

But she looks at Clintonism as if it were a buffet—she takes only the parts she likes. When I asked her about what has changed since the nineties, she mentioned being "older and wiser" and "the learning process" and how "we have to look at the world as it is now." At a conference of liberal bloggers in Chicago last month, someone brought up four of Bill Clinton's policies and asked Hillary if she would renounce her support for them: welfare reform, NAFTA, the Defense of Marriage Act (which barred the federal government from recognizing same-sex marriage), and the 1996 Telecommunications Act (which weakened restrictions on media consolidation). She said that the positive aspects of welfare reform outweighed the negative; repudiated parts of the marriage act; distanced herself from NAFTA; and, on the telecom law, said, "You'll have to ask Al Gore," who championed it. Most pointedly, she has moved away from her husband's pro-free-trade rhetoric, making it clear that Edwards's attempts to distinguish himself will be difficult. "A trade policy without labor and environmental standards that are enforceable is just no longer feasible," she told me. Asked if NAFTA, which Bill Clinton cites as one of his most significant achievements, was a mistake, she replied, matter-of-factly, "I think that NAFTA didn't realize the benefits that were advertised." She added, "Well, you know, you don't remain static—you have to continue to evaluate what was and wasn't done." On the deficit, Hillary did not sound as hawkish as her husband. Is it necessary to get the deficit to zero? She wants it on a "declining trajectory," she said, but quickly noted the importance of her health-care and energy plans.

When I brought up Edwards's attacks on Clintonism as timid and tactical, she became more animated. She threw her head back and slapped the desk, clanking her watch on the surface. She rejected the idea that she is simply running for a third Clinton term, but she had a warning for an opponent who thinks he can defeat her by taking on her husband: "Any Democrat who rejects the only two-term Democratic President we've had since Franklin Roosevelt is rejecting an important part of how we are in a position to be able to run and win in the 2008 election. There was a lot of business taken care of in the nineties—you know, Democrats can be good stewards of the economy. In fact, given Bush and Cheney, better stewards than Republicans. Democrats don't take a back seat to anybody on crime and national security. Democrats have the biggest expansion of health care, with the Children's Health Insurance Program, since Lyndon Johnson. So why would we want to reject what we've accomplished? If I were not named Clinton, I would be saying, 'Good for us!'" She paused and added, "But, you know, that was then. This is now." ♦

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PORTRAIT IN EVIL: MY STORY

BY LARRY DOYLE

I will do a book.

—*Karl Rove.*

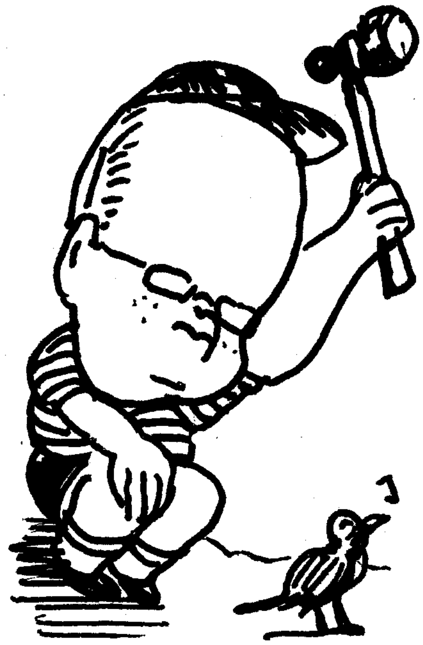
It's not easy being the bad guy. The public hates you, and no wonder, fed as they are a steaming stream of media bile that maliciously misrepresents all your plots and machinations. Adults, in turn, poison the minds of the young, who every day joyously play-act your murder. All you have is your minions, who do your bidding, sure, but out of fear and not out of respect or, dare I say it, love.

Little do they realize that under the mask, beneath the armor, lie the beating hearts, the transmogrified flesh and isotopic blood, of a creature who was once very much human, just like them. If they were to take a moment to peer through that translucent skull and into that superevolved brain, they would find more than dark schemes and deadly schemata and vast enemies lists; they would discover deep inside, tucked behind some new torture notions, the tiny, sad boy with the freakishly large head who only wanted to be good but was turned bad.

This is the story I wish to tell. The story of the Dr. Cranius I know. *My* story.

I will begin with my origin story, not the ridiculous tale told in comic books and by Nancy Grace without regard to libel laws but the true telling of my humble, tragic beginnings: my miraculous birth to a poor, single dry cleaner, who lost her pelvis as a result of the delivery and was therefore ruined for other men, dooming me to be raised without a proper male role model. Very little is written about my sainted mother other than that I eventually killed her; nothing is known of the love that shone through her revulsion or her heroic struggles to pay for all the appliances her precocious toddler dismantled, or for the punitively expensive custom protective headgear. This is the woman I want people to know. Perhaps then they will understand why she had to die.

The hard child is mother to the man, the poet wrote, and I was a very hard child. Hardened by the playground taunts of "Big Head," "Giant Head," "Huge Head," "Humongous Head," and, eventually, "Colossal Head." Hardened by an educational system unable to distinguish genius from madness, forcing me to ride the little yellow bus with the drool patrol. Hardened every day at school, a diamond in a coal mine, my brilliance blinding eyes unaccustomed to the light, destroying principals unwilling to cede power to their superior.



BARRY BLITT

I dropped out.

It was never my intention to turn evil. At first, I was simply trying to survive—hawking my scientific papers on the streets of Urbana, performing calculus tricks down by the boardwalk, busking π to the centillionth on the subway. I often went hungry.

And so there was a certain situational or perhaps cosmic irony in the fact that it was my determination to use my prodigious gifts for the greater good that led to my current profession. Frustrated by the many cretins and tomfools I encountered in my daily life, I devoted myself to elevating the public to a level worthy of discourse. The result was Dr. Cranius's Brain Liquid, a mental-energy drink that combined the best of ancient Oriental botanicals with a secret boost of radiographically induced evolution. I brought the product to Pepsico in late 1993, and they rejected it after merely tasting it. Of course, less than eighteen months later these fiends announced Josta, a pale imitation of my drink, without any of its mutagenic properties.

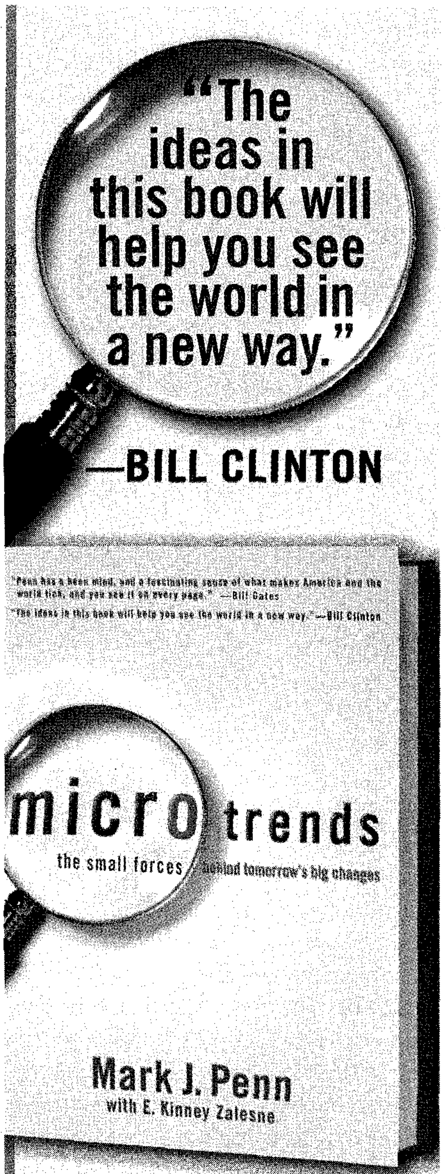
Even then, I resisted the lure of villainy. Rather than contaminate this interloper with retarding agents, which would have been very easily done, I redoubled my efforts to beat them to market, which resulted in the laboratory accident that made me the Dr. Cranius I am today: stronger, smarter, albeit a little insane, and, yes, evil.

The middle section of the book will concentrate on what it is like to be the reigning supervillain of Urbana, going behind the headlines and news bulletins to reveal my day-to-day struggles. I can't go out to a restaurant without a legion of half-assed heroes crashing my table before the salad even arrives. I run through minions faster than I can replace them. I can't get a cab, heading uptown or downtown.

I will also lay out my plans for global domination, and I think readers will be surprised to see how reasonable and pleasant a Dr. Cranius-led world would be. I believe this section will guarantee me a spot on the all-important "Daily Show," with Jon Stewart, or, failing that, "The Colbert Report."

On the advice of my agent, I will also not stint on "the dirt." While I cannot reveal the details here, I have information about Red Hawk and his young ward Chic that is certain to make the tabloids. As for myself, it is eternally true that a certain kind of woman is attracted to a bad man, and I have had more than my share. I will provide a list of names, and why they had to die. I also have a very funny story about Lindsay Lohan.

Bidding starts at one billion dollars. ♦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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

CRYBABIES

Solving the colic conundrum.

BY JEROME GROOPMAN

Amanda Chase gave birth to healthy twin girls last September, but by the time the babies were three weeks old they were crying several hours a day. Amanda, a forty-year-old psychiatrist who works in Manhattan, suspected that the twins had colic, a poorly understood condition that afflicts seemingly healthy babies and whose main symptom is frequent, inconsolable crying. Her first child, Sally (the family's names have been changed), who was born two years earlier, had been diagnosed with colic as an infant, after she developed a piercing wail that lasted for hours. "This was not a little 'whimper, whimper, pay-attention-to-me' cry," Amanda told me. "My baby was screaming and couldn't be consoled." She noticed that Sally made choking sounds after nursing, and told her pediatrician that she thought Sally had reflux (a common condition in which food in the infant's stomach backs up into the esophagus). "All babies have reflux," the pediatrician replied. "She has colic. I can give you some antacids to try, but you should know that nothing really helps."

Amanda was taken aback. "I took the prenatal birthing classes with my husband, and no mention was made of colic, let alone what to do about it," she told me. "My obstetrician didn't talk about colic. I like my pediatrician, but I went home with the message that my baby has colic and I just have to live with it." Several of her friends also had babies and bragged about how "easy" they were. "I got sick of hearing about easy babies," Amanda told me. "One said, 'My son is like a Buddha—he just sits there and smiles.' I wanted to chop her head off." She added, "I'd had this fantasy that during my maternity leave I would be socializing with people and showing off my cooing baby, but by the time I got twenty minutes from home Sally would be screaming. I became so self-conscious that I just stopped going out." Sally's colic persisted until she was nearly six months old.

Amanda was determined not to repeat the experience with the twins. After they were born, she stopped eating dairy products, and vegetables like Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, and broccoli, out of concern that such foods, when ingested through breast milk, might irritate the babies' stomachs. She also cut out coffee and chocolate, and gave the twins Mylicon drops (to break up gas bubbles), Zantac (an acid blocker), and camomile tea, which in small doses is thought to calm babies. She burped them frequently and held them upright after nursing to minimize reflux. At night, she placed them on their backs on wedge-shaped pillows to help their digestion. She bought books about difficult infants—"Calming Your Fussy Baby," "Healthy Sleep Habits, Happy Child"—and studiously followed the authors' advice.

But nothing seemed to stop the crying. At first, the twins fussed mainly in the evening, but within a couple of weeks they were shrieking off and on during the day and through much of the night, for as long as thirty minutes at a time. The pediatrician confirmed that the babies had colic and again told Amanda that there was little to do except wait for it to pass. A baby nurse who helped care for the twins during their first month found that she could occasionally soothe them by swinging each infant back and forth through the air in her car seat, like a pendulum, or else by holding each one tummy up in both hands, and raising and lowering her like a weight lifter heaving a dumbbell. These exercises were exhausting. "None of us could perform them for more than a couple of minutes at a time," Amanda said.

At two months—past the age at which most babies' crying begins to taper off—the twins' screaming had

According to one scholar, the sound of a wailing infant is “about the most disturbing, demanding, shattering noise we can hear.”

BASTIENNE SCHMIDT/CORBIS

become unbearable. Most evenings, Amanda and her husband, Tom, didn’t try to answer the phone or talk to each other. “At night, we would just keep doing these maneuvers, swinging the car seats, moving the babies up and down, trading them off between us,” Amanda recalled. She added, “I’ve often thought it’s amazing that there are not more abused babies who have colic. Frankly, it’s much harder than taking care of psychiatric patients.”

We expect doctors to provide not only a name and an explanation for our suffering but a prescription—advice, a drug, a procedure—for alleviating it. Of course, doctors are often unable to satisfy us on all three counts. They may be able to attach a name to our complaint and prescribe a medication to make our symptoms go away but be at a loss to explain their cause. (Canker sores and many headaches and backaches are in this category.) Then, there are maladies that doctors can name and explain but not easily treat. (This is the case with many degenerative neurological disorders, such as Lou Gehrig’s disease.) Finally, there are conditions such as colic, about which medicine has almost nothing to say. As many as twenty per cent of American and European infants are thought to suffer from the condition, but there is no agreement about what colic is or what causes it. Babies can’t describe their symptoms, and doctors are largely unable to alleviate them. Since infants eventually outgrow the condition, most pediatricians have assumed that it is harmless. Yet for parents few common afflictions of infancy may be as difficult to endure. Sheila Kitzinger, a British social anthropologist who studies pregnancy and childbirth, has written, “The sound of a crying baby . . . is just about the most disturbing, demanding, shattering noise we can hear.” The United States military has reportedly used the sound of wailing infants as an instrument of psychological stress, piping recordings of their cries into the cells of detainees at Guantánamo Bay.

One of the earliest descriptions in English of colic appeared in 1544, in Thomas Phaer’s “The Boke of Chyldren,” a treatise on pediatrics. In a passage on “Colike and Rumblyng in the Guttes,” Phaer, a British physician, lawyer, poet, and member of Parliament, wrote, “Peine in the belly is a common disease of childrē, it commeth either of wormes, or of taking cold, or of euil mylke, the sygnes thereof are to well knowen, for the chyld can not rest, but cryeth and fretteth it selfe. . . . Moreouer the noyse and rūblyng in the guttes, hither and thider, declareth the childe to be greued, with wynde in the belly, and colyke.” (The word “colic” comes from the Greek *kolikos*, for “of the colon,” reflecting a widely held belief that the condition was caused by abdominal discomfort.) In the mid-nineteenth century, an outbreak of “fen fever” (malaria) occurred in the marshlands of eastern England. Babies who contracted the disease were treated with “gripe water,” a mixture of dill oil, sodium bicarbonate, and alcohol, which soon became a popular—though untested—remedy for colic.

During the early nineteen-hundreds, theories about colic proliferated: some physicians believed that it was caused by immaturity of the nerves or muscles surrounding the gastrointestinal tract; others speculated that colicky babies were allergic to proteins in their mother’s breast milk. Doctors had no evidence to support their hypotheses—few parents are willing to enroll their new-

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borns in medical studies—and some insisted that colicky babies were casualties of poor parenting by overanxious mothers. In the late nineteen-forties, Edith Jackson, a pediatrician and psychoanalyst at Yale, studied interactions between more than a hundred mothers and their infants during the babies' first weeks of life. At the time, women typically stayed in the hospital for a week after giving birth, and doctors and nurses at Yale made frequent home visits until the infants were about three months old. Jackson asked the mothers to record their feelings about their babies and observations about their behavior. Nurses and doctors who cared for the babies also took notes.

In 1954, Jackson's colleague Morris Wessel, also a pediatrician at Yale, and a team of researchers reviewed notes on ninety-eight babies and concluded that twenty-five suffered from inconsolable crying. That year, Wessel published a paper in the journal *Pediatrics* proposing criteria for diagnosing colic that are still widely used. The criteria are known as "the Rule of Threes": crying by an otherwise healthy infant that lasts more than three hours a day, more than three days a week, for more than three weeks. Wessel noted that colicky babies tend to cry most in the evening, and that the crying typically waned between the age of two and three months. The study found little difference in the incidence of allergy symptoms in the families of the colicky infants and those of the non-colicky infants. ("We were disappointed, because we thought we would prove that colic was due to allergies," Wessel told me.) Nor was Wessel able to explain why the babies cried most in the evening. "Many of us are more irritable later in the day," he said. "That's why there is a cocktail hour."

In 1997, Philip Zeskind, a developmental psychologist at the Carolinas Medical Center, in Charlotte, North Carolina, and Ronald Barr, then a professor of pediatrics at Montreal Children's Hospital and McGill University, studied the cries of seventy-six infants, including thirty-eight who had been referred to physicians for extreme fussiness or colic. They found that, after feeding, the colicky infants produced cries that were higher in pitch than the other infants'—at their loudest, the cries attained frequencies of more than twenty-one hundred hertz, nearly twenty-five per cent greater than the frequency of the non-colicky babies' cries. In an article published in the journal *Child Development*, Zeskind and Barr wrote that their findings "contribute to the increasing body of evidence that complaints about excessive infant crying cannot be accounted for simply on the basis of reporting bias in overly concerned or emotionally labile parents."

But parents may take small comfort from this study, which, like most others involving colic, doesn't hold out the

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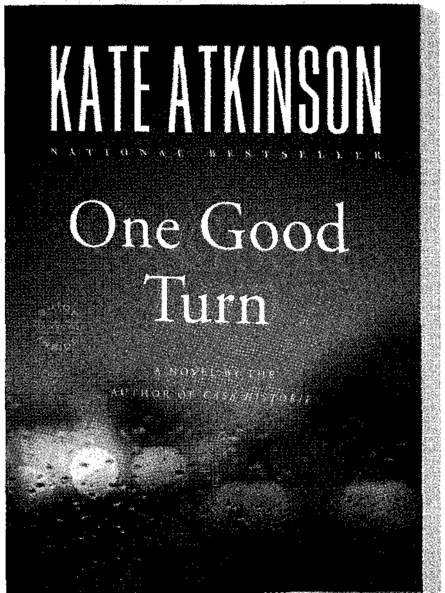
promise of a cure—or even of a potential therapy. For decades, pediatricians have assured parents that they should regard colic as little more than a passing nuisance, and, in the absence of clinical data, medical opinion on how to manage afflicted infants has tended instead to reflect general beliefs about what constitutes good parenting. Benjamin Spock, in the first edition of “The Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care,” published in 1946, encouraged parents of colicky babies to hold and cuddle them: “Should you pick a baby up, or rock him gently, or carry him around while he has the colic? Even if it makes him stop crying, will it spoil him? We aren’t as scared, nowadays, of the danger of spoiling a baby as we used to be. . . . If a baby is screaming with colic or irritability, and picking him up or rocking him seems to help him, then do it by all means.” Spock’s manual, which sold seven hundred and fifty thousand copies the first year, was intended as a corrective to an earlier regime of expert advice that emphasized parental discipline and detachment. (One popular early-twentieth-century handbook asserted that crying—for between fifteen and thirty minutes a day—was “necessary for health. It is the baby’s exercise.” Another declared, “Mothers just don’t know, when they kiss their children and pick them up and rock them, caress them and jiggle them upon their knee, that they are slowly building up a human being totally unable to cope with the world it must later live in.”) As Ann Hulbert writes in “Raising America: Experts, Parents, and a Century of Advice About Children” (2003), trends in child-rearing advice have typically oscillated between “hard” and “soft” approaches, between calls for “parent-directed discipline” and calls for “child-focused bonding.”

At the moment, Americans are in a bonding phase, having discarded the hard style of Richard Ferber, whose name—to his chagrin—became synonymous in the late eighties with the idea that babies should learn to fall asleep by “crying it out,” for the softer styles of Harvey Karp, who, in his best-selling book and DVD, “The Happiest Baby on the Block,” describes a five-step technique involving swaddling, swinging, and shushing to stop babies’ tears; and of William Sears, the founder of “attachment parenting,” which stresses the importance of near-continuous physical contact between parents and infants. “Pick up your baby when he cries,” Sears and his wife, Martha, a nurse, urge in “The Baby Book” (1992), which claims to be inspired in part by the habits of mothers in the developing world who “wear their babies in sling-like carriers as part of their native dress.” The Searses write, “Imagine how you would feel if you were completely uncoordinated—unable to do anything for yourself—and your cries for help went unheeded. A baby whose cries are not answered does not become a ‘good’ baby (though he may become quiet); he does become a discouraged baby. He learns the one thing you don’t want him to: that he can’t communicate or trust his needs will be met.” In a chapter called “Parenting the Fussy or Colicky Baby,” the authors advise parents to perform various maneuvers with their infants, including “the colic dance,” “the colic curl,” and “the ‘I Love U’ touch.”

There is little evidence that physical maneuvers can soothe a colicky infant, and such advice may simply make exhausted parents who fail to follow it feel worse. “There were times when I felt myself very slow to go to the twins because I knew that it wouldn’t make a difference,” Amanda Chase told me. “But I still felt incredibly guilty. What kind of mother lets her child scream in pain? Were my babies going to have attachment issues?” At the colic clinic at the Brown Center for the Study of Children at Risk, Barry Lester, a professor of psychiatry and pediatrics at the Warren Alpert Medical School, at Brown University, treats mothers and fathers as well as infants. Lester, who is sixty years old and the director of the center, regards colic as a behavioral disorder that afflicts the entire family. “In the past, people mostly thought about colic as a physical or medical problem,” he says. “At the center, we look at how colic is affecting not just the baby but the parent-infant relationship. The crying will stop, but the relationship risks becoming disordered, and this can have a lasting effect on the child.”

Last December, I met Lester at his office in the clinic, which occupies a



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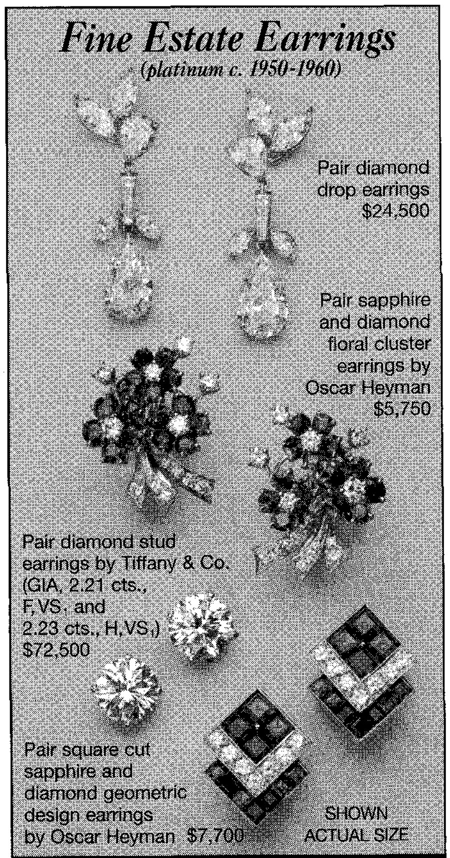

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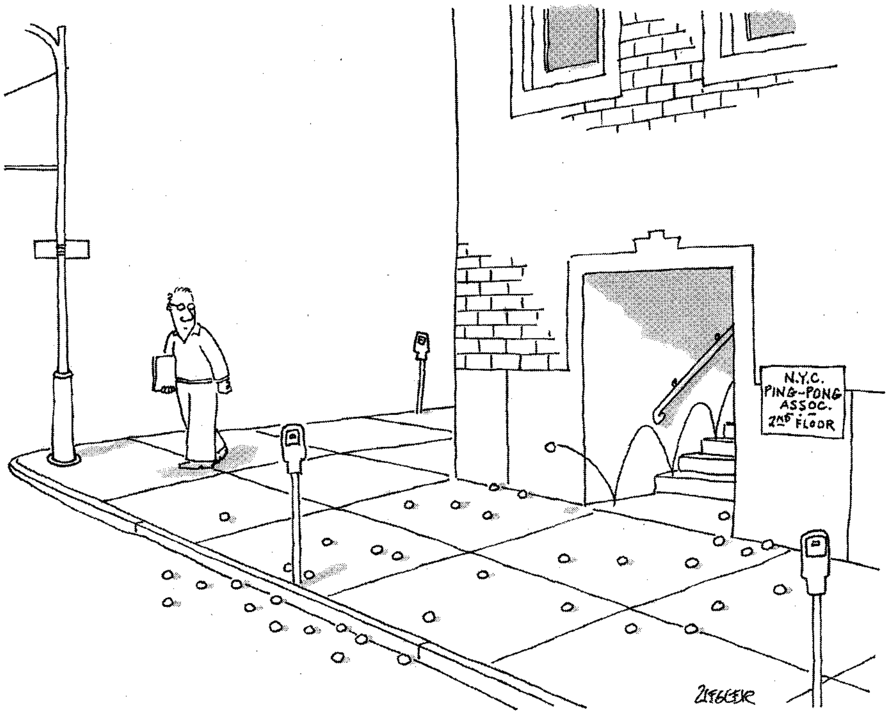

floor of a former foundry in a working-class neighborhood of Providence. "By the time they show up here, parents have tried every conceivable formula and every conceivable gadget—all the junk that's out there that doesn't work," he told me. On a wall in front of his desk there was a long shelf filled with potions and devices that have been marketed as remedies for colic, including a bottle of British gripe water, CD recordings of a mother's heartbeat, a machine that mimics the sound of wind rushing past a moving car, and one that, when attached to the underside of a baby's crib, causes the mattress to vibrate. Lester also has a collection of slings, hot-water bottles, and heating pads intended for treating colicky infants, and an electronic device, apparently popular in Europe, called Why Cry, which "interprets" a baby's cries. The machine, which is the size and shape of a P.D.A., records and analyzes the infant's sounds, displaying its conclusions on a small screen: one of five facial expressions, accompanied by the word "hungry," "bored," "sleepy," "stressed," or "discomfort." "This can cost more than a hundred dollars," Lester told me. "And it is ridiculous."

As a graduate student in the early nineteen-seventies, Lester spent two years in Guatemala studying infant malnutrition, the subject of his dissertation. One day, in a small village, he was startled by the sound of an infant crying frantically. This was unusual, he said, because "there is this nonverbal mother-baby communication in these societies. The baby rarely builds up to a cry, because the mother physically senses the baby's needs." A few days later, in another village, he heard the sound again. "Everyone in the village would stop what they were doing to see what was wrong," Lester said. He wondered whether the infants, some of whom were malnourished, had suffered neurological damage. He recorded the cries on a tape cassette, and compared them with recordings of cries of well-nourished babies from the same area. He discovered that the malnourished babies' cries had acoustic properties that were associated with neurological problems, and when he returned to the United States he decided to investigate whether particular infant cries could be associated with particular illnesses.

In the nineteen-eighties, Lester began a study at Brown of more than two hundred premature and full-term babies, analyzing their crying patterns and developmental problems. Some of the babies had colic, according to Wessel's criteria,

THE NEW YORKER Festival

October 5|6|7

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and the parents asked Lester for help. Researchers generally do not treat patients they are studying, but the families were desperate, and eventually Lester, with financial support from Women and Infants' Hospital of Rhode Island, established the center at Brown, where he sees about seventy-five colicky infants and their parents each year. "Here is something that has no known cause and no known treatment," he told me. "What could be more frustrating? For years and years, the mantra from doctors has been 'Bite the bullet.' The fact is, this message to mothers is devastating. The most common thing our patients say is, 'I must be doing something wrong.' It triggers a whole cycle: the mother feels inadequate and unable to parent effectively. And when these mothers get angry at their baby, they feel guiltier: 'How can I get angry at my baby?' The problem spirals out of control." Lester tells parents that, instead of going to their babies every time they cry, they need to teach the babies to soothe themselves. As he puts it, the infants must learn to "self-regulate." Lester's approach is practical rather than medical; he doesn't claim to be able to cure colic. But, by giving parents permission to put their babies down, he is treating the family members who may be suffering most.

One morning at the colic clinic, I met Juliana, a thirty-year-old woman from Guatemala, who was carrying her eight-week-old daughter, Maria, in a car seat. (The family's names have been changed.) Juliana, a tall woman with shoulder-length black hair, was pale and had dark circles under her eyes. She and her daughter were shown into an examination room, where Juliana spent nearly an hour speaking, through a translator, with Pamela High, a professor of pediatrics at Brown and the medical director of the clinic, and Jean Twomey, a psychiatric social worker. Lester, who had introduced himself to Juliana, observed the encounter through a one-way window in an adjoining room. (He limits the number of adults in the examination room, so as not to overwhelm the babies and their parents.) In a telephone conversation with Twomey the previous week, Juliana had said that she worked as a day-care provider in her home, in Providence, and that in addition to Maria and a seven-year-old daughter she cared for three toddlers. The baby's father worked in western Massachusetts and was rarely home. At the clinic, Juliana told High and Twomey that she found caring for Maria overwhelming. "She cries and fusses fifteen hours a day," Juliana said. The baby also had trouble nursing; she would open her mouth and latch on to a nipple, but as she began to suck she seemed to choke. The baby cried most during the evening and the early hours of the morning, and Juliana typically slept for only an hour and a half each night, from about two-thirty to four. When Maria was four weeks old, Juliana's pediatrician told her that the baby had reflux and prescribed Zantac, which Juliana gave her twice a day, though it seemed to have little effect.

High took notes as Juliana described Maria's behavior. After a few minutes, the baby began to fuss. Juliana picked her up and offered her a bottle of formula, but Maria took only a few sips. Her cries grew louder and more insistent, and she began waving her arms and jerking her legs toward her belly. Over the next hour and a half, Juliana repeatedly picked up Maria in a futile effort to soothe her. At one point, she handed the baby to High, who was also unable to calm her. "She does have colic," the pediatrician said. "But that diagnosis doesn't help us much." She told Juliana that when Maria cried she should try to determine whether the baby might be hungry or wet, or want to suck or be cuddled. "When you've done all of that, if she is still fussing and crying, it's O.K. to put her down in a safe place for five to ten minutes so she can learn to calm herself," High said. Juliana looked skeptical, and High repeated the advice. Finally, Juliana nodded. She said that her mother had recently visited from Guatemala and told her, "You are letting the baby get away with too much. The baby is boss."

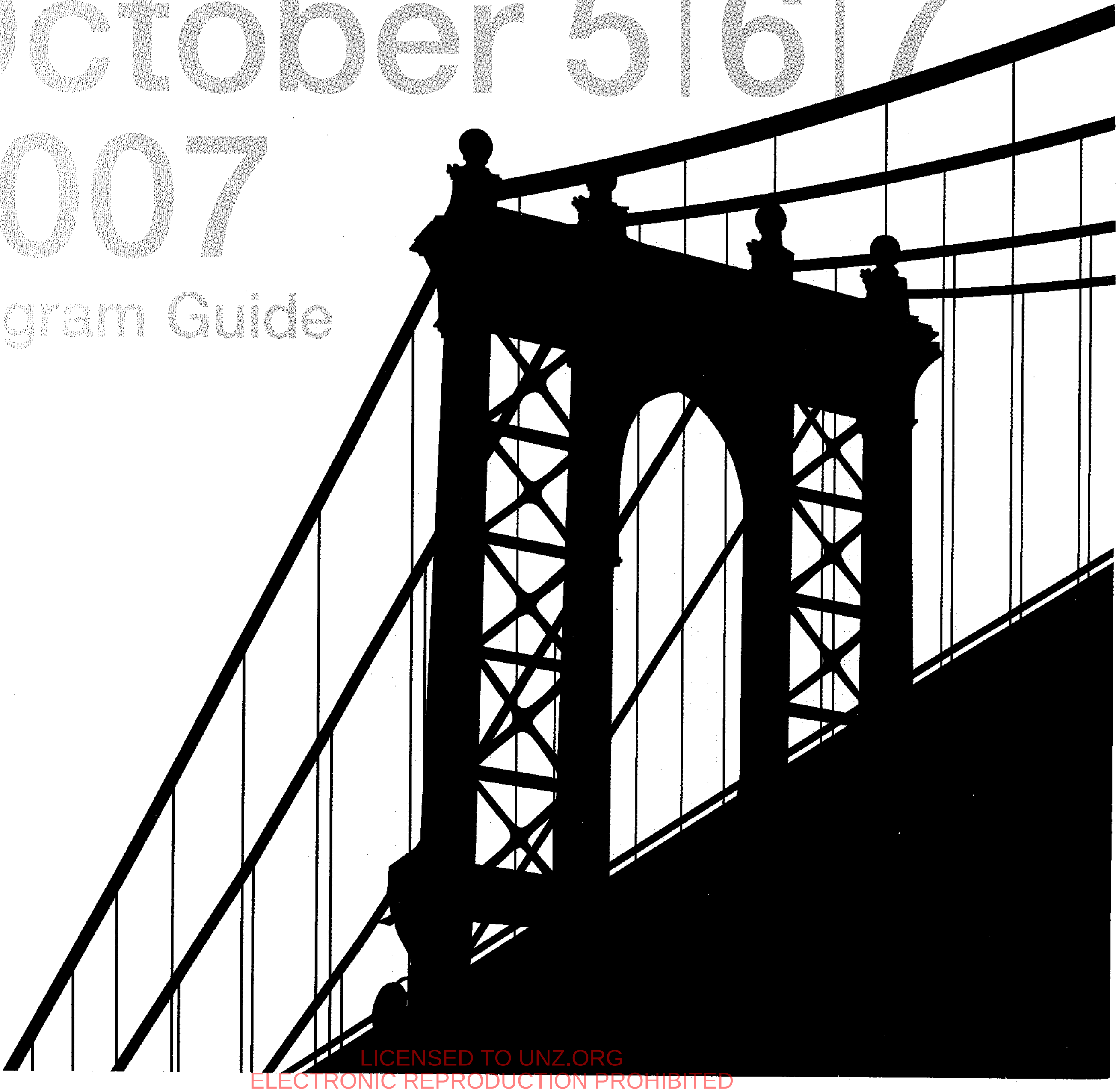
High prescribed a higher dose of Zantac, though she noted that Maria did not spit up much and told Juliana that it was unlikely that reflux alone was causing the colic. (A physical cause for colic can be identified in fewer than ten per cent of cases.) Then Lester entered the room and smiled warmly at Juliana. He told her how much he had enjoyed working in Guatemala. "You are a good mother," he told her in Spanish, "and you have a

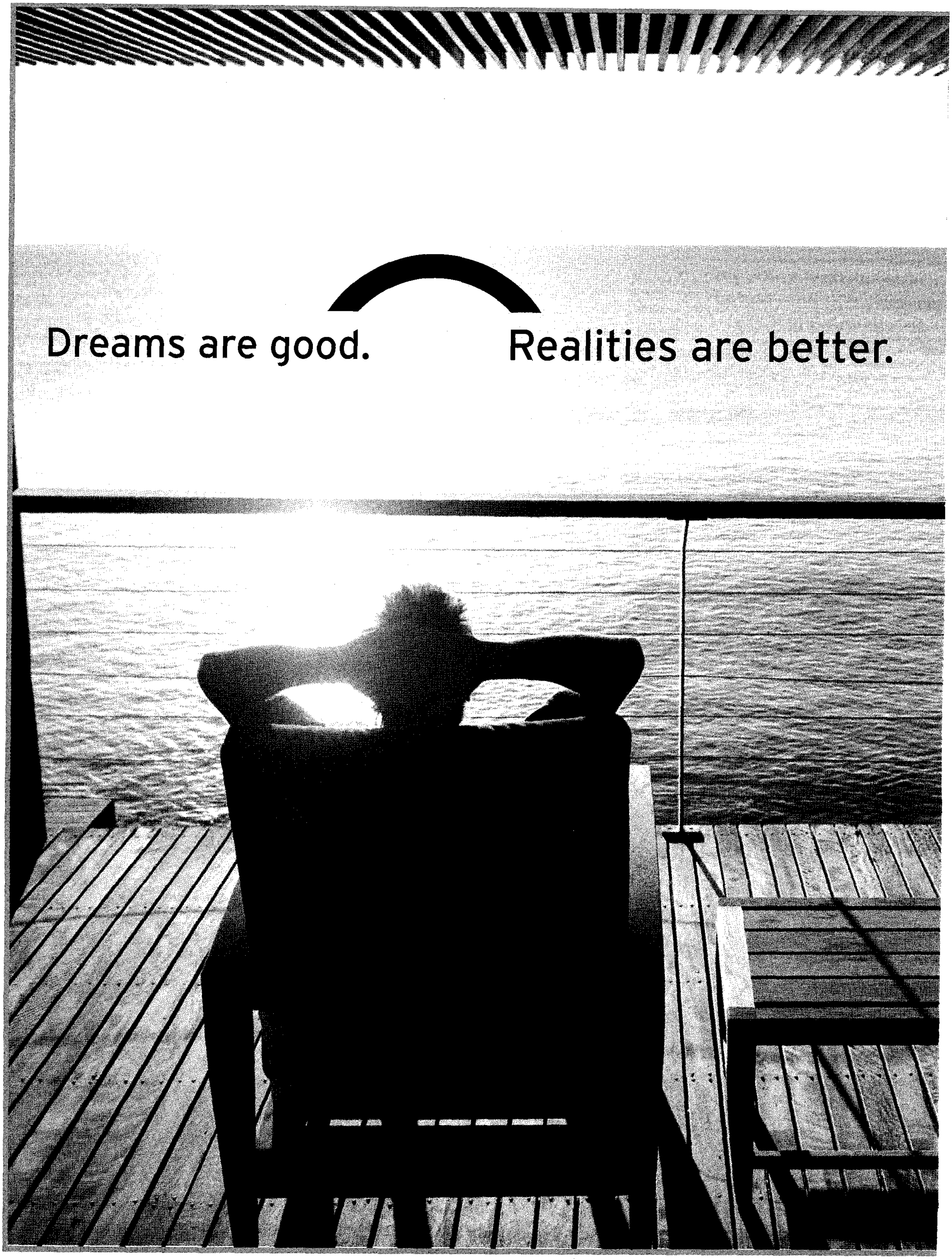
THE NEW YORKER

Festival

October 5|6|7 2007

Program Guide

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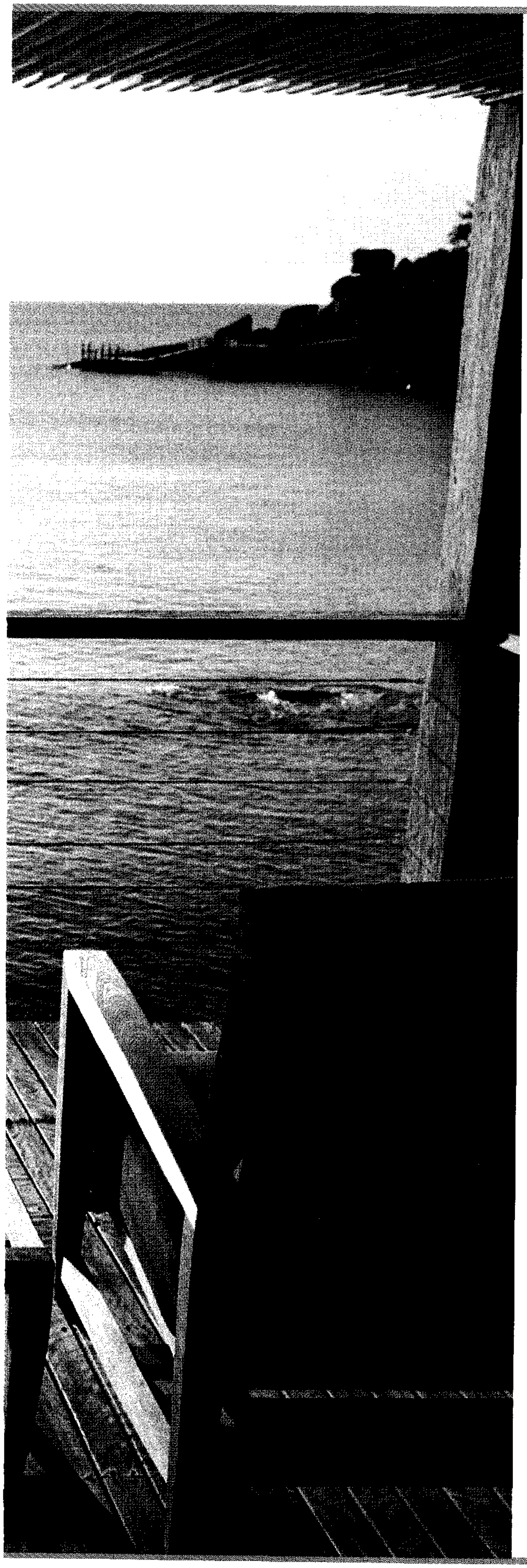

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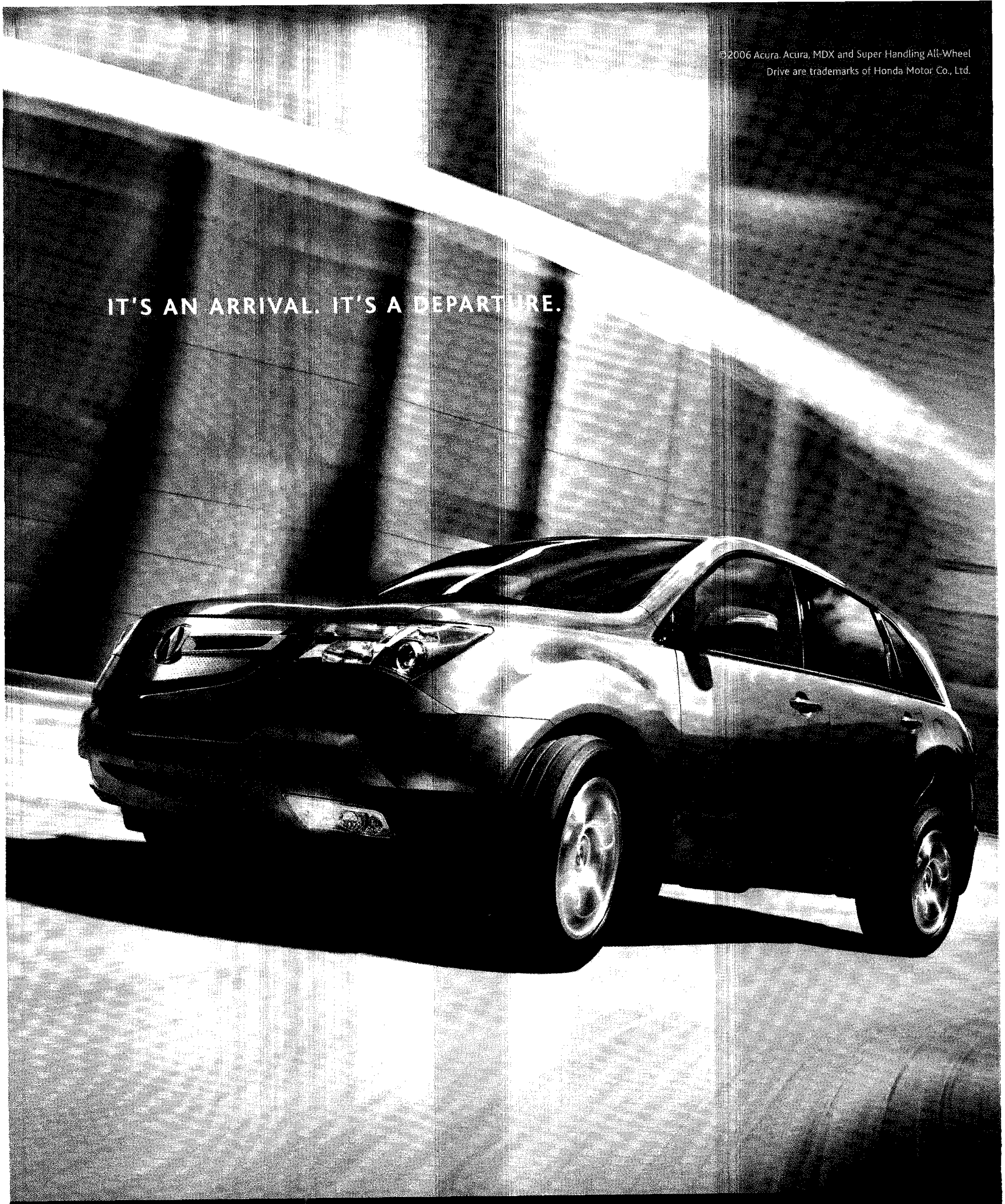

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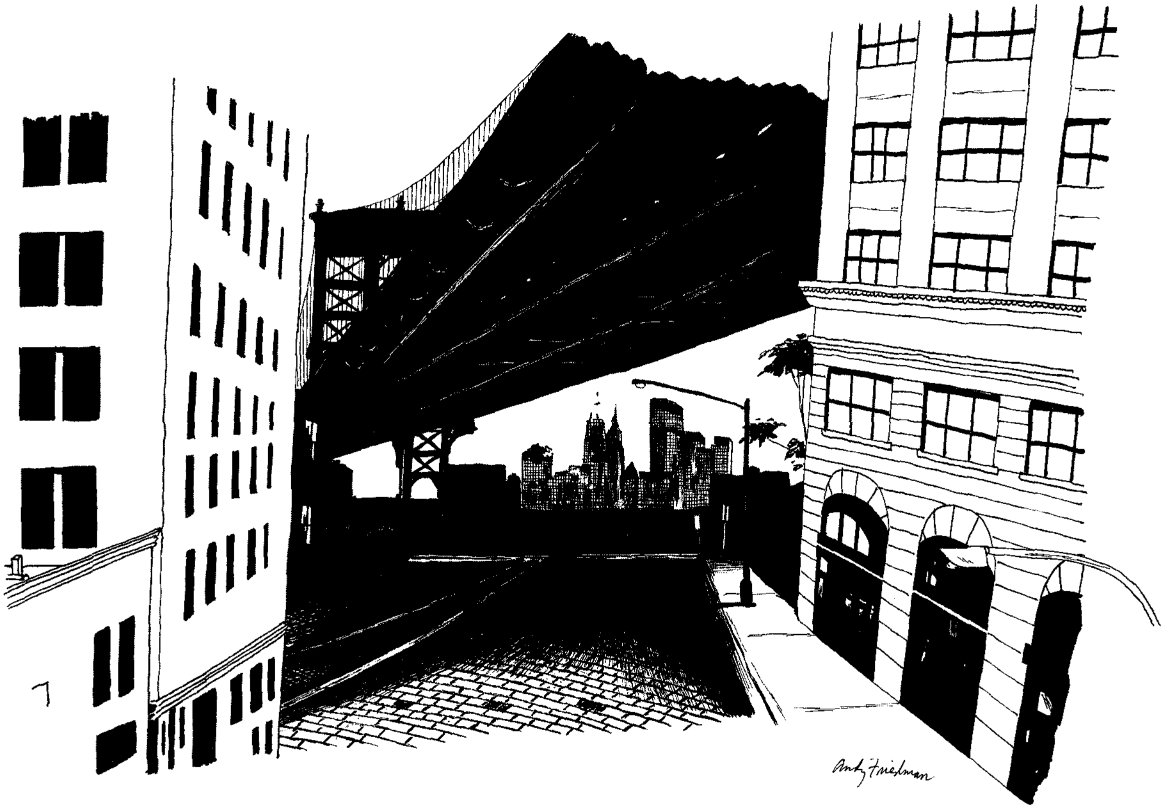


The eighth annual New Yorker Festival, three days of interviews, readings, discussions, performances, demonstrations, and excursions throughout the city, runs from October 5th through October 7th, and once again brings together some of the brightest and most inventive minds, across disciplines and from around the world. This year's participants include an urban planner who is making cities safe for bicyclists, the woman who outfitted Carrie Bradshaw, the creator of "Hellboy," the King of the Surf Guitar, and a man who can leap over anything in his path.

Fiction Night returns on Friday—with a new dimension. This year, in addition to our series of paired readings, featuring Jhumpa Lahiri, Paul Theroux, Ann Beattie, and Daniel Alarcón, among others, we will present a concurrent program of writers discussing themes in their work: Norman Mailer and Martin Amis on monsters, real and imagined; Miranda July and A. M. Homes on characters who go against the norm; Salman Rushdie and Orhan Pamuk on the elusive and enduring concept of homeland. Friday night will also feature our second New Yorker Dance Party and a look at Errol Morris's new film project about Abu Ghraib. And our annual New Yorker Town Hall Meeting will focus again on the war in Iraq.

On Saturday, the Festival continues with interviews between *New Yorker* writers and editors and the people who engage them, including the choreographer Matthew Bourne, the dramatist Neil LaBute, and the theatre and opera director Peter Sellars. In addition, *New Yorker* writers will present talks on hip-hop and on the crisis in Darfur, and a series of panel discussions will cover topics ranging from investigative journalism and the medical implications of war to the next generation of superheroes. Saturday evening offers an array of actors (Anna Deavere Smith, Eugene Levy, Bill Nighy, John C. Reilly), singer-songwriters (Fiona Apple, Rosanne Cash), and bands (Yo La Tengo, Sigur Rós). Nick Paumgarten will interview the greats of the guitar world, while Adam Gopnik and Malcolm Gladwell take part in a parliamentary debate on the value of the Ivy League. And the former Talking Head David Byrne will preside over a truly eclectic event, dedicated to the subject of urban bicycling.

The Festival concludes on Sunday with outings to various parts of the city, including a guided tour of Jeff Koons's studio, a glimpse into the unseen corners of the American Museum of Natural History, and, of course, Calvin Trillin's gastronomical exploration of Chinatown and Little Italy. Also on Sunday are New Yorker Talks on medicine and music; Master Classes in poetry, photography, and profile writing; a discussion on the future of the Supreme Court; and a free demonstration of the new sport that is sweeping the globe.

For a weekend, the pages of *The New Yorker* go live. Read on for more information.

All programming is subject to change. For up-to-date information, please visit festival.newyorker.com. Tickets available at 12 noon E.T. on September 15th, at ticketmaster.com, at all ***ticketmaster*** outlets in the New York metropolitan area, or by calling 1.877.391.0545. Tickets will also be sold during the weekend at Festival Headquarters, located at Metropolitan Pavilion, and at event doors. Please note that all Ticketmaster orders are subject to service charges.

Illustrations by Andy Friedman

Friday | October 5 | 2007

An evening of paired readings by writers whose stories have appeared in *The New Yorker* and conversations between writers on the themes that feature in their work; a New Yorker Town Hall Meeting on Iraq; an Errol Morris film project; and the second New Yorker Dance Party. Ticket prices are as follows: Fiction Night readings, $16; Fiction Night conversations between writers, $25; the Town Hall Meeting, $16; the film project, $25; the Dance Party, $20. A complete list of ticket prices can also be found in the Schedule, on pages 35 and 36 of the guide.

Fiction Night | Readings

Daniel Alarcón and Zadie Smith

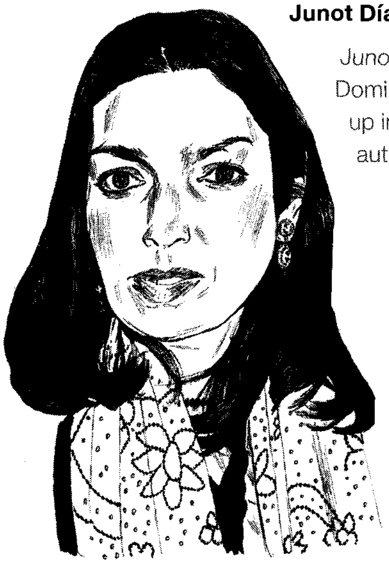
Daniel Alarcón's story "City of Clowns" appeared in the 2003 Début Fiction Issue of *The New Yorker* and was included in his collection of stories, "War by Candlelight," which was a finalist for the 2006 Hemingway Foundation/PEN Award. His first novel, "Lost City Radio," came out in February.

Zadie Smith is the author of three novels: "White Teeth," which won the 2000 Whitbread First Novel Award; "The Autograph Man," which won the Jewish Quarterly Wingate Literary Prize; and "On Beauty," which won the 2006 Orange Prize for Fiction. She is the editor of the fiction anthology "The Book of Other People," which will be published in November. Her most recent story for *The New Yorker*, "Hanwell Senior," appeared in the May 14th issue.

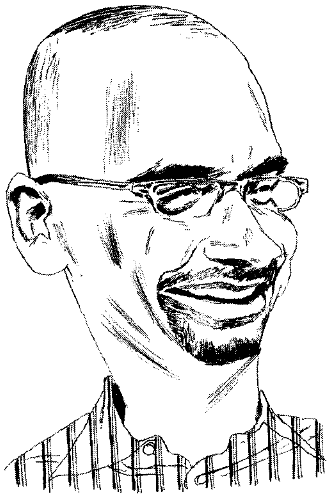
7 P.M. Angel Orensanz Foundation
172 Norfolk Street

Junot Díaz and Annie Proulx

Junot Díaz was born in the Dominican Republic and grew up in New Jersey. He is the author of the short-story collection "Drown" and the novel "The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao," which is out in September; part of both books first appeared in *The New Yorker*. He is the recipient of an American Academy of Arts and Letters Rome Fellowship in Literature. His most recent *New Yorker* story, "Wildwood," appeared in the June 11th & 18th Summer Fiction Issue.



Jhumpa Lahiri



Junot Díaz

Annie Proulx won a PEN/Faulkner Award for Fiction for her first novel, "Postcards," and a Pulitzer Prize and a National Book Award for her second novel, "The Shipping News." She is the author of the story collections "Close Range: Wyoming Stories" and "Bad Dirt: Wyoming Stories 2." Her story "Brokeback Mountain," which appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1997, received an O. Henry Award and a National Magazine Award and was the basis of the Academy Award-winning film by Ang Lee.

7 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios
547 West 26th Street

Jhumpa Lahiri and Edward P. Jones

Jhumpa Lahiri was born in England to Bengali parents and emigrated to the United States as a child. She won a Pulitzer Prize for her début story collection, "Interpreter of Maladies," which included three stories that first appeared in *The New Yorker*. Her first novel, "The Namesake," part of which also appeared in the magazine, was published in 2003; a film adaptation by the director Mira Nair was released this year.

Edward P. Jones won a Pulitzer Prize and an International IMPAC Dublin Literary Award for his first novel, "The Known World." He is also the author of two story collections: "Lost in the City," which received a Hemingway Foundation/PEN Award, and "All Aunt Hagar's Children," which came out last year. He has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 2003.

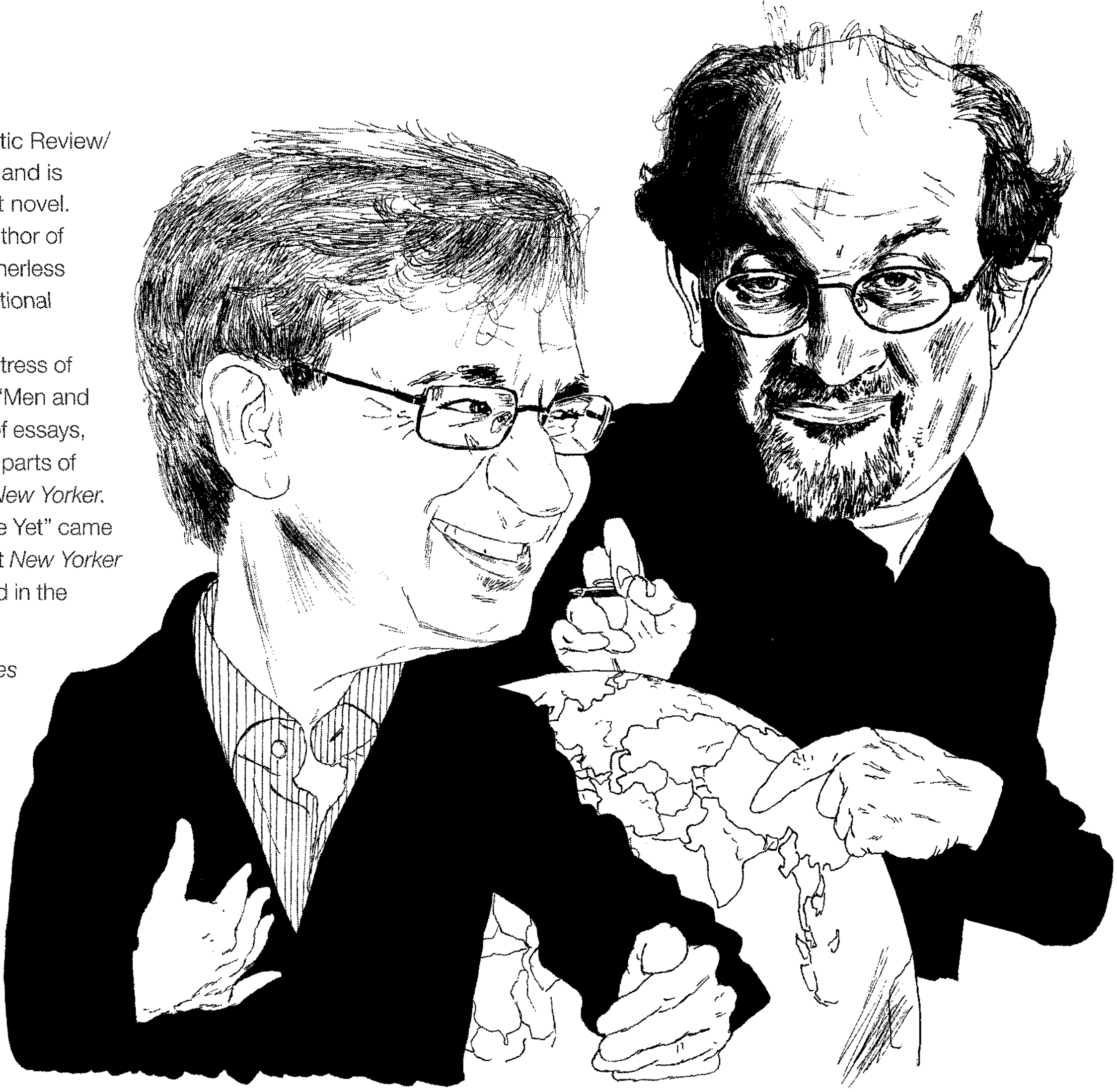
7 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre, Joan Weill Center for Dance
405 West 55th Street

Karen Russell and Jonathan Lethem

Karen Russell is the author of the story collection "St. Lucy's Home for Girls Raised by Wolves," which was published last year. Her first story for *The New Yorker*, "Haunting Olivia," appeared in the 2005 Début Fiction Issue. She is the recipient of a Transatlantic Review/Henfield Foundation Award and is currently at work on her first novel.

Jonathan Lethem is the author of seven novels, including "Motherless Brooklyn," which won the National Book Critics Circle Award for Fiction in 1999, and "The Fortress of Solitude"; a story collection, "Men and Cartoons"; and a collection of essays, "The Disappointment Artist," parts of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*. His novel "You Don't Love Me Yet" came out in March; his most recent *New Yorker* story, "Lucky Alan," appeared in the March 19th issue.

7 P.M. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Avenue



Orhan Pamuk and Salman Rushdie

Marisa Silver and Paul Theroux

Marisa Silver is the author of the story collection "Babe in Paradise," a New York *Times* Notable Book; the story "What I Saw from Where I Stood," which appeared first in *The New Yorker*, was included in "The Best American Short Stories 2001." She is also the author of the novels "No Direction Home" and "The God of War," which is forthcoming. Before working in fiction, she directed feature films. "Old Enough," an essay about shooting her first film, appeared in the June 11th & 18th Summer Fiction Issue of *The New Yorker*.

Paul Theroux is the author of many books, including the novels "Picture Palace" and "The Mosquito Coast"; the travel narratives "The Great Railway Bazaar," "The Old Patagonian Express," and "Dark Star Safari"; and the memoir "Sir Vidia's Shadow," about his relationship with V. S. Naipaul. "The Elephanta Suite: Three Novellas" is out in September. He has contributed both fact and fiction pieces to *The New Yorker;* "The Golden Man," about life under dictatorship in Turkmenistan, appeared in the May 28th issue.

7 P.M. Acura Stage at Helen Mills Theatre
139 West 26th Street

Jonathan Franzen and Ann Beattie

Jonathan Franzen has contributed fiction, essays, and reporting to *The New Yorker* since 1994. His novel "The Corrections," parts of which first appeared in the magazine, won the 2001 National Book Award. He is also the author of the novels "The Twenty-Seventh City" and "Strong Motion"; the essay collection "How to Be Alone"; and "The Discomfort Zone: A Personal History," which came out last year.

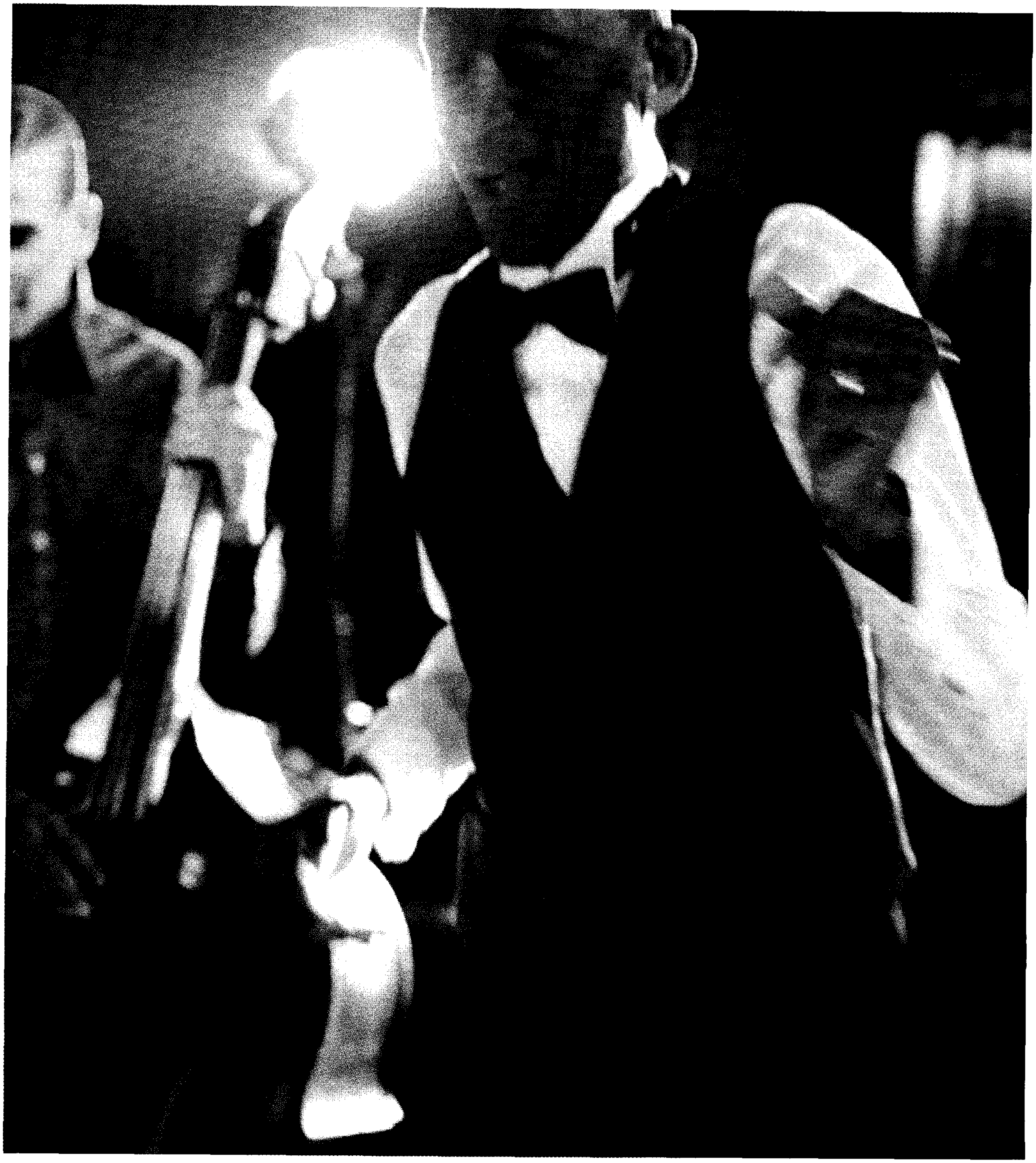
Ann Beattie has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1974. Her many books include the novels "The Doctor's House," "Another You," "Picturing Will," and "Chilly Scenes of Winter," and the story collections "Park City," "Where You'll Find Me," and "Follies." She is the recipient of the Rea Award for the Short Story and the PEN/Malamud Award for Excellence in Short Fiction, and holds the Edgar Allan Poe Chair of the Department of English and Creative Writing at the University of Virginia.

9:30 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios
547 West 26th Street

Fiction Night | Conversations Between Writers

Salman Rushdie and Orhan Pamuk on Homeland

Salman Rushdie was born in Bombay and educated in England. His novels include "The Moor's Last Sigh," "The Satanic Verses," "Shame," "Shalimar the Clown," and "Midnight's Children," which won the Booker Prize for Fiction and the Booker of Bookers Prize. His work has been



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translated into more than forty languages. He has also written a nonfiction collection, "Step Across This Line," and a children's book, "Haroun and the Sea of Stories." In June, he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth II.

Orhan Pamuk received the Nobel Prize in Literature last year. His work has been translated into more than forty languages, and he is Turkey's best-selling novelist. His books include "The White Castle," "The Black Book," "The New Life," "My Name Is Red," "Snow," and "Istanbul." "Other Colors," a collection of his essays, many of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, is out in September. His most recent *New Yorker* essay, "Forbidden Fare," about street food in Istanbul, appeared in the July 9th & 16th issue.

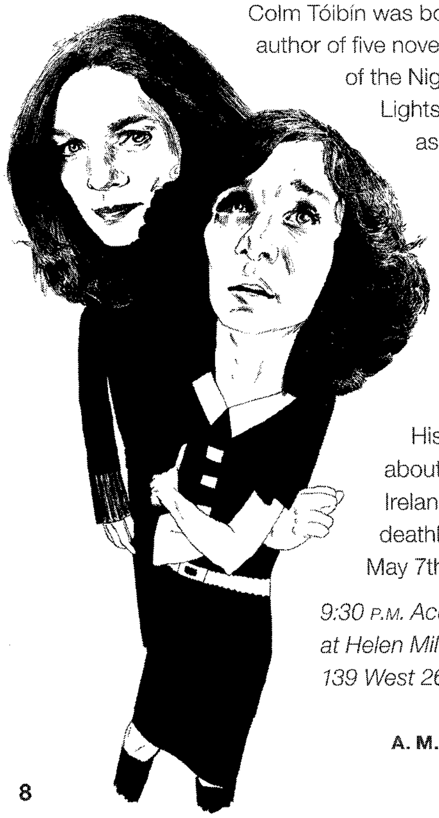
7 P.M. Highline Ballroom
431 West 16th Street

Donald Antrim and Colm Tóibín on Mothers

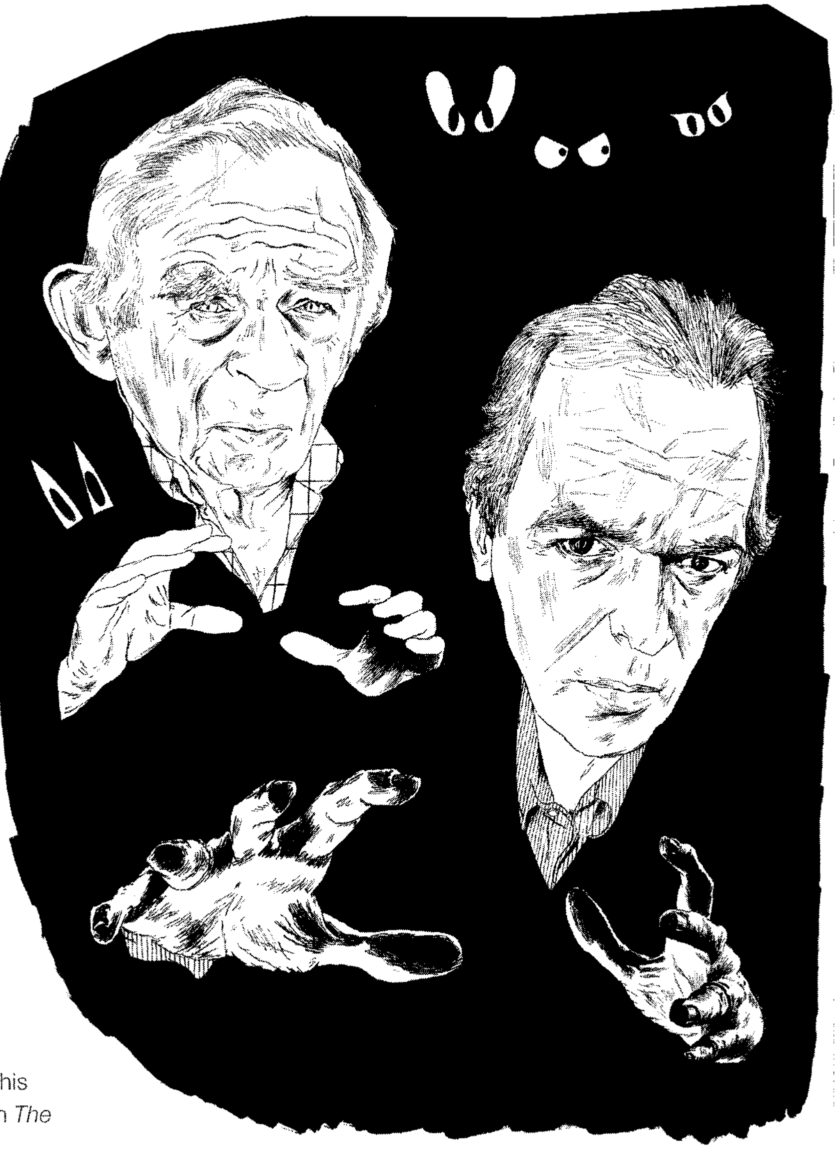
Donald Antrim has contributed fiction and essays to *The New Yorker* since 1996. He is the author of three novels, "Elect Mr. Robinson for a Better World," "The Hundred Brothers," and "The Verificationist." In 2002, he received a Guggenheim Fellowship for Fiction. "The Afterlife," a memoir about his mother, came out last year; parts of it first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

Colm Tóibín was born in Ireland and is the author of five novels, including "The Story of the Night," "The Blackwater Lightship," and "The Master," as well as several books of nonfiction and, most recently, "Mothers and Sons," a collection of short stories. He has contributed fact, fiction, and Talk of the Town pieces to *The New Yorker* since 1995. His story "One Minus One," about a man who travels to Ireland to be at his mother's deathbed, appeared in the May 7th issue.

9:30 P.M. Acura Stage
at Helen Mills Theatre
139 West 26th Street



A. M. Homes and Miranda July



Norman Mailer and Martin Amis

Miranda July and A. M. Homes on Deviants

Miranda July is the author of the story collection "No One Belongs Here More Than You" and the co-author of the collaborative art book "Learning to Love You More." She also wrote, directed, and starred in the 2005 film "You and Me and Everyone We Know." Her first *New Yorker* story, "Something That Needs Nothing," was nominated for a National Magazine Award last year; her most recent story for the magazine, "Roy Spivey," appeared in the June 11th & 18th Summer Fiction Issue.

A. M. Homes is the author of five novels, including "The End of Alice," "Music for Torching," and "This Book Will Save Your Life," and the story collections "The Safety of Objects" and "Things You Should Know." "The Mistress's Daughter," a memoir about her reunion with her birth parents, came out in April; part of it first appeared in *The New Yorker*. She has been a contributor to the magazine since 1995.

9:30 P.M. Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Avenue

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The New Yorker Town Hall Meeting
Iraq Revisited

In 2005, The New Yorker Festival launched its inaugural Town Hall Meeting, which centered on the struggle for Iraq's future. Two years later—with American troops still on the ground and a feckless Iraqi central government still in power, with widespread pessimism concerning both military and diplomatic progress, and with tens of thousands of Iraqi civilians dead and some two million Iraqi refugees spilling into neighboring countries—the progress of the war and the future of Iraq, as well as that of the larger Middle East, are more uncertain than ever. This year's panel will address the most recent developments in the war and the options for the future now being considered.

With **Ali Abdul-Amir Allawi**, **Jon Lee Anderson**, **David Kilcullen**, and **Phebe Marr**. Moderated by **George Packer**.

Ali Abdul-Amir Allawi was born in Baghdad and spent many years in exile in England and the United States. After the fall of Saddam Hussein, he became Minister of Trade and Minister of Defense on the interim Iraqi Governing Council. In 2005, he was appointed Minister of Finance in the Iraqi transitional government, and the following year he left the government. He is the author of "The Occupation of Iraq: Winning the War, Losing the Peace."

Jon Lee Anderson, a staff writer at *The New Yorker*, reports frequently from Iraq and Afghanistan. His article "The Taliban's Opium War," about the poppy-eradication campaign in Uruzgan Province, appeared in the July 9th & 16th issue. He is the author of "Che Guevara: A Revolutionary Life," "The Fall of Baghdad," and "The Lion's Grave: Dispatches from Afghanistan," a collection of his pieces for the magazine.

David Kilcullen served for more than twenty years in the Australian Army and is the senior counter-insurgency adviser to General David Petraeus. He holds a doctorate in political anthropology and advocates the use of social science to combat the insurgency in Iraq. Part of the U.S. Army's official counter-insurgency manual is based on his article "Countering Global Insurgency." He was the subject of "Knowing the Enemy," by George Packer, which appeared in *The New Yorker* last year.

Phebe Marr is a historian specializing in the Middle East and the author of "The Modern History of Iraq," which she published in 1985 and revised in 2004. She has testified before both houses of Congress, and has served as a fellow at the Institute for National Strategic Studies at the National Defense University, the Woodrow Wilson Center for International Scholars, and the United States Institute of Peace.

George Packer has been a staff writer at *The New Yorker* since 2003. His article "The Lesson of Tal Afar," which was published in the magazine last year, won the Overseas Press Club's Ed Cunningham Award for the best magazine reporting from abroad. He is the author of "The Village of Waiting," "Blood of the Liberals," and "The Assassins' Gate: America in Iraq," for which he received this year's Helen Bernstein Book Award for Excellence in Journalism.

7 P.M. Town Hall
123 West 43rd Street
(Tickets are also available at the Town Hall box office.)

(The New Yorker will donate a portion of the ticket proceeds that it receives from this event to the Committee to Protect Journalists, an independent, nonprofit organization founded in 1981 to promote press freedom worldwide by defending the rights of journalists to report the news without fear of reprisal.)

Norman Mailer and Martin Amis on Monsters

Norman Mailer is the author of more than thirty books; his first novel, "The Naked and the Dead," was published in 1948, when he was twenty-five. Seven years later, he co-founded the *Village Voice*. Two of his books, "Armies of the Night" and "The Executioner's Song," have received Pulitzer Prizes. His most recent novel, "The Castle in the Forest," was published in January. He has contributed poetry and essays to *The New Yorker* since 1961.

Martin Amis has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1992. His many books include the novels "Money," "London Fields," "The Information," and "Yellow Dog"; "Koba the Dread," a nonfiction work about Soviet atrocities under Stalin; and "Experience: A Memoir." His most recent novel, "House of Meetings," came out in the U.S. in January; a forthcoming novel, "The Pregnant Widow," will be published next year.

9:30 P.M. Highline Ballroom
431 West 16th Street

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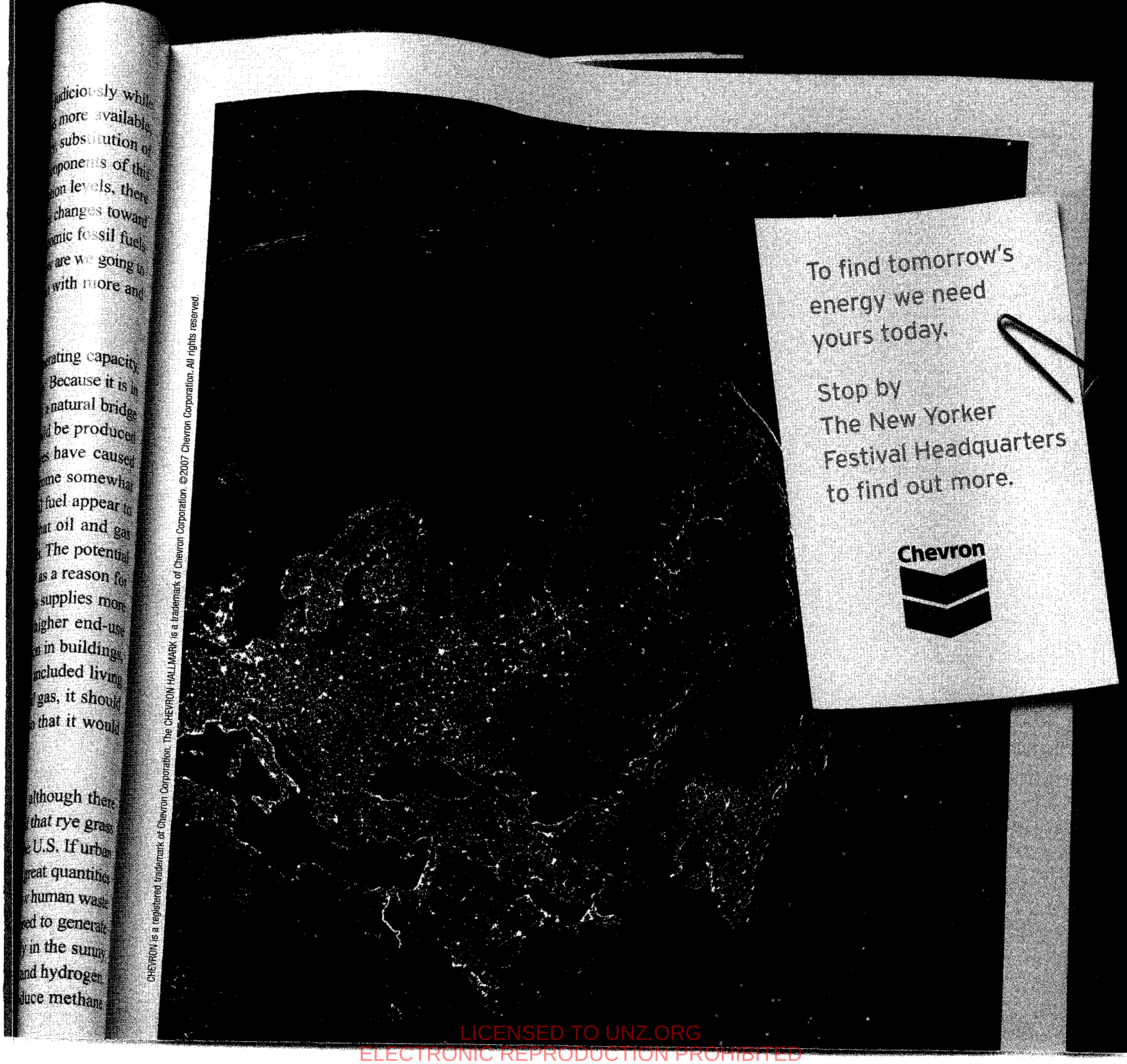
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Friday | October 5 | 2007

Lorrie Moore and Jeffrey Eugenides on Conformity

Lorrie Moore has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1989; her first *New Yorker* story, "You're Ugly, Too," was included in "The Best American Short Stories of the Century." She is the author of two novels, "Who Will Run the Frog Hospital?" and "Anagrams," and the story collections "Self-Help," "Like Life," and "Birds of America." She has taught at the University of Wisconsin at Madison since 1984.

Jeffrey Eugenides is the author of the novels "The Virgin Suicides," which was made into a feature film directed by Sofia Coppola, and "Middlesex," which received the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 2003. He has contributed to *The New Yorker* since 1996. His most recent piece, "Walkabout," an essay about moviegoing with his mother, appeared in the June 11th & 18th Summer Fiction Issue.

9:30 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre, Joan Weill Center for Dance
405 West 55th Street

George Saunders and Jonathan Safran Foer on the Incredible

George Saunders is the author of the story collections "CivilWarLand in Bad Decline," "Pastoralia," and "In Persuasion Nation"; an illustrated novella, "The Brief and Frightening Reign of Phil"; and a children's book, "The Very Persistent Gappers of Frip." "The Braindead Megaphone," a collection of his essays, many of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, is out in September. He has contributed fiction and humor pieces to the magazine since 1992. His most recent story, "Puppy," appeared in the May 28th issue.

Jonathan Safran Foer made his fiction début in *The New Yorker's* 2001 Summer Fiction Issue with "The Very Rigid Search." The story was part of his first novel, "Everything Is Illuminated," which received a National Jewish Book Award for fiction and was made into a feature film in 2005. He is also the author of the novel "Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close" and the editor of the anthology "A Convergence of Birds: Original Fiction and Poetry Inspired by the Work of Joseph Cornell."

9:30 P.M. Angel Orensanz Foundation
172 Norfolk Street

Friday-Night Film Project

Errol Morris talks with Philip Gourevitch

A conversation about Abu Ghraib, with clips from "Standard Operating Procedure."

Errol Morris is the director of "Gates of Heaven," "Vernon, Florida," "The Thin Blue Line," "A Brief History of Time," "Mr. Death," and "The Fog of War," which won the 2004 Academy Award for Documentary Feature, and also of the television series "First Person." His forthcoming film, "Standard Operating Procedure," is a study of the prison-abuse scandal at Abu Ghraib.

Philip Gourevitch is a staff writer at *The New Yorker* and the editor of *The Paris Review*. He is the author of "A Cold Case" and "We Wish to Inform You That Tomorrow We Will Be Killed with Our Families: Stories from Rwanda," which won a National Book Critics Circle Award. His next book, "Standard Operating Procedure," which he is co-writing with Errol Morris, will be out in April.

8 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

A New Yorker Dance Party
Hosted by Sasha Frere-Jones, with special guest d.j. Diplo

Diplo, a.k.a. Wesley Pentz, is a d.j. and music producer based in Philadelphia. He helped produce M.I.A.'s album "Kala," which came out in August, and last year he founded his own label, Mad Decent, whose artists include DJ Blaqstarr and the Brazilian funk group Bonde do Rolê. He has released a solo album, "Florida," as well as "Live Session," an online EP, and he runs the Heaps Decent program, which helps young indigenous musicians in Australia record their own music.

Sasha Frere-Jones is the pop-music critic for *The New Yorker*. His work has been selected four times for the "Da Capo Best Music Writing" series. He was a member of the band Ui, with whom he recorded five albums and toured America and Europe. He wrote about Diplo for the magazine in 2005.

10 P.M. Hiro Ballroom and Lounge
371 West 16th Street
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Saturday | October 6 | 2007

A day of interviews, panel discussions, and talks by *New Yorker* writers; Early Shift and Late Shift events, many of them featuring live musical performance, throughout the city; the inaugural New Yorker Debate; a sneak preview of the upcoming feature film "The Kite Runner"; a Saturday Night Special with David Byrne on urban bicycling; and humor events and free book signings at Festival Headquarters. Unless otherwise indicated in the program notes below, tickets prices are as follows: daytime events, $25; Early Shift and Late Shift events, $35; "The Kite Runner" screening, $25; the New Yorker Debate, $20; the urban-cycling event, $16. A complete list of ticket prices can also be found in the Schedule, on pages 35 and 36 of the guide.

Casuals

Wake-Up Call with Andy Borowitz

Skip the newspaper Saturday morning and instead spend an hour with one of America's leading suppliers of fake news.

Andy Borowitz has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1998. His books include "Who Moved My Soap?: The CEO's Guide to Surviving in Prison," "The Republican Playbook," and "The Borowitz Report: The Big Book of Shockers," a collection of articles from his online column. The Borowitz Report has won seven About.com Political Dot-Comedy Awards. He also created the TV series "The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air," for which he won an N.A.A.C.P. Image Award.

10 A.M. $12
The New Yorker Cabaret at Festival Headquarters
Metropolitan Pavilion
125 West 18th Street

Writers and Their Subjects

Neil LaBute and John Lahr

The secrets of men.

Neil LaBute is the author of many plays, including "The Distance from Here," "The Mercy Seat," "Fat Pig," "Wrecks," and "In a Dark Dark House," which ran Off Broadway this summer. He has adapted and directed several of his plays for film, including "In the Company of Men," which won the Filmmakers Trophy at the Sundance Film Festival, "Your Friends and Neighbors," and "The Shape of Things." He is currently directing "Lakeview Terrace," starring Samuel L. Jackson, which will be released next year.

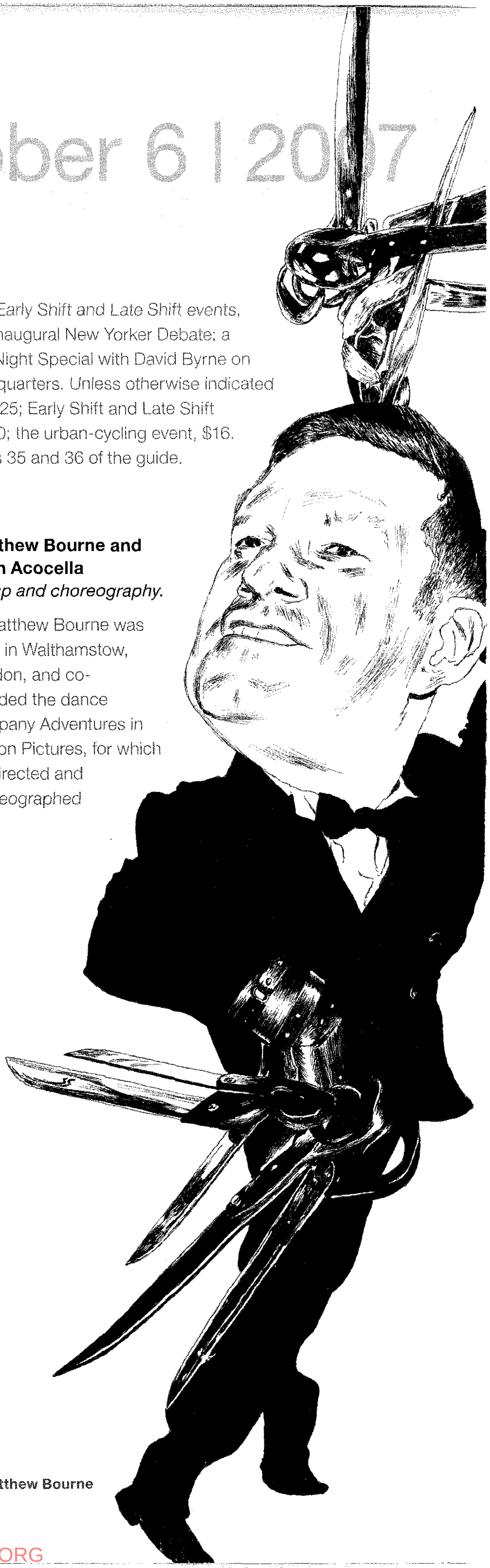
John Lahr has been *The New Yorker's* senior theatre critic since 1992. He is the author of two novels and a number of plays, and is the author or editor of sixteen books on the theatre and other subjects, including "Show and Tell: New Yorker Profiles," which includes his Profile of Neil LaBute. His piece on stage fright, "Petrified," which appeared in the magazine last year, will be included in "The Best American Essays 2007."

10 A.M. Acura Stage at Helen Mills Theatre
139 West 26th Street

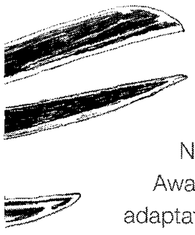
Matthew Bourne and Joan Acocella

Camp and choreography.

Matthew Bourne was born in Walthamstow, London, and co-founded the dance company Adventures in Motion Pictures, for which he directed and choreographed



Matthew Bourne



such productions as "Nutcracker!," "Highland Fling," "Cinderella," and "The Car Man." His staging of "Swan Lake," with male swans, has been produced internationally and won two Tony Awards. In 2002, he started the company New Adventures, for which he created the Olivier Award-winning "Play Without Words." His dance adaptation of "Edward Scissorhands" premièred in London in 2005 and played at BAM in March.

Joan Acocella has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1992 and the magazine's dance critic since 1998. She is the author of books on Mark Morris and Willa Cather and the editor of "The Diary of Vaslav Nijinsky." A collection of her essays, "Twenty-Eight Artists and Two Saints," many of which originally appeared in the magazine, was published in February. "Swans' Way," her piece on Matthew Bourne, appeared in the March 12th issue.

1 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios
547 West 26th Street

Anthony Lane and Simon Schama

Let them eat popcorn: Hollywood does history.

Anthony Lane joined *The New Yorker* as a film critic in 1993. In 2001, three of his pieces won the National Magazine Award for reviews and criticism. He is the author of "Nobody's Perfect: Writings from The New Yorker," a collection of his reviews, essays, and Profiles from the magazine. His most recent subjects include Walt Disney, Barbara Stanwyck, and Hergé, the creator of Tintin.

Simon Schama is a professor of history and art history at Columbia University and has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1994. His many books include "Hang-Ups," a collection of his *New Yorker* essays on art; the trilogy "A History of Britain," which was adapted for the BBC series; and "Rough Crossings: Britain, the Slaves, and the American Revolution," which won a 2006 National Book Critics Circle Award. His eight-part series "The Power of Art" aired on PBS this summer.

1 P.M. Acura Stage at Helen Mills Theatre
139 West 26th Street

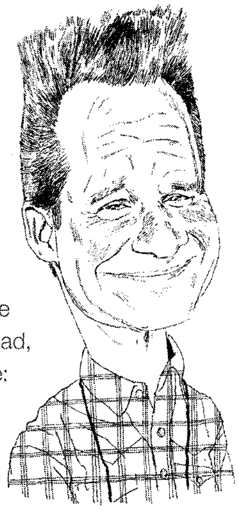
Peter Sellars and Alex Ross

Detonating opera.

Peter Sellars is a theatre and opera director. His credits include contemporary versions of "Così Fan Tutte," "The Marriage of Figaro," and "Don Giovanni"; Olivier Messiaen's "St. François d'Assise"; Paul Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler"; György Ligeti's "Le Grand Macabre"; and a silent film, "The Cabinet of Dr. Ramirez." His many collaborations with the composer John Adams include the operas "Nixon in China," "The Death of Klinghoffer," "El Niño," and "Doctor Atomic," for which he also wrote the libretto. It will appear at the Metropolitan Opera next season.

Alex Ross has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1993 and is the magazine's Musical Events critic. He covers classical music, from Mozart to Steve Reich, and has profiled Bob Dylan, Radiohead, and Björk. His first book, "The Rest Is Noise: Listening to the Twentieth Century," comes out next month. "Countdown," his piece on "Doctor Atomic," appeared in the magazine in 2005.

4 P.M. Acura Stage at Helen Mills Theatre
139 West 26th Street



Peter Sellars

In Conversation With

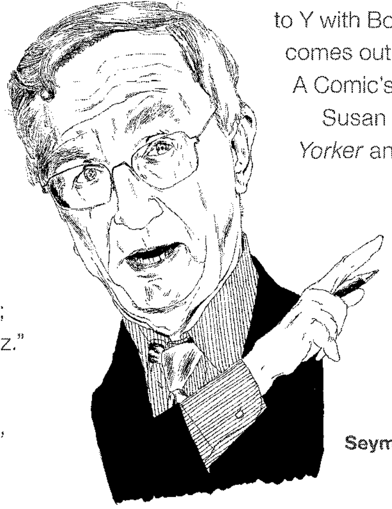
Seymour M. Hersh interviewed by David Remnick

Looking deeper.

Seymour M. Hersh has written for *The New Yorker* since 1971. He is the author of nine books, including "The Dark Side of Camelot," "The Price of Power," which won a National Book Critics Circle Award, and "Cover-Up," about the Army's secret investigation of My Lai 4. He received the 1970 Pulitzer Prize for international reporting. His most recent book, "Chain of Command: The Road from 9/11 to Abu Ghraib," came out in 2004; three articles contained in the book won the 2005 National Magazine Award for public service.

David Remnick is the editor of *The New Yorker.*

1 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street



Seymour M. Hersh

Steve Martin interviewed by Susan Morrison

Born standing up.

Steve Martin has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1996. He is the author of the novels "The Pleasure of My Company" and "Shopgirl," which he adapted for the feature film, and a humor collection, "Pure Drivel," which includes many of his pieces from the magazine. "The Alphabet from A to Y with Bonus Letter Z!," which he wrote with Roz Chast, comes out next month, and a memoir, "Born Standing Up: A Comic's Life," will be published in November.

Susan Morrison is the articles editor of *The New Yorker* and the editor of The Talk of the Town and Shouts & Murmurs.

4 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

Saturday | October 6 | 2007

New Yorker Talks

Sasha Frere-Jones: What *Isn't* Hip-Hop?

Sasha Frere-Jones is the pop-music critic for *The New Yorker.* His work has been selected four times for the "Da Capo Best Music Writing" series. He was a member of the band Ui, with whom he recorded five albums and toured America and Europe.

2 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre, Joan Weill Center for Dance
405 West 55th Street

Samantha Power: Darfur—Activism Without Action

Samantha Power won the 2003 Pulitzer Prize for nonfiction for her book " 'A Problem from Hell': America and the Age of Genocide." "Dying in Darfur," her *New Yorker* piece on ethnic cleansing in the Darfur region of Sudan, won the National Magazine Award for reporting in 2005. She is the Anna Lindh Professor of Practice of Global Leadership and Public Policy at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government. She is currently writing a biography of Sergio Vieira de Mello, the U.N.'s special representative in Iraq who was killed in Baghdad in 2003.

4:30 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre, Joan Weill Center for Dance
405 West 55th Street

Panels

Outside the Box

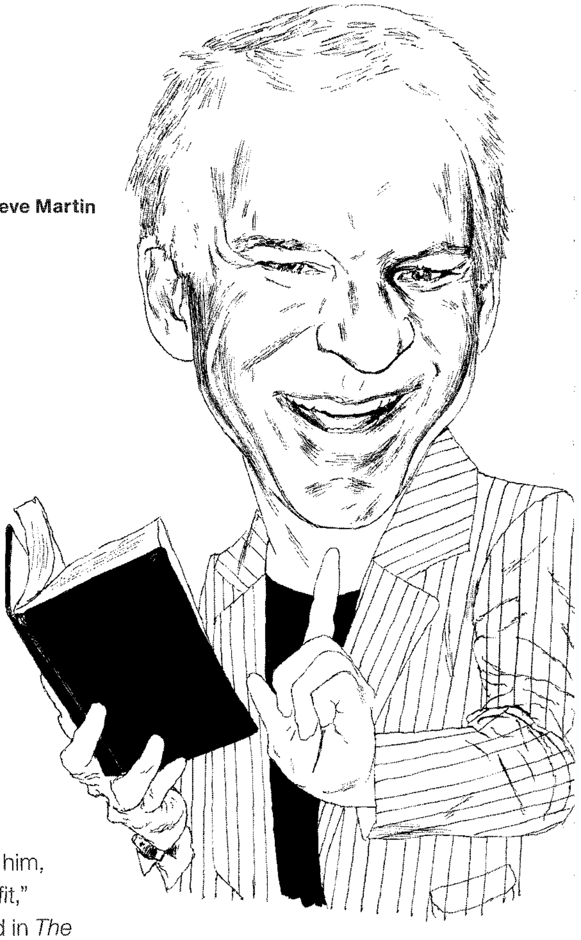
Television masterminds.

With **Jenji Kohan**, **David Milch**, **Ronald D. Moore**, **David Shore**, and **David Simon**. Moderated by **Tad Friend**.

Jenji Kohan is the creator and executive producer of the Showtime series "Weeds," about a suburban widow who becomes a pot dealer; she received a Writers Guild Award for the pilot episode. She began her television career as a writer for "The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air," and has written for "Mad About You," "Sex and the City," "Gilmore Girls," and "Will & Grace." In 1997, she won an Emmy Award for her work on "Tracey Takes On."

David Milch was a lecturer in English literature at Yale before becoming an Emmy Award-winning writer and producer for five seasons on the drama series "Hill Street Blues." He went on to create "Brooklyn South," "Big Apple," the multiple Emmy-winning "NYPD Blue," and "Deadwood," which ran for three seasons on HBO. Mark Singer's Profile of him, "The Misfit," appeared in *The New Yorker* in 2005.

Samantha Power



Steve Martin

Ronald D. Moore developed the Peabody Award-winning Sci Fi Channel series "Battlestar Galactica," a reimagined version of the outer-space franchise. He is currently working on a spin-off series, "Caprica." Previously, he was a writer and producer for "Star Trek: The Next Generation," "Star Trek: Deep Space Nine," "Star Trek: Voyager," "Roswell," and "Carnivàle," and co-wrote the feature films "Star Trek: Generations" and "Star Trek: First Contact."

David Shore is the creator and executive producer of the medical drama "House," on Fox. In 2005, he won an Emmy Award for outstanding writing for the finale of the first season. Before creating his own show, he was a writer for "The Practice," "Family Law," and "Due South" and a writer and producer for "Law & Order." He was a lawyer in Canada before he moved to Hollywood to work in television.

David Simon created the HBO drama "The Wire," which is completing production of its fifth season. His experiences as a crime reporter for the Baltimore *Sun* were the basis of his Edgar Award-winning book "Homicide," which was adapted for the television drama "Homicide: Life on the Street." He won three Emmy Awards for his miniseries adaptation of his book "The Corner: A Year in the Life of an Inner-City Neighborhood," and is working on a new miniseries, "Generation Kill," about the experience of marines in Iraq.

Tad Friend has contributed to *The New Yorker* since 1987. He writes the magazine's Letter from California and often reports on the entertainment business. He is the author of "Lost in Mongolia: Travels in Hollywood and Other Foreign

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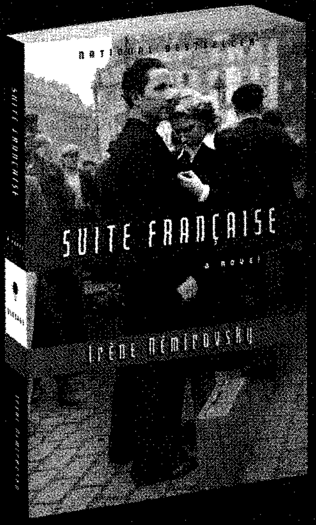
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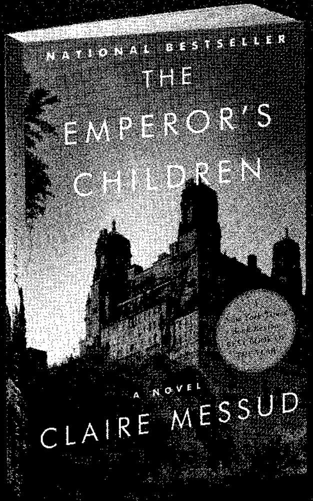
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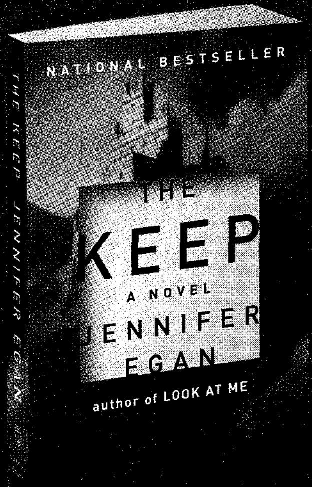
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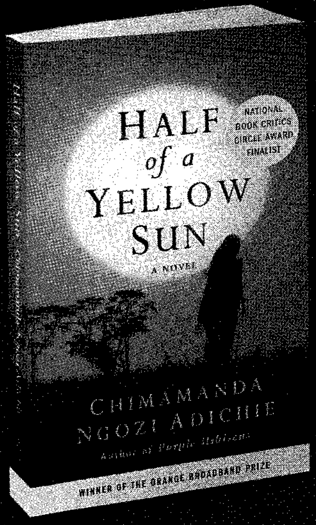
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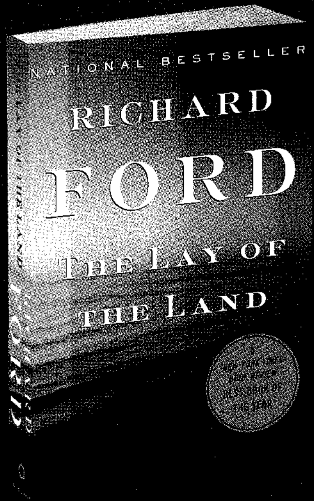
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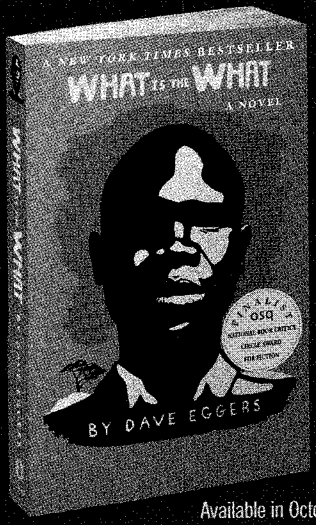
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Lands," a collection of articles and essays, many of which first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

10 A.M. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street

Investigative Journalism
Getting the story.

With **Jane Mayer**, **James B. Stewart**, and **Lawrence Wright**. Moderated by **Dorothy Wickenden**.

Jane Mayer is a staff writer at *The New Yorker* and the co-author of "Strange Justice" and "Landslide." She has reported extensively for the magazine from Washington on politics and has recently written about issues of justice and ethics posed by the torture of detainees in the war on terrorism. Her other subjects include the Vice-President's chief of staff, David Addington, and the Al Qaeda informant Jamal Ahmed al-Fadl. Her piece on Khalid Sheikh Mohammed and the C.I.A.'s secret interrogation program appeared in the August 13th issue.

James B. Stewart is the Bloomberg Professor of Business Journalism at the Columbia School of Journalism. In 1988, he won the Pulitzer Prize for explanatory journalism for a series of articles on the 1987 stock-market crash which became the basis for his book "Den of Thieves." His most recent book is "DisneyWar," parts of which were first published in *The New Yorker.* "The Kona Files," his piece on the investigation of leaks at Hewlett-Packard, appeared in the February 19th issue.

Lawrence Wright has been a staff writer at *The New Yorker* since 1992. This year, he won the Pulitzer Prize for general nonfiction for his book "The Looming Tower: Al-Qaeda and the Road to 9/11," part of which was first published in the magazine. He is also the author of "Saints and Sinners," "Twins," and "Remembering Satan," parts of which also first appeared in the magazine and won the 1994 National Magazine Award for reporting.

Dorothy Wickenden is the executive editor of *The New Yorker.*

10 A.M. Highline Ballroom
431 West 16th Street

Casualties of War
The medical repercussions of battle.

With **Major L. Tammy Duckworth**, **Captain (Ret.) Dawn Halfaker**, and **Colonel John B. Holcomb**. Moderated by **Atul Gawande**.

Major L. Tammy Duckworth serves in the Illinois Army National Guard. In 2004, the Black Hawk helicopter she was co-piloting near Baghdad was attacked with a rocket-propelled grenade, costing her both legs and shattering her right arm. Following her recovery at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, she became an advocate for veterans, testifying multiple times before Congress. She was a Democratic candidate for the House of Representatives in 2006 and now serves as the director of the Illinois Department of Veterans' Affairs.

Captain (Ret.) Dawn Halfaker joined the Army's military police in 2001 and was assigned to train Iraqi police forces. In 2004, she was severely wounded by a rocket-propelled grenade while riding in an armored Humvee. Her right arm was amputated. Following her rehabilitation at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, she worked with the Department of Defense to develop prosthetic limbs. In 2006, she founded Halfaker and Associates, which provides consulting services on national security to the federal government.

Colonel John B. Holcomb is the commander of the U.S. Army Institute of Surgical Research, in Texas. The facility provides medical care to injured soldiers and contains a Level I Trauma Center and a Burn Center; its research program develops medical solutions and products that are then used on the battlefield. He serves as a trauma consultant for the Surgeon General and has been deployed eight times as a trauma surgeon in Iraq.

Atul Gawande is a practicing surgeon in Boston and an associate professor at the Harvard School of Public Health and at Harvard Medical School. He is the recipient of a 2006 MacArthur Fellowship and the author of "Complications: A Surgeon's Notes on an Imperfect Science" and "Better: A Surgeon's Notes on Performance," which came out in April; parts of both books first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

1 P.M. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street

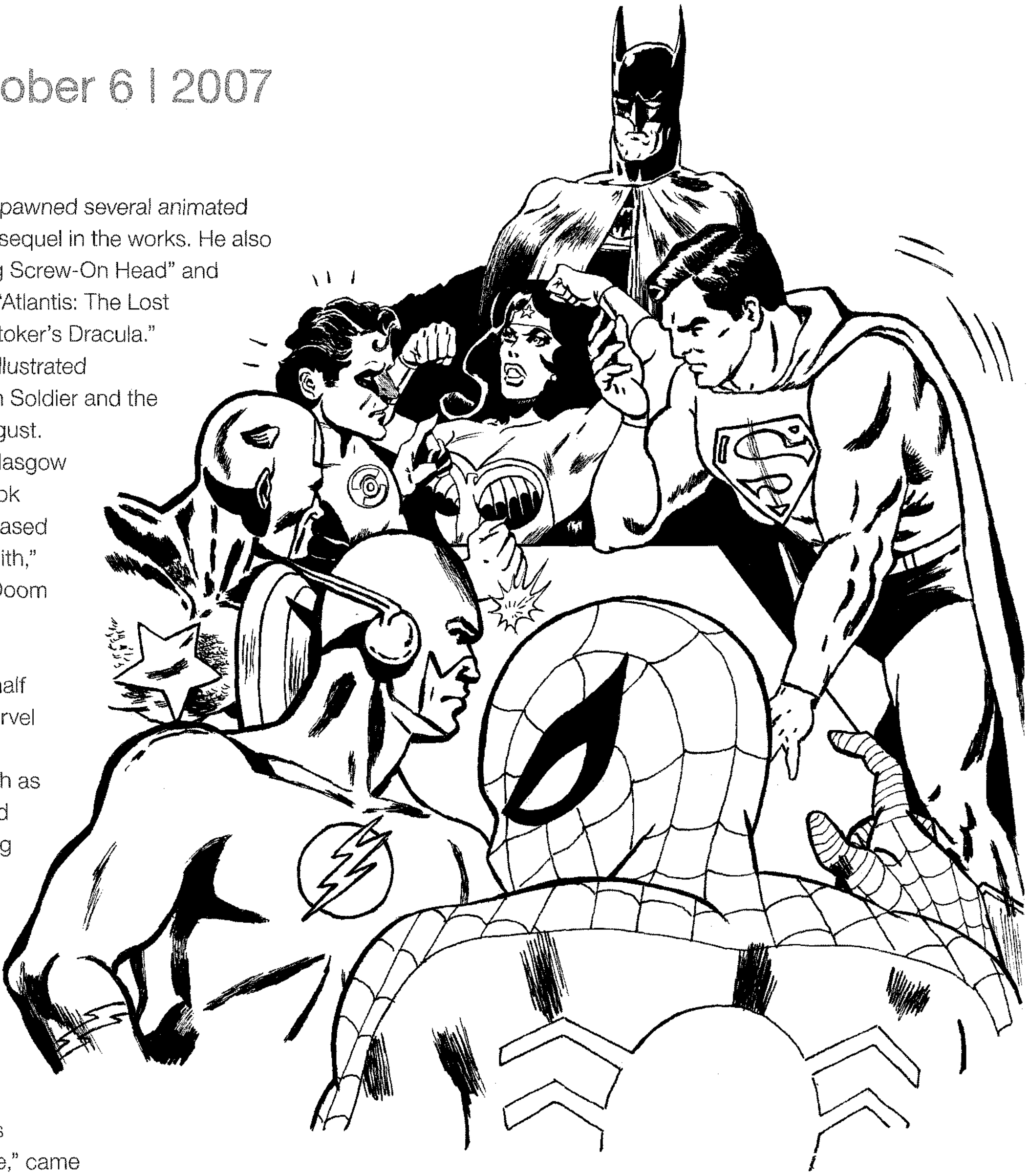
Superheroes
Up, up, and away.

With **Tim Kring**, **Jonathan Lethem**, **Mike Mignola,** and **Grant Morrison**. Moderated by **Ben Greenman**.

Tim Kring is the creator and executive producer of the NBC series "Heroes," which is entering its second season. A spin-off series, "Heroes: Origins," will première next year. Previously, he created the series "Crossing Jordan" and co-created "Strange World." He has also been a writer and producer for the TV dramas "L.A. Doctors," "Providence," and "Chicago Hope," and wrote the screenplay for "Teen Wolf Too."

Jonathan Lethem is the author of seven novels, including "Motherless Brooklyn," which won the National Book Critics Circle Award for Fiction in 1999, "The Fortress of Solitude," and, most recently, "You Don't Love Me Yet." His collection "Men and Cartoons" included the story "Super Goat Man," which first appeared in *The New Yorker.* His newest project, a Marvel comic book reviving the superhero Omega the Unknown, will be published in ten installments beginning in October.

Mike Mignola began his career as an illustrator for Marvel and DC Comics. In 1994, he created the first installment of



"Hellboy," a character who has spawned several animated videos and a feature film, with a sequel in the works. He also created the comic "The Amazing Screw-On Head" and worked as an artist on the films "Atlantis: The Lost Empire," "Blade II," and "Bram Stoker's Dracula." Most recently, he co-wrote and illustrated "Baltimore, Or, The Steadfast Tin Soldier and the Vampire," which came out in August.

Grant Morrison was born in Glasgow and published his first comic book when he was seventeen. He released his first original comic strip, "Zenith," in 1987, and has since written "Doom Patrol," "St. Swithin's Day," "The Invisibles," "WE3," and "Arkham Asylum," which sold more than half a million copies. His work for Marvel and DC Comics has resurrected many obscure superheroes, such as Animal Man and Kid Eternity, and reinvented classic ones, including Superman, Batman, X-Men, and the Fantastic Four.

Ben Greenman is the Goings On About Town editor at *The New Yorker* and the author of "Superbad" and "Superworse." His newest collection of short fiction, "A Circle Is a Balloon and Compass Both: Stories About Human Love," came out in April.

1 P.M. Highline Ballroom
431 West 16th Street

Costume Design
Dressing the part.

With **Colleen Atwood**, **Patrizia von Brandenstein**, **Patricia Field**, and **William Ivey Long**. Moderated by **Judith Thurman**.

Colleen Atwood is the winner of two Academy Awards for costume design, for "Chicago" and "Memoirs of a Geisha," and an Emmy Award for "Tony Bennett: An American Classic." She has costumed many of the films of Tim Burton, including "Edward Scissorhands," "Ed Wood," "Sleepy Hollow," and the upcoming "Sweeney Todd," and of Jonathan Demme, including "The Silence of the Lambs" and "Beloved." She has also created costumes for Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus and the band My Chemical Romance.

Patrizia von Brandenstein has been working as a production designer for film since the nineteen-seventies. In 1985, she became the first woman to win an Academy Award for art direction, for Milos Forman's "Amadeus"; she has also received Oscar nominations for her work on "Ragtime" and "The Untouchables." She has designed many of the films of Mike Nichols, including "Silkwood" and "Working Girl," and she again collaborated with Forman on his most recent film, "Goya's Ghosts."

Patricia Field received an Emmy Award and four Costume Designers Guild Awards for her work on "Sex and the City." Last year, she was nominated for an Oscar for "The Devil Wears Prada." Her costuming credits also include the series "Hope & Faith," "Ugly Betty," and "Six Degrees," and the TV movie "Mother Goose Rock 'n' Rhyme," for which she won an Emmy Award. She has owned Patricia Field, the counterculture downtown-Manhattan boutique, for more than forty years.

William Ivey Long has designed the costumes for more than fifty Broadway shows and has won five Tony Awards, most recently for "Grey Gardens." His other Broadway credits include "Nine," "Guys and Dolls," "Crazy for You," "Chicago," "The Producers," and "Hairspray." This fall, his work will be

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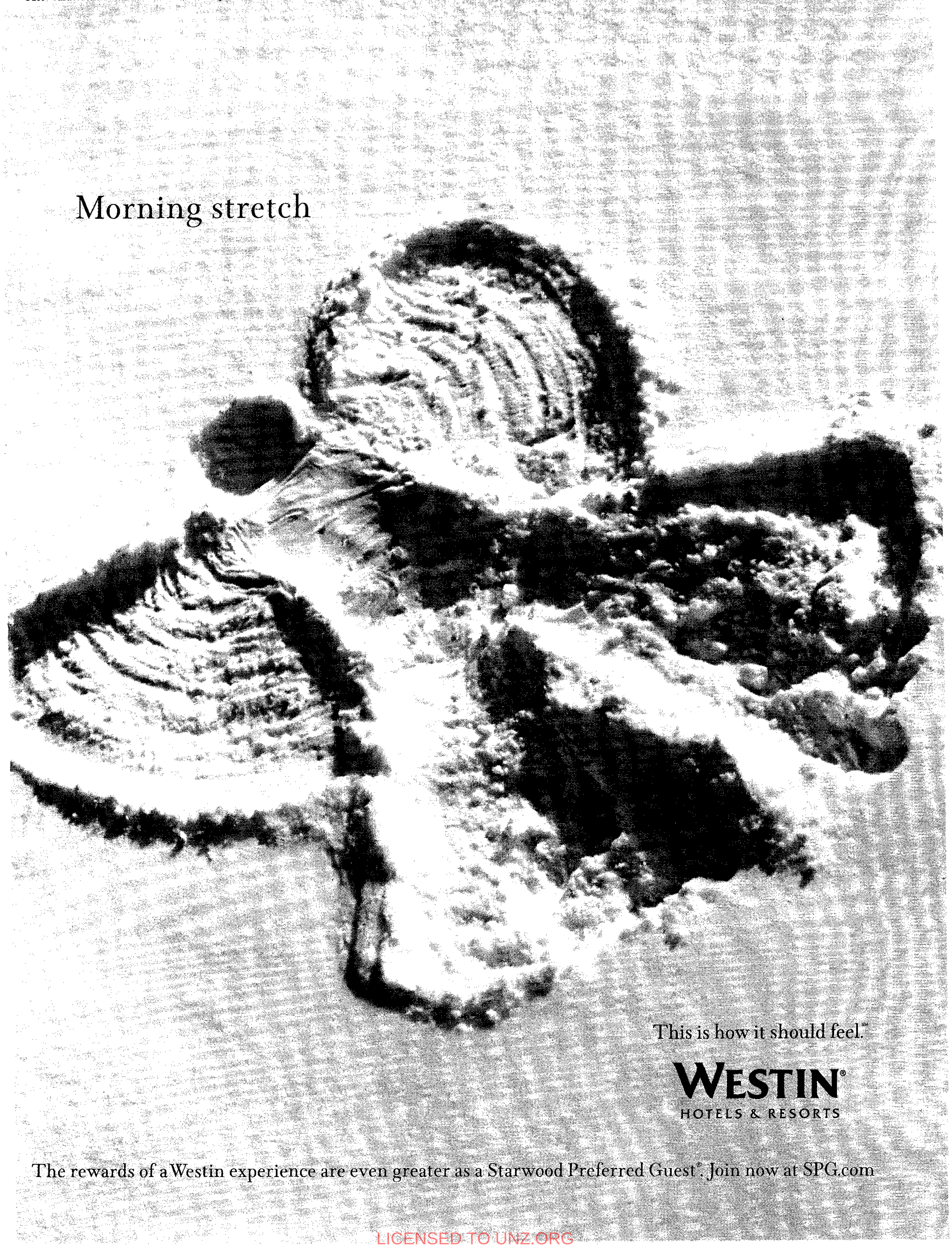
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Fiona Apple

represented in two new Broadway shows, "The Ritz" and "Young Frankenstein." Last year, he was inducted into the Theatre Hall of Fame.

Judith Thurman is a staff writer at *The New Yorker* and writes the In Fashion column for the magazine. She is the author of the biographies "Secrets of the Flesh: A Life of Colette" and "Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller." "Cleopatra's Nose: 39 Varieties of Desire," a collection of her *New Yorker* essays, comes out in October.

4 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios
547 West 26th Street

Early Shift

Fiona Apple talks with Sasha Frere-Jones:

A Conversation with Music

Girl with a torch.

Fiona Apple made her recording début in 1996, at the age of nineteen. The record, "Tidal," went triple-platinum and included the song "Criminal," for which she won a Grammy Award for Best Female Rock Vocal Performance. She released her second album, "When the Pawn...," in 1999. (The full title, a ninety-word poem, holds the world record for longest album title.) Her most recent album is "Extraordinary Machine."

Sasha Frere-Jones became the pop-music critic for *The New Yorker* in 2004. He wrote about Fiona Apple for the magazine in 2005.

7:30 P.M. Brooklyn Lyceum
227 4th Avenue, Brooklyn

Anna Deavere Smith talks with John Lahr:

A Conversation with Performance

Body of work.

Anna Deavere Smith is a writer and actress whose interview-based solo plays include "Fires in the Mirror," an inquiry into the Crown Heights race riots of 1991, and "Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992," about the unrest that followed the Rodney King verdict. Her new work, "Let Me Down Easy," part of which she will perform, is about health and the body. She is the author of "Talk to Me" and "Letters to a Young Artist" and teaches in the School of the Arts and the law school at New York University. She is currently working on a film adaptation of the Edward P. Jones novel "The Known World."

John Lahr is *The New Yorker's* senior drama critic and the author of numerous books and plays. His piece for the magazine on Anna Deavere Smith and "Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992," is collected in his book "Light Fantastic: Adventures in Theatre."

7:30 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios
547 West 26th Street

An Evening with Sigur Rós

Magical mystery tour.

Following a screening of "Heima," a new film about a Sigur Rós summer concert tour through Iceland, the band will talk with **John Seabrook** and perform.

Sigur Rós is an Icelandic band that formed in 1994. Its members are Jón Þór (Jónsi) Birgisson, Georg (Goggi) Hólm, Kjartan (Kjarri) Sveinsson, and Orri Páll Dýrason. They have released four albums, including "Von," "Ágætis Byrjun," and "Takk..."; their third album—"( )"—was released in 2002, and is sung in Hopelandic, a nonsense language.

John Seabrook has been a contributor to *The New Yorker* since 1989 and a staff writer since 1993. He is the author of "Nobrow: The Culture of Marketing—The Marketing of Culture" and "Deeper: My Two-Year Odyssey in Cyberspace." His piece "Sowing for Apocalypse," about an effort to preserve the world's seeds, appeared in the August 27th issue of the magazine.

7:30 P.M. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street

Eugene Levy talks with Susan Orlean

Playing it square.

Eugene Levy is a Canadian-born actor who began his career as a writer and performer for the comedy group Second City Toronto and its television outgrowth, "SCTV." He

Sigur Rós

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THE NEW YORKER Festival

October 5 | 6 | 7

Experience The New Yorker Festival at

Festival Headquarters

Metropolitan Pavilion | 125 West 18th Street

Festival Headquarters Program
Saturday, October 6th | Doors Open 9:30 A.M.

10 A.M.	"Wake-Up Call with Andy Borowitz" (ticketed event)
11:30 A.M. to 4 P.M.	Appearances by *New Yorker* Cartoonists
Noon to 6 P.M.	Book Signings
7:30 P.M.	"New Yorker Parlor Games with Henry Alford" (ticketed event)

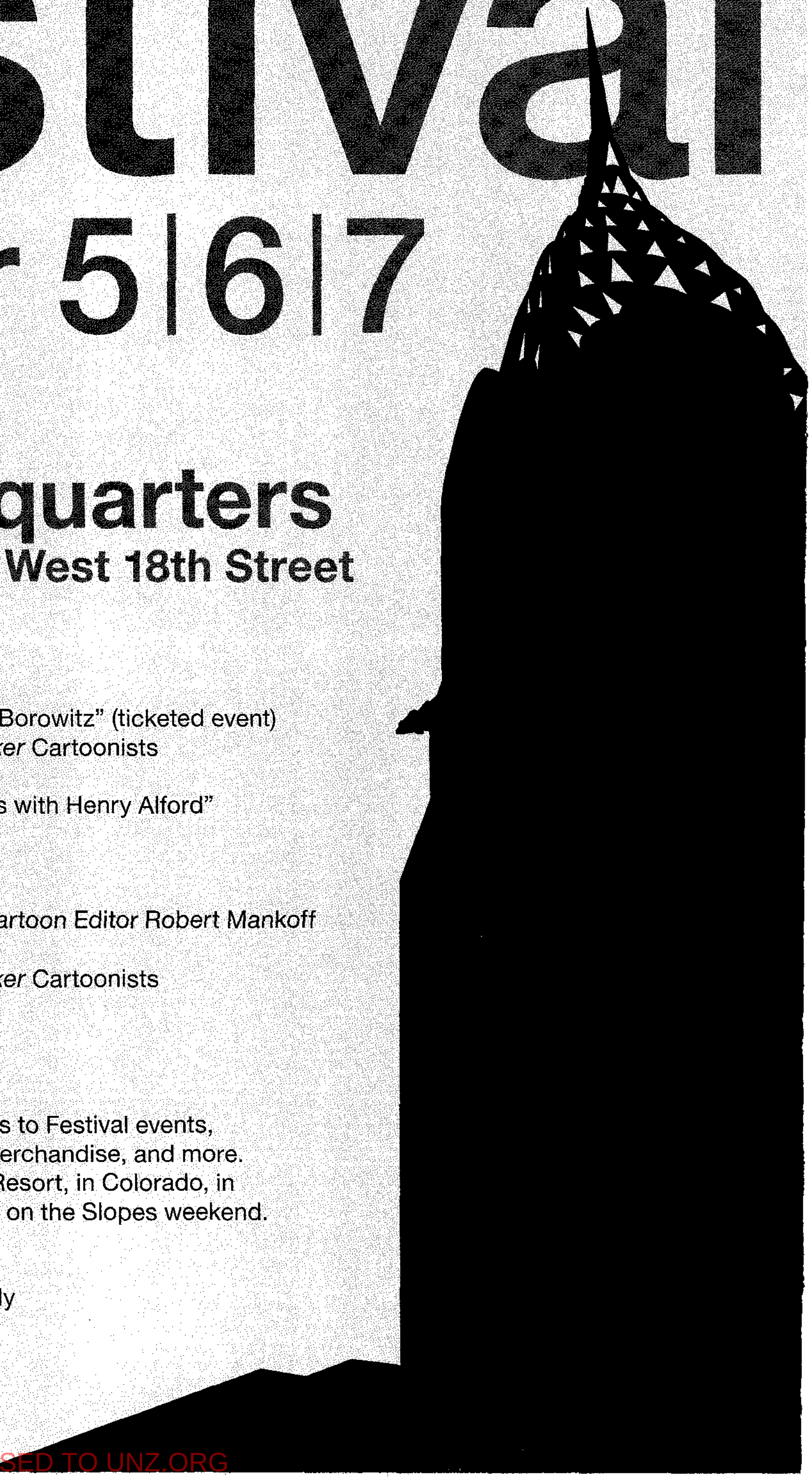
Sunday, October 7th | Doors Open 9:30 A.M.

10 A.M.	"Bagels with Bob," with Cartoon Editor Robert Mankoff (ticketed event)
11:30 A.M. to 4 P.M.	Appearances by *New Yorker* Cartoonists
2 P.M.	Kid-tooning Event
Noon to 5 P.M.	Book Signings

Headquarters Highlights

- Visit The New Yorker Store for last-minute tickets to Festival events, limited-edition *New Yorker* and Cartoon Bank merchandise, and more.
- Enter to win a free trip for two to Beaver Creek Resort, in Colorado, in February, to be part of *The New Yorker's* Humor on the Slopes weekend.

Headquarters Hours
Friday from 3 P.M. to 6 P.M. Festival ticket sales only
Saturday from 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.
Sunday from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.



Eugene Levy

co-wrote, with Christopher Guest, and starred in the films "Waiting for Guffman," "Best in Show," "A Mighty Wind," and "For Your Consideration"; he has appeared in "Armed and Dangerous," "Bringing Down the House," and the "American Pie" movies.

Susan Orlean has written for *The New Yorker* since 1987. Her books include "The Bullfighter Checks Her Makeup," "My Kind of Place," and "The Orchid Thief," which was the basis for the Spike Jonze film "Adaptation."

7:30 P.M. Acura Stage at Helen Mills Theatre
139 West 26th Street

Rosanne Cash talks with Hendrik Hertzberg:
A Conversation with Music
Another country.

Rosanne Cash was born in Memphis and began her music career as a backup singer for her father, Johnny Cash. She has produced fourteen albums and eleven chart-topping country singles, including "I Don't Know Why You Don't Want Me," which won a Grammy Award in 1985. Her books include "Bodies of Water" and "Songs Without Rhyme: Prose by Celebrated Songwriters." She is working on a memoir, which will be published next year.

Hendrik Hertzberg was a *New Yorker* Talk of the Town reporter from 1969 to 1977 before moving to Washington, where he served as President Jimmy Carter's chief speechwriter and then as editor of *The New Republic*. He returned to *The New Yorker* in 1992 as a senior editor and writer and is the principal contributor to the Comment section of the magazine. He is the author of "Politics: Observations & Arguments."

7:30 P.M. Highline Ballroom
431 West 16th Street

Saturday Night Sneak Preview: "The Kite Runner"

The New Yorker presents a special preview screening of "The Kite Runner," a film adaptation of the best-selling novel, about an Afghan man's return to his native country after some twenty years abroad. Following the screening, **Khaled Hosseini**, the author of the book, and **Marc Forster**, the film's director, will talk with **Jon Lee Anderson**.

Khaled Hosseini was born in Kabul in 1965; in 1980, following the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, his family received political asylum in the United States. He published

Saturday Night Special

David Byrne Presents: How New Yorkers Ride Bikes

David Byrne will host an evening of music, discussion, film, readings, and surprises dedicated to the advancement of bicycling in New York City, including talks and performances by the **Classic Riders Bicycle Club**, **Jan Gehl**, **Calvin Trillin**, **Paul Steely White**, **Jonathan Wood**, and the **Young@Heart Chorus**.

David Byrne is an Academy Award-winning musician and visual artist who co-founded the rock group Talking Heads in 1976. He has bicycled in New York City for almost thirty years.

The Classic Riders Bicycle Club is a Brooklyn-based group of antique-bicycle enthusiasts.

Jan Gehl is a Danish architect and the author of "Life Between Buildings: Using Public Space." His work in Copenhagen and elsewhere has sought to improve the environment for cyclists and pedestrians.

Calvin Trillin has been a staff writer at *The New Yorker* since 1963.

Paul Steely White is the executive director of Transportation Alternatives, a New York-area citizens' group working for better bicycling, walking, and public transit.

Jonathan Wood is the deputy chairman of the Warrington Cycle Campaign, which promotes safer cycling in Warrington, England, and aims to enable more people to travel by bicycle in the town through more equitable sharing of roadways.

The Young@Heart Chorus was formed in 1982 at a meal site for the elderly in Northampton, Massachussetts. Its current members are between seventy-three and eighty-eight years of age.

7:30 P.M. Town Hall
123 West 43rd Street
(Tickets are also available at the Town Hall box office. Free valet bicycle parking will be provided.)

his first novel, "The Kite Runner," in 2003, while practicing as a physician in Los Angeles; the book has been released in thirty-eight countries. His second novel, "A Thousand Splendid Suns," came out in May.

Marc Forster was born in Germany and grew up in Switzerland, before coming to the United States to study film in 1990. He is the director of "Everything Put Together," "Stay," "Stranger Than Fiction," and the Academy Award-winning "Monster's Ball" and "Finding Neverland." "The Kite Runner," his adaptation of Khaled Hosseini's novel, will be released in theatres in November.

Jon Lee Anderson is a staff writer at *The New Yorker*. His books include "Che Guevara: A Revolutionary Life," "The Fall of Baghdad," and "The Lion's Grave: Dispatches from Afghanistan." His most recent Letter from Afghanistan, "The Taliban's Opium War," appeared in the July 9th & 16th issue.

7:30 P.M. Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

The New Yorker Debate

Resolved: The Ivy League Should Be Abolished

With **Malcolm Gladwell** and **Adam Gopnik**. Chaired by **Simon Schama.**

Malcolm Gladwell is a staff writer at *The New Yorker*. His 1996 article "The Tipping Point" became the basis for his book of the same title. He is also the author of "Blink: The Power of Thinking Without Thinking." In 2001, he won a National Magazine Award for "The Pitchman," his profile of Ron Popeil. "Getting In," his piece on Ivy League admissions, appeared in the magazine in 2005.

Adam Gopnik has been writing for *The New Yorker* since 1986. He is the author of the essay collections "Paris to the Moon" and "Through the Children's Gate: A Home in New York," both of which include many of his pieces from the magazine, as well as a children's book, "The King in the Window." His essays and criticism for *The New Yorker* have won three National Magazine Awards.

Simon Schama has contributed to *The New Yorker* since 1994 and is a professor of history and art history at Columbia University. He is the author of "Hang-Ups," "A History of Britain," and "Rough Crossings: Britain, the Slaves, and the American Revolution." His eight-part series "The Power of Art" aired on PBS this summer.

8 P.M. New York Society for Ethical Culture
2 West 64th Street

Casuals

New Yorker Parlor Games with Henry Alford

Join Henry Alford for an evening of parlor games based on *The New Yorker's* past and present, including "You Rewrite the Classics," "Reporter Under Duress," and "Is It a Dorothy Parker Quip . . . Or Is It a Heavy-Metal Lyric?" Drinks will be served.

Henry Alford has contributed Shouts & Murmurs pieces to *The New Yorker* since 1998, the most recent of which, "The Knowledge," appeared in the April 9th issue. He is the author of several books of "investigative humor," including "Municipal Bondage" and "Big Kiss," which won a Thurber Prize for American Humor.

8 P.M. $25
The New Yorker Cabaret at Festival Headquarters
Metropolitan Pavilion
125 West 18th Street

Late Shift

Yo La Tengo talk with Ben Greenman:
A Conversation with Music
Jam sessions.

Yo La Tengo is a Hoboken-based band that was formed in 1984 by Ira Kaplan and Georgia Hubley; James McNew joined the group in 1991. They have released more than fifteen albums, including "Painful," "Electr-o-pura," "I Can Hear the Heart Beating as One," and, most recently, "I Am Not Afraid of You and I Will Beat Your Ass." Last year, they released a record of impromptu live cover songs, "Yo La Tengo Is Murdering the Classics."

Ben Greenman edits the Goings On About Town section of *The New Yorker*. He is the author of "Superbad," "Superworse," and "A Circle Is a Balloon and Compass Both."

10 P.M. Brooklyn Lyceum
227 4th Avenue, Brooklyn

John C. Reilly talks with Dana Goodyear
Meet the Everyman.

John C. Reilly has appeared in more than forty films, including "Boogie Nights," "Magnolia," "Talledega Nights," and "The Aviator"; in 2002, he was nominated for an Oscar for his role in "Chicago." He has performed extensively with Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre and appeared on Broadway in "The Grapes of Wrath," "True West," and "A Streetcar Named Desire." In his new film, "Walk Hard: The Dewey Cox Story," a mock biopic to be released in December, he plays a fictional music legend living a life of excess and adversity.

Dana Goodyear is a staff writer at *The New Yorker* and the author of the poetry collection "Honey and Junk." "The Magus," her Life and Letters piece on the Brazilian novelist Paulo Coelho, appeared in the May 7th issue.

10 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios
547 West 26th Street

Saturday | October 6 | 2007

Bill Nighy talks with Michael Specter

A gentleman tells.

Bill Nighy won a BAFTA Film Award for his role in "Love Actually" and a Golden Globe for his performance in the television drama "Gideon's Daughter." His other film credits include "Still Crazy," "Underworld," "Shaun of the Dead," "The Constant Gardener," "Notes on a Scandal," and the "Pirates of the Caribbean" movies, in which he played Davy Jones. His many stage credits include the National Theatre productions of "Arcadia" and "Blue/Orange," and last year he starred on Broadway in "The Vertical Hour."

Michael Specter has been a staff writer at *The New Yorker* since 1998. Previously, he was the Moscow bureau chief for the New York *Times*. He writes about science and public-health issues for the magazine; his most recent subjects have included AIDS denial in South Africa, the British entrepreneur Richard Branson, and the rise of spam.

10 P.M. Acura Stage at Helen Mills Theatre
139 West 26th Street

Dick Dale, Billy Gibbons, Vernon Reid, and Omar Rodriguez-Lopez talk with Nick Paumgarten: A Conversation with Music

Guitar gods.

Dick Dale released "Surfer's Choice," the album that launched the California sound, in 1962; the album included "Misirlou," which later became the title theme for the film "Pulp Fiction." His next album was titled after his nickname, King of the Surf Guitar. He collaborated with the instrument developer Leo Fender to create Fender's influential line of Showman amplifiers and is credited as the first guitarist to use reverberation. Four of his albums were recently rereleased on the Sundazed label.

Billy Gibbons is the guitarist for the rock trio ZZ Top, which he formed in 1969 with Dusty Hill and Frank Beard. His guitar, which he named Miss Pearly Gates, is a 1959 Gibson Les Paul. The group's fourteen albums include "Afterburner," "Recycler," and the multi-platinum-selling "Eliminator," which contains the hit songs "Legs" and "Sharp Dressed Man." In 2004, the band was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

Vernon Reid was born in England and grew up in Brooklyn; he started playing the guitar when he was fifteen. In the mid-eighties, he founded the trio Living Colour, which won two Grammy Awards and has sold more than four million records. He released a solo album, "Mistaken Identity," in 1996. His many collaborators have included DJ Logic, B. B. King, Mick Jagger, the Ramones, and Tracy Chapman.

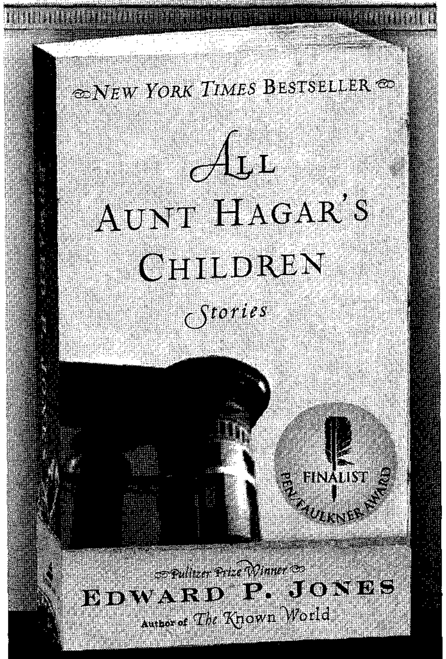
Omar Rodriguez-Lopez grew up in Puerto Rico and Texas, where he became a member of the post-hardcore band At the Drive-In. After the group split up, in 2001, he formed the Mars Volta, whose albums include "De-Loused in the Comatorium," "Frances the Mute," and "Amputechture." He later moved to Amsterdam and toured with the Omar Rodriguez-Lopez Quintet. He released his second solo album, "Se Dice Bisonte, No Bùfalo," in May.

Nick Paumgarten has been writing for *The New Yorker* since 2000. He wrote about Billy Gibbons for the magazine in 2005. His most recent article, "The Tycoon," a Profile of Mort Zuckerman, appeared in the July 23rd issue.

10 P.M. Highline Ballroom
431 West 16th Street

Pulitzer Prize–winning author

"Jones belongs in the first rank of American letters."
–Washington Post Book World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–New York Times Book Review

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"The best short fiction of the decade." *–Chicago Tribune*

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Sunday | October 7 | 2007

A day of About Town excursions and events throughout the city, including a free demonstration of the new sport parkour; talks by *New Yorker* writers; a series of Master Classes in poetry, profile writing, and photography; and a humor event and free book signings at Festival Headquarters. Tickets for About Town excursions and events vary in price and are listed in the program notes below. Master Classes are $35. All other daytime events, unless otherwise indicated below, are $25. A complete list of ticket prices can also be found in the Schedule, on pages 35 and 36.

Casuals

Bagels with Bob

How do *New Yorker* cartoonists think? Using more than a hundred examples, **Robert Mankoff** will show you how to use the basic cartoon toolkit to create your own cartoons and maybe—just maybe—win the *New Yorker* Caption Contest.

Robert Mankoff became the cartoon editor of *The New Yorker* in 1997. He is the author of "The Naked Cartoonist: A New Way to Enhance Your Creativity" and the president of the Cartoon Bank, a digital archive of *New Yorker* cartoons and cover art.

10 A.M. $12
The New Yorker Cabaret at Festival Headquarters
Metropolitan Pavilion
125 West 18th Street

About Town

Behind the Scenes at the Museum: **Mike Novacek talks with Burkhard Bilger**

Burkhard Bilger and Mike Novacek will lead a backstage tour of the American Museum of Natural History, followed by brunch in the lab.

Mike Novacek is the senior vice-president, provost of science, and curator of paleontology at the American Museum of Natural History. He oversees the museum's exhibition program and guides its scientific research. His work focusses on evolution, primarily of mammals, and he has led paleontological expeditions to Patagonia, Argentina, and the Gobi Desert, where he was one of the discoverers of the Cretaceous-fossil site Ukhaa Tolgod. His books include "Dinosaurs of the Flaming Cliffs" and "Time Traveler."

Burkhard Bilger has been a staff writer for *The New Yorker* since 2001. His subjects for the magazine have ranged from jewel prospectors and artificial sweeteners to spider hunting and guitar building. He is the author of the book "Noodling for Flatheads."

11 A.M. $60
American Museum of Natural History
Central Park West at 79th Street

Come Hungry

Calvin Trillin leads his seventh annual walking tour of Chinatown and Little Italy, sampling his favorite eateries and culminating in a dim-sum feast.

Calvin Trillin has been a staff writer for *The New Yorker* for more than forty years. His gastronomic reportage for the magazine includes articles on pumpernickel bagels, Cajun boudin sausage, the South African snoek fish, and Ecuadoran soup. He is the author of twenty-five books, including "About Alice," parts of which first appeared in the magazine last year, and "Feeding a Yen: Savoring Local Specialties, from Kansas City to Cuzco."

11 A.M. $100
Ticket buyers will be contacted as to the starting point.

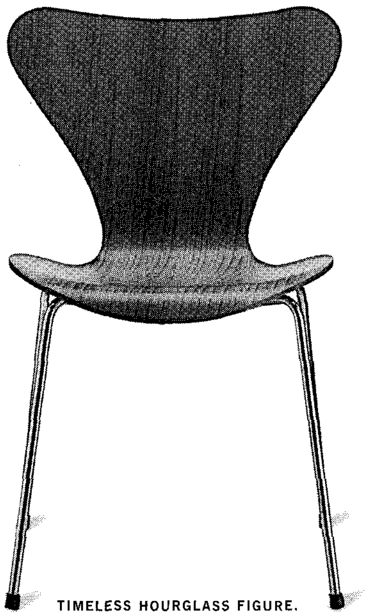
Inside the Artist's Studio: **Jeff Koons talks with Calvin Tomkins and Dodie Kazanjian**

Calvin Tomkins and Dodie Kazanjian will accompany Jeff Koons on a guided tour of his studio, concluding with brunch with the artist.

Jeff Koons became known in the art world in the nineteen-eighties for his kitsch-inspired work. His controversial show "Made in Heaven" was first exhibited at the 1990 Venice Biennale. "Puppy," his forty-foot-high topiary statue of a West Highland terrier, has been seen in New York, Sydney, and Bilbao. He has been at work on "Celebration," a series of paintings and sculptures based on children's objects, for more than a decade. His studio, in Chelsea, employs more than eighty people.

Calvin Tomkins has been a staff writer at *The New Yorker* since 1960; he writes about art and cultural affairs for the magazine. His twelve books include "The Bride and the Bachelors: Five Masters of the Avant-Garde," "Living Well Is the Best Revenge," "Duchamp: A Biography," and "Off the Wall: A Portrait of Robert Rauschenberg." "The Turnaround Artist," his Profile of Jeff Koons, appeared in the April 23rd issue.

Dodie Kazanjian is the author



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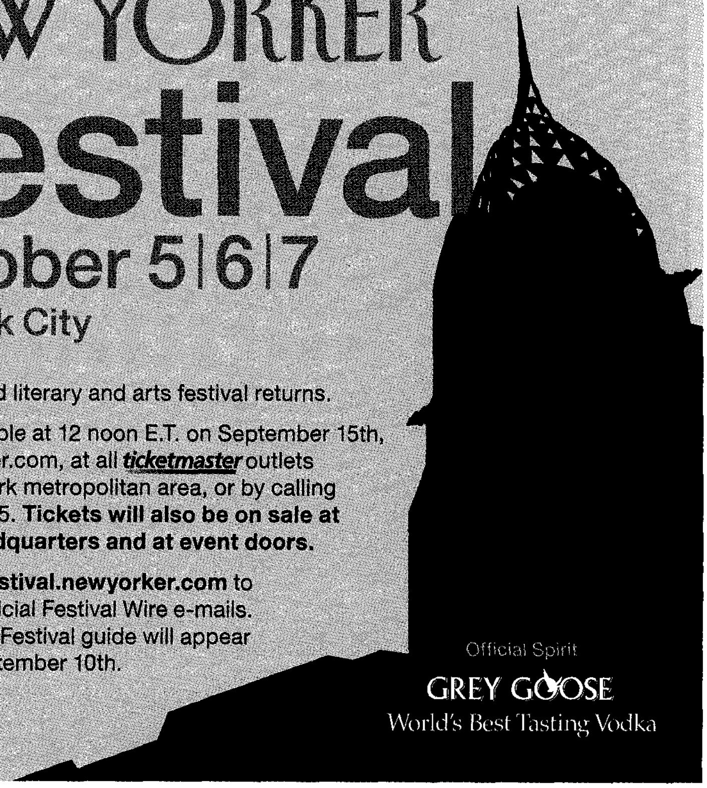
THE NEW YORKER Festival
October 5|6|7
New York City

The acclaimed literary and arts festival returns.

Tickets available at 12 noon E.T. on September 15th, at ticketmaster.com, at all *ticketmaster* outlets in the New York metropolitan area, or by calling 1.877.391.0545. **Tickets will also be on sale at Festival Headquarters and at event doors.**

Please visit **festival.newyorker.com** to sign up for official Festival Wire e-mails. The complete Festival guide will appear online on September 10th.



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of "Alex: The Life of Alexander Liberman," which she co-wrote with Calvin Tomkins; "Icons: The Absolutes of Style"; and "Dodie Goes Shopping." She is an editor at *Vogue* and the director of Gallery Met at the Metropolitan Opera. Several of her pieces on the art world have appeared in *The New Yorker.*

11 A.M. $80
Ticket buyers will be contacted about the location.

The Next Century's Newsroom: **A Tour of Bloomberg L.P. Headquarters**

Paul Goldberger will lead a visit to Bloomberg L.P.'s state-of-the-art newsroom, followed by brunch in the building.

Paul Goldberger is the architecture critic at *The New Yorker.* He holds the Joseph Urban Chair in Design and Architecture at the New School. His books include "The City Observed: New York," "The Skyscraper," and "Up from Zero: Politics, Architecture, and the Rebuilding of New York." "Towers of Babble," his piece on twenty-first-century newsrooms, including that of Bloomberg L.P., appeared in the August 6th issue.

12 noon. $60
Bloomberg Tower
731 Lexington Avenue

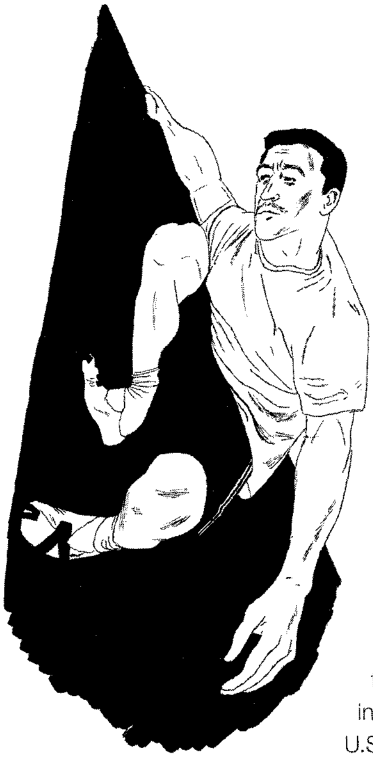
Parkour New York: **David Belle talks with Alec Wilkinson**

David Belle will discuss, and demonstrate, parkour, the sport he created. Parkour is a system of leaps, vaults, rolls, and landings designed to help a person surmount any obstacles in his path.

David Belle moved to Lisses, a suburb of Paris, at the age of fourteen. Inspired by his father, an acrobat and fireman, and by the French sports theorist Georges Hébert, he began performing stunts on a nearby climbing wall. Through online videos, his sport, whose name he coined, caught on internationally. He has performed in Madagascar, Italy, Germany, and Portugal and will appear in the upcoming film "Babylon A.D."

Alec Wilkinson has been a staff writer for *The New Yorker* since 1980. He is the author of seven books, including "My Mentor," "Mr. Apology," and, most recently, "The Happiest Man in the World: An Account of the Life of Poppa Neutrino," parts of which first appeared in the magazine. "No Obstacles," his piece on parkour and David Belle, appeared in the April 16th Journeys issue.

1 P.M. This event is free and open to the public.
The event location will be announced in
a future issue of The New Yorker and online
at festival.newyorker.com.



David Belle

Writers and Their Subjects

Rachel Brand, Neal Katyal, and Jeffrey Toobin

The future of the Supreme Court.

Rachel Brand became the Assistant Attorney General for the Office of Legal Policy in 2005. Previously, she was a clerk for Justice Anthony Kennedy. Besides managing a number of policy initiatives, her responsibilities at the Department of Justice included insuring the reauthorization of the U.S.A. Patriot Act and preparing Chief Justice John Roberts and Justice Samuel Alito for their confirmation hearings. She announced her resignation in July.

Neal Katyal is a professor at Georgetown University Law Center and the former national-security adviser to the Deputy Attorney General under President Clinton. In 2000, he was co-counsel to Al Gore in the U.S. Supreme Court case Bush v. Palm Beach Canvassing Board. He was the lead attorney for the petitioner in the landmark Supreme Court case Hamdan v. Rumsfeld, in which he successfully argued that the President's military commissions at Guantánamo Bay were unlawful.

Jeffrey Toobin is a staff writer at *The New Yorker* and the senior legal analyst for CNN. He has written about the Supreme Court Justices Clarence Thomas, Anthony Kennedy, and Stephen Breyer for the magazine and is the author of "A Vast Conspiracy" and "Too Close to Call." His fifth book, "The Nine: Inside the Secret World of the Supreme Court," is out in September.

1 P.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street

New Yorker Talks

Jerome Groopman: What Is Missing in Medicine?

Jerome Groopman holds the Dina and Raphael Recanati Chair of Medicine at Harvard Medical School and is the chief of experimental medicine at the Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, in Boston. He has been a staff writer at *The New Yorker* since 1998 and is the author of several books, including "The Anatomy of Hope" and "Second Opinions." His most recent book, "How Doctors Think," part of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, was published in March.

10 A.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre
Joan Weill Center for Dance
405 West 55th Street

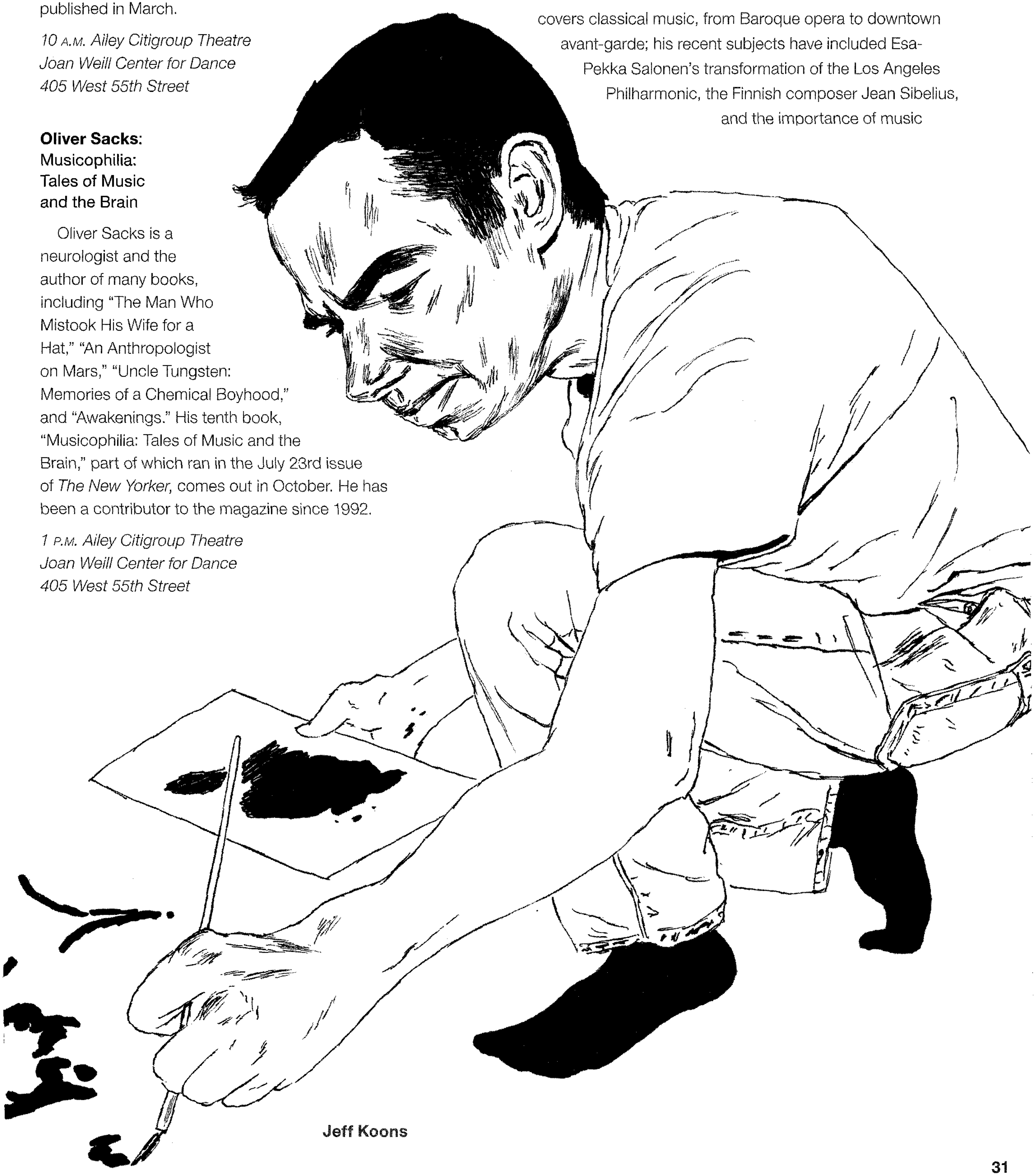
Oliver Sacks: Musicophilia: Tales of Music and the Brain

Oliver Sacks is a neurologist and the author of many books, including "The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat," "An Anthropologist on Mars," "Uncle Tungsten: Memories of a Chemical Boyhood," and "Awakenings." His tenth book, "Musicophilia: Tales of Music and the Brain," part of which ran in the July 23rd issue of *The New Yorker*, comes out in October. He has been a contributor to the magazine since 1992.

1 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre
Joan Weill Center for Dance
405 West 55th Street

Alex Ross: The Rest Is Noise—A Multimedia Tour of Twentieth-Century Music

Alex Ross is *The New Yorker's* Musical Events critic. He covers classical music, from Baroque opera to downtown avant-garde; his recent subjects have included Esa-Pekka Salonen's transformation of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the Finnish composer Jean Sibelius, and the importance of music



Jeff Koons

education. His first book, "The Rest Is Noise: Listening to the Twentieth Century," is out in October.

4 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre, Joan Weill Center for Dance
405 West 55th Street

Master Classes

Poetry: **Robert Hass and Katha Pollitt**

Robert Hass was the United States Poet Laureate from 1995 to 1997. He is the author of several poetry collections, including "Human Wishes" and "Sun Under Wood," and he translated, with the author, several volumes of poetry by Czeslaw Milosz. "Now & Then," a collection of his columns from the Washington *Post*, was published in April, and his fifth collection of poems, "Time and Materials," is out in October.

Katha Pollitt writes the Subject to Debate column for *The Nation*, where she has been a contributor since 1980. Her books include "Reasonable Creatures," "Virginity or Death!," and the poetry collection "Antarctic Traveller," which won a National Book Critics Circle Award. A collection of her essays, "Learning to Drive," has just been published. She has been contributing poems, essays, and criticism to *The New Yorker* since 1975.

10 A.M. Acura Stage at Helen Mills Theatre
139 West 26th Street

Profile Writing: **Susan Orlean and Mark Singer**

Susan Orlean has been contributing articles to *The New Yorker* since 1987, many of them collected in "The Bullfighter Checks Her Makeup: My Encounters with Extraordinary People." Her other books include "My Kind of Place" and "The Orchid Thief," which was the basis for the film "Adaptation." Her most recent subjects for the magazine have included the gentrification of South Boston, pigeon racing, and the origami artist Robert Lang. She is working on a book about Rin Tin Tin.

Mark Singer has been a staff writer at *The New Yorker* since 1974. His books include "Funny Money," which first appeared in the magazine in serialized form, and three collections of his *New Yorker* pieces: "Mr. Personality," "Somewhere in America," and "Character Studies: Encounters with the Curiously Obsessed." Among his many subjects for the magazine are Ricky Jay, Donald Trump, Stephen King, Martin Scorsese, and Howard Dean.

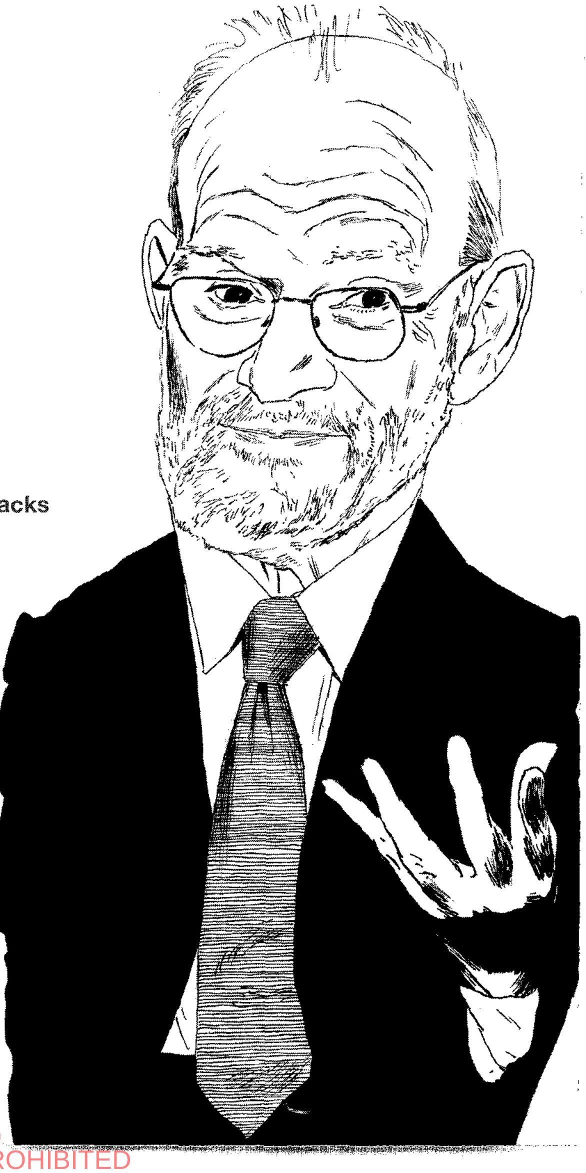
1 P.M. Acura Stage at Helen Mills Theatre
139 West 26th Street

Photography: **Mary Ellen Mark and Martin Schoeller**

Mary Ellen Mark, a staff photographer for *The New Yorker*, has worked and been exhibited around the world. Her photo essay on runaway children in Seattle was the basis for the Oscar-nominated documentary film "Streetwise." She has published fifteen books, most recently "Twins," parts of which appeared in *The New Yorker*, and "Exposure," a career retrospective of her work. A forthcoming book, "Extraordinary Child," concerning disabled children in Iceland, comes out in November. The many subjects she has photographed for the magazine include Tiki Barber, Michael Bloomberg, Billy Graham, and Bill Clinton.

Martin Schoeller is a staff photographer for *The New Yorker*. His subjects for the magazine have included Derek Jeter, Jon Stewart, Lance Armstrong, Dan Rather, and Donald Rumsfeld. His most recent photographs, of the Pirahã tribe of northwestern Brazil, appeared in the April 16th issue. His work has been exhibited internationally and is displayed in the permanent collection of the National Portrait Gallery in Washington. "Close Up," a collection of his portraits, was published in 2005.

4 P.M. Acura Stage at Helen Mills Theatre
139 West 26th Street



Oliver Sacks

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The New Yorker Festival is a production of The New Yorker.

Festival Headquarters

Is your favorite event sold out? Head to Festival Headquarters, located at Metropolitan Pavilion, **125 West 18th Street** (between Sixth and Seventh Avenues). **There you can:**

Purchase last-minute tickets. Tickets to ALL events will be sold at Festival Headquarters, beginning on Friday and continuing throughout the weekend.

Purchase limited-edition merchandise, including Festival T-shirts and posters as well as books and DVDs by *New Yorker* writers and artists and Festival participants.

Attend book signings and other Festival events, as listed.

Get additional information on Festival programs.

Festival Headquarters will be open on **Friday from 3 P.M. to 6 P.M.**, on **Saturday from 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.**, and on **Sunday from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.**

Tickets will also be sold at the doors to each event one hour before start time, with the exception of Behind the Scenes at the Museum, Come Hungry, Inside the Artist's Studio, and the tour of Bloomberg L.P. headquarters. Cash only.

Book Signings at Festival Headquarters

Saturday

12 noon

Junot Díaz – "The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao: A Novel"

A. M. Homes – "The Mistress's Daughter: A Memoir"

1 P.M.

Annie Proulx – "Bad Dirt: Wyoming Stories 2"

Paul Theroux – "The Elephanta Suite: Three Novellas"

2 P.M.

Miranda July – "No One Belongs Here More Than You"

George Saunders – "The Braindead Megaphone: Essays"

3 P.M.

Salman Rushdie – "The Ground Beneath Her Feet: A Novel"

4 P.M.

Atul Gawande – "Better: A Surgeon's Notes on Performance"

5 P.M.

Orhan Pamuk – "Other Colors: Essays and a Story"

Sunday

12 noon

Robert Hass – "Time and Materials: Poems 1997-2005"

Katha Pollitt – "Learning to Drive: And Other Life Stories"

1 P.M.

Joan Acocella – "Twenty-Eight Artists and Two Saints: Essays"

Alex Ross – "The Rest Is Noise: Listening to the Twentieth Century"

2 P.M.

Jeffrey Eugenides – "Middlesex"

Jonathan Lethem – "You Don't Love Me Yet: A Novel" and "Omega the Unknown"

3 P.M.

Neil LaBute – "Wrecks: And Other Plays"

Judith Thurman – "Cleopatra's Nose: 39 Varieties of Desire"

4 P.M.

Jeffrey Toobin – "The Nine: Inside the Secret World of the Supreme Court"

Calvin Trillin – "About Alice"

Venues

Acura Stage at Helen Mills Theatre
139 West 26th Street

Ailey Citigroup Theatre
Joan Weill Center for Dance
405 West 55th Street

Bloomberg Tower
731 Lexington Avenue

American Museum of Natural History
Central Park West at 79th Street

Angel Orensanz Foundation
172 Norfolk Street

Anthology Film Archives
32 Second Avenue

Brooklyn Lyceum
227 4th Avenue, Brooklyn

Cedar Lake Dance Studios
547 West 26th Street

Directors Guild of America
110 West 57th Street

Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française
55 East 59th Street
(Tickets are also available at the F.I.A.F. box office.)

Highline Ballroom
431 West 16th Street

Hiro Ballroom and Lounge
371 West 16th Street
(Please note: you must be 21 to be admitted to this venue.)

New York Society for Ethical Culture
2 West 64th Street

The New Yorker Cabaret at Festival Headquarters
Metropolitan Pavilion
125 West 18th Street

Town Hall
123 West 43rd Street
(Tickets are also available at the Town Hall box office.)

Schedule

Friday | October 5

Fiction Night | Readings
Daniel Alarcón and Zadie Smith
7 P.M. Angel Orensanz Foundation ($16)

Junot Díaz and Annie Proulx
7 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios ($16)

Jhumpa Lahiri and Edward P. Jones
7 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre
Joan Weill Center for Dance ($16)

Karen Russell and Jonathan Lethem
7 P.M. Anthology Film Archives ($16)

Marisa Silver and Paul Theroux
7 P.M. Acura Stage at
Helen Mills Theatre ($16)

Ann Beattie and Jonathan Franzen
9:30 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios ($16)

Fiction Night |
Conversations Between Writers
Salman Rushdie and Orhan Pamuk on Homeland
7 P.M. Highline Ballroom ($25)

Norman Mailer and Martin Amis on Monsters
9:30 P.M. Highline Ballroom ($25)

Lorrie Moore and Jeffrey Eugenides on Conformity
9:30 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre
Joan Weill Center for Dance ($25)

George Saunders and Jonathan Safran Foer on the Incredible
9:30 P.M. Angel Orensanz Foundation ($25)

Miranda July and A. M. Homes on Deviants
9:30 P.M. Anthology Film Archives ($25)

Donald Antrim and Colm Tóibín on Mothers
9:30 P.M. Acura Stage at
Helen Mills Theatre ($25)

The New Yorker Town Hall Meeting
Iraq Revisited
7 P.M. Town Hall ($16)

Friday Night Film Project
Errol Morris talks with Philip Gourevitch
8 P.M. Directors Guild of America ($25)

A New Yorker Dance Party
10 P.M. Hiro Ballroom and Lounge ($20)

Saturday | October 6

Casuals
Wake-Up Call with Andy Borowitz
10 A.M. The New Yorker Cabaret
at Festival Headquarters
Metropolitan Pavilion ($12)

Writers and Their Subjects
Neil LaBute and John Lahr
10 A.M. Acura Stage at
Helen Mills Theatre ($25)

Matthew Bourne and Joan Acocella
1 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios ($25)

Anthony Lane and Simon Schama
1 P.M. Acura Stage at
Helen Mills Theatre ($25)

Peter Sellars and Alex Ross
4 P.M. Acura Stage at
Helen Mills Theatre ($25)

In Conversation With
Seymour M. Hersh interviewed by David Remnick
1 P.M. Directors Guild of America ($25)

Steve Martin interviewed by Susan Morrison
4 P.M. Directors Guild of America ($25)

New Yorker Talks

Sasha Frere-Jones: What *Isn't* Hip-Hop?
2 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre
Joan Weill Center for Dance ($25)

Samantha Power:
Darfur—Activism Without Action
4:30 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre
Joan Weill Center for Dance ($25)

Panels

Outside the Box
10 A.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française ($25)

Investigative Journalism
10 A.M. Highline Ballroom ($25)

Casualties of War
1 P.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française ($25)

Superheroes
1 P.M. Highline Ballroom ($25)

Costume Design
4 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios ($25)

Early Shift

Fiona Apple talks with Sasha Frere-Jones:
A Conversation with Music
7:30 P.M. Brooklyn Lyceum ($35)

Anna Deavere Smith talks with John Lahr:
A Conversation with Performance
7:30 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios ($35)

An Evening with Sigur Rós
7:30 P.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française ($35)

Eugene Levy talks with Susan Orlean
7:30 P.M. Acura Stage at
Helen Mills Theatre ($35)

Rosanne Cash talks with Hendrik Hertzberg:
A Conversation with Music
7:30 P.M. Highline Ballroom ($35)

Saturday Night Sneak Preview: "The Kite Runner"
7:30 P.M. Directors Guild of America ($25)

Saturday Night Special

David Byrne Presents: How New Yorkers Ride Bikes
7:30 P.M. Town Hall ($16)

The New Yorker Debate

Resolved: The Ivy League Should Be Abolished
8 P.M. New York Society
for Ethical Culture ($20)

Casuals

New Yorker Parlor Games with Henry Alford
8 P.M. The New Yorker Cabaret
at Festival Headquarters
Metropolitan Pavilion ($25)

Late Shift

Yo La Tengo talk with Ben Greenman:
A Conversation with Music
10 P.M. Brooklyn Lyceum ($35)

John C. Reilly talks with Dana Goodyear
10 P.M. Cedar Lake Dance Studios ($35)

Bill Nighy talks with Michael Specter
10 P.M. Acura Stage at
Helen Mills Theatre ($35)

Dick Dale, Billy Gibbons, Vernon Reid, and Omar Rodriguez-Lopez talk with Nick Paumgarten:
A Conversation with Music
10 P.M. Highline Ballroom ($35)

Sunday | October 7

Casuals

Bagels with Bob
10 A.M. The New Yorker Cabaret
at Festival Headquarters
Metropolitan Pavilion ($12)

About Town

Behind the Scenes at the Museum:
Mike Novacek talks with Burkhard Bilger
11 A.M. American Museum
of Natural History ($60)

Come Hungry
11 A.M. Ticket buyers will be contacted
as to the starting point. ($100)

Inside the Artist's Studio:
Jeff Koons talks with Calvin Tomkins and Dodie Kazanjian
11 A.M. Ticket buyers will be contacted
about the location. ($80)

The Next Century's Newsroom:
A Tour of Bloomberg L.P. headquarters
12 noon. Bloomberg Tower ($60)

Parkour New York:
David Belle talks with Alec Wilkinson
1 P.M. Event location to be announced.
(Free)

Writers and Their Subjects

Rachel Brand, Neal Katyal, and Jeffrey Toobin
1 P.M. Florence Gould Hall
French Institute Alliance Française ($25)

New Yorker Talks

Jerome Groopman:
What Is Missing in Medicine?
10 A.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre
Joan Weill Center for Dance ($25)

Oliver Sacks:
Musicophilia: Tales of Music and the Brain
1 P.M. Ailey Citigroup Theatre
Joan Weill Center for Dance ($25)

Alex Ross:
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Profile Writing:
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1 P.M. Acura Stage at
Helen Mills Theatre ($35)

Photography:
Mary Ellen Mark and Martin Schoeller
4 P.M. Acura Stage at
Helen Mills Theatre ($35)

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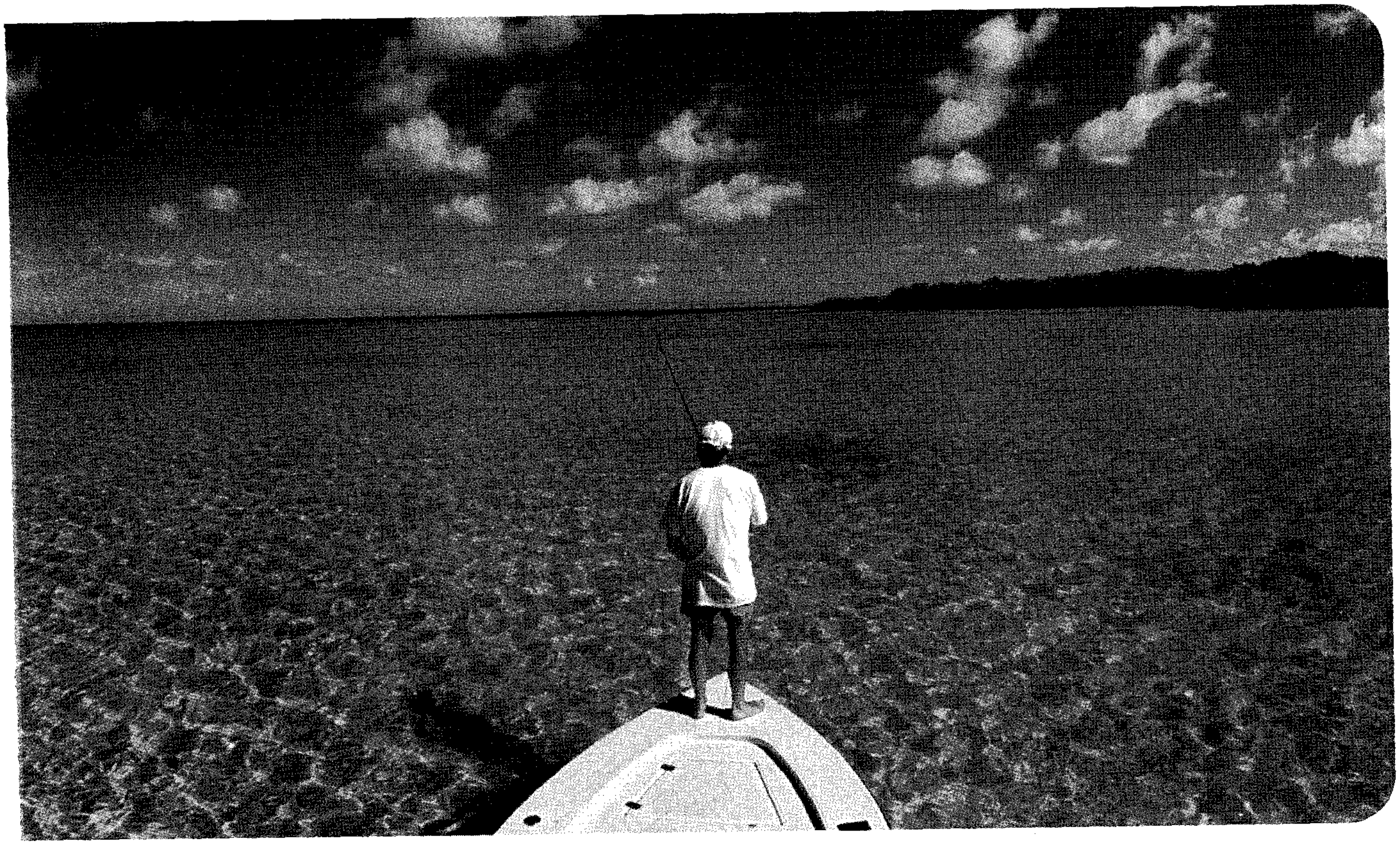

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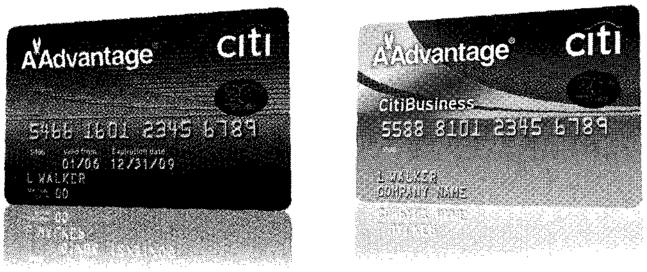

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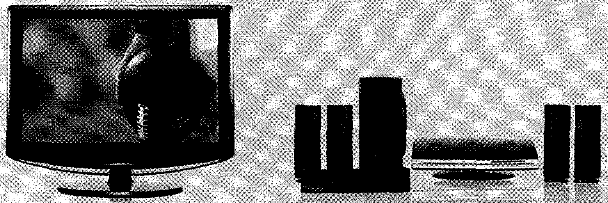

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beautiful baby, but she can be difficult at times. It's hard not to blame yourself. But it's very important to teach her how to calm herself."

After Juliana left the clinic, High said, "Moms feel they need to do everything in response to a screaming child. One of the key things we teach moms with colicky babies is that this unhealthy symbiosis needs to be broken. The baby must learn self-soothing." As the mother learns to let the baby cry, Lester said, "the baby will realize 'Gee, I can do this.'"

High and Twomey told me that the physician who referred Juliana to the clinic noted that she was very depressed. Four years ago, High conducted a survey of more than four thousand Rhode Island women, comparing the incidence of maternal depression and inconsolable infant crying. "Depression and colic were strong predictors of one another," High said. "The problem in the mother and the problem in the child exacerbate each other." High and Twomey occasionally refer mothers to a mental-health clinic at Women and Infants' Hospital for psychiatric care.

Lester believes that some infants who suffer from colic are "hypersensitive to normal stimuli": they perceive and react to changes in their bodies (such as hunger or gas pangs) or in their environment (such as loud noises or the experience of being touched) more acutely than do other babies. In the mid-nineties, he studied forty-five children between the ages of three and eight who had had colic as infants (and had been seen at his clinic). He found that thirty-four of them—about seventy-five per cent—suffered from behavioral problems, including a limited attention span, tantrums, and irritation after being touched or coming in contact with particular fabrics or tags in their clothing. "Some of the kids would get very annoyed and refuse to put on a hat," he told me. The children apparently objected to the sensation of having fabric on their head.

Lester speculates that many colicky infants are so sensitive to stimuli that physical contact with their parents is unlikely to soothe them, a theory that may be supported by data from societies in which babies are held continuously. Ronald Barr, the co-author of the 1997 study on infant cries, has analyzed data gathered by Harvard researchers between 1969 and 1971, during a study of the !Kung San, a tribe of hunter-gatherers in Botswana who practice a version of attachment parenting. "We found that the !Kung San carry their babies upright, have skin-to-skin contact day and night, breast-feed every 13.69 minutes for the first one to two years of life, and respond within fifteen seconds to any fret or whimper," Barr, who now teaches at the University of British Columbia, told me. "The duration of the crying is fifty per cent less among the !Kung San compared with Western babies, but the !Kung San still have what we call colic, with episodes of inconsolable crying."

Barr cited recent research by Ian St. James-Roberts, a child psychologist at the University of London, and several researchers in England and Denmark. The group studied three sets of parents and their infants, in London and Copenhagen. On average, the Danish parents held their babies for almost ten hours each day, including six and a half hours while the infants were awake. The British parents held their babies for about eight and a half hours a day, including six hours while they were awake. The third set, made up of both Britons and Danes, practiced an approach similar to attachment parenting known as "proximal care": they held their infants more than sixteen hours a day, breast-fed them frequently, and responded immediately to fussing. The researchers found that the London infants cried fifty per cent more than the Danish or proximal-care infants at ten days and at five weeks of age. But episodes of inconsolable crying occurred in all three of the groups, and there were no significant differences in the amount of "colicky crying" at five weeks of age.

Like most experts in the field, Barr and St. James-Roberts regard colic as an essentially benign condition that has no lasting effect on a child. (Barr said that the only potentially significant negative consequence of colic is child abuse. "More than ninety per cent of cases of shaken-baby syndrome—where a parent chokes and shakes an infant so vigorously as to cause

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THE NEW YORKER Festival October 5|6|7

Just Added!

Ian McEwan interviewed by David Remnick

Saturday, October 6th, at 10 A.M.
Directors Guild of America
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Judd Apatow, Seth Rogen, and David Denby

Sunday, October 7th, at 4 P.M.
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trauma that results in hospital admission—are caused by crying," he said.) Lester, however, believes that some afflicted infants may be at risk of developing behavioral problems as children, in part because colic affects the way parents interact with them as babies. "Colic threatens to cause problems in the child's ability to form relationships, because the child doesn't learn behavioral regulation and develops problems with impulse control," Lester said. "It starts out with crying, and then, when the child is older, he doesn't control his emotions very well." In his book "Why Is My Baby Crying? The Parent's Survival Guide for Coping with Crying Problems and Colic" (2005), Lester writes, "Despite what many well-meaning pediatricians tell parents, colic is not a harmless condition. Our research—as well as plenty of others'—has shown that these babies are more likely to have difficult temperaments and to experience feeding and sleeping problems. . . . They can go on to have behavior issues in preschool and problems later on in school with attention/hyperactivity, sensory integration, and emotional reactivity."

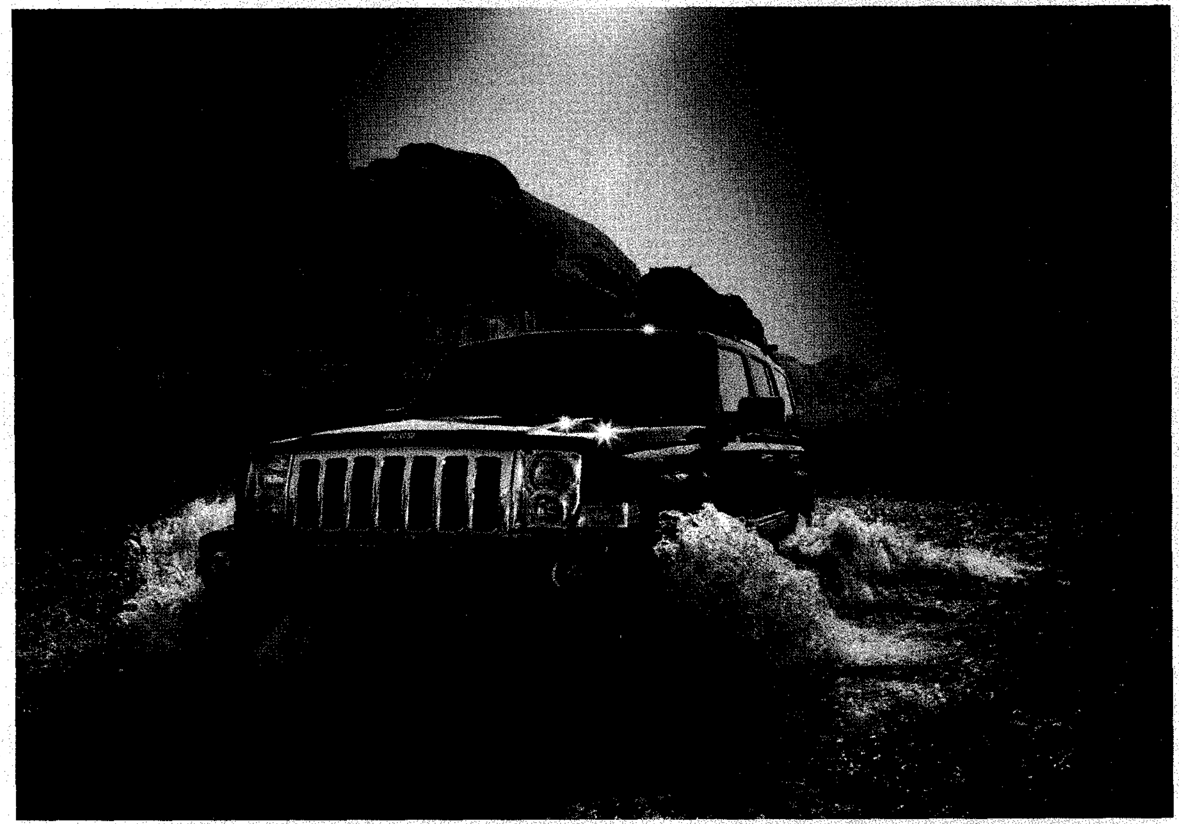
There have been few long-range studies of colicky infants; the most substantial data in support of Lester's claims come from the Finnish Family Competence Study Project, by researchers at the University of Turku, in Finland. Beginning in 1986, the researchers studied firstborn children from three months to three years, using information taken from questionnaires completed by their parents and public-health nurses. Three hundred and thirty-eight infants suffering from colic were compared with eight hundred and sixty-six infants who did not have the condition. The researchers analyzed the infants' interactions within their families, the parents' reported levels of satisfaction with their daily routines, child-care arrangements, and the children's behavior and development. The parents of previously colicky infants were found to be more dissatisfied with family life and the amount of time they had for both leisure and shared activities than were the parents of children who had not had colic. Mothers regarded the fathers' contributions to the household as less adequate compared with the non-colic group, and their children, at the age of three, were more likely to sleep in their parents' bedroom. Moreover, the three-year-olds in the colic group had significantly greater difficulty falling asleep and more frequent temper tantrums. The Finnish researchers concluded that the children's problems were likely related to behaviors that began during the period when the infant had colic and were not the result of the colic itself.

"In agreement with previous studies, sleeping disorders were more frequent in the children who had been colicky as infants," the researchers wrote in 1995. "These sleeping patterns may suggest that there are problems as far as separation from the parents is concerned or difficulties in setting limits. Temper tantrums are normal reactions when the wishes of a child are not fulfilled. Some behavior, however, has to be limited. The more frequent temper tantrums in the colic group may be because of certain personality characteristics resulting in more resistance to imposition of limits, and/or they may refer to inconsistency or helplessness in managing the situations by the parents." As Lester put it, "The parent must attend to the needs of the baby and also help the baby learn self-limits and control." Because colic is the "first bump in the road for many parents," he said, "it will influence how you deal with the second, the third, and so on, creating a template for how you deal with future interactions with your child. Sure, we know the crying is going to stop, but the damage that's done to the mother and the family can be long-lasting and hard to put right again."

"Is this your first time with an undercover cop?"

Still, the research on the long-term effects of colic on infants and their parents is, at best, preliminary, and the respective contributions of genes and environment in triggering the condition remain murky. Lester concedes that most people who suffered from colic as infants and from temper tantrums as toddlers do not exhibit behavioral problems as adults, regardless of how their parents responded to their cries.

A few weeks ago, I spoke to Amanda Chase, who told me that her twins had got over their colic in early March, when they were about six months old. "I was relieved, but too exhausted to really appreciate it," she said. "I feel as though I lost a good six months of my life." She added that one night, around the time the twins began to improve, she had stayed up late reading about colic on a parenting Web site. "A mother wrote in, sounding incredibly depressed and overwhelmed, about a baby that she felt she could not put down," Amanda said. "I remember she said, 'I don't know how much longer I can do this; I have to hold her twenty-four hours a day.' It was the middle of the night, and I should have been asleep, but I couldn't go to bed without leaving her with some support. I wrote her a long e-mail in which I urged her to get someone to spell her. You just feel so helpless—as helpless as the babies themselves." ♦



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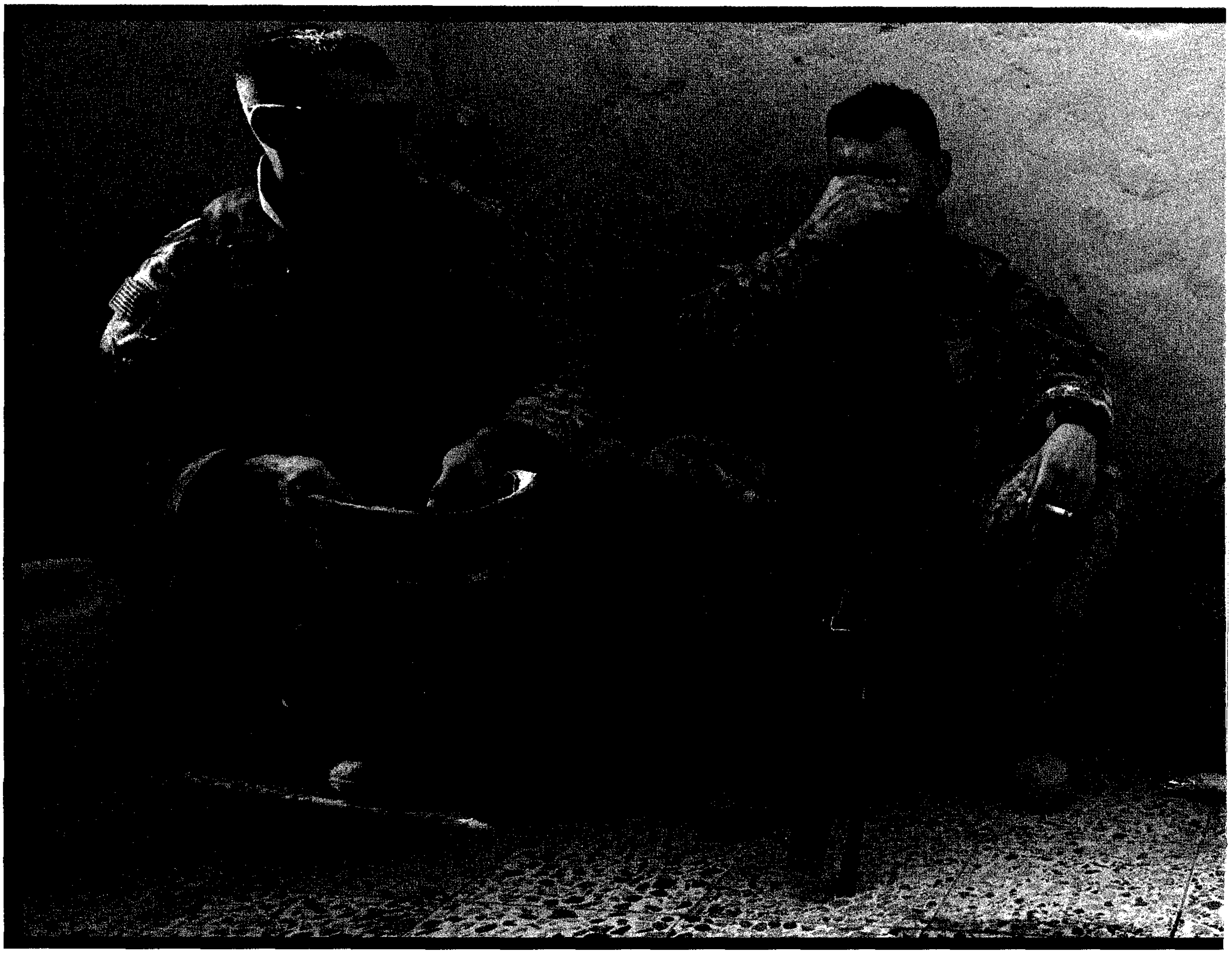


ATLAS PRESS

A REPORTER AT LARGE

PLANNING FOR DEFEAT

How should we withdraw from Iraq?

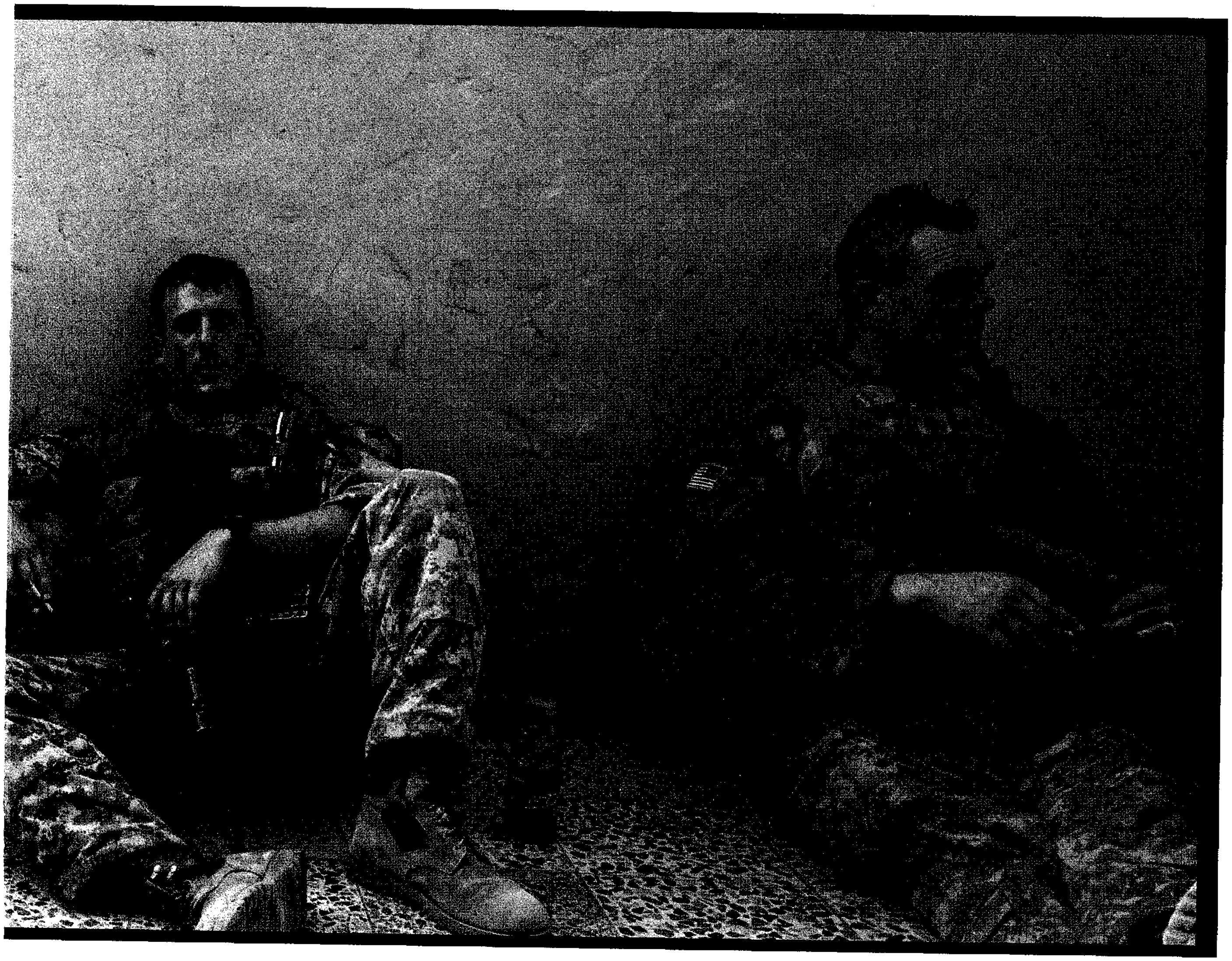
BY GEORGE PACKER

An Iraqi whom I will call Ahmed lives in Saidiya, an area in south Baghdad where, in the nineteen-eighties, the regime of Saddam Hussein built large houses for well-connected Army officers, most of them Sunnis. After the American invasion, in 2003, Saidiya became a base of Sunni resistance, but since last year vicious sectarian fighting has divided its streets between Sunni and Shia, with front lines crisscrossing the district; the highway separating Saidiya from the Shiite area of Bayya, to the northwest, now marks an impassable boundary. "It's just like the Great Wall of China," Ahmed said, during a recent phone conversation. A graduate of Baghdad University, with a degree in English literature, he worked before the war as a news translator for Iraqi state television.

Saidiya has one of the highest rates of sectarian killings in the city. Eighty-four unidentified corpses were found there between mid-June and mid-July, according to Zeyad Kasim, a researcher at IraqSlogger.com, a news-gathering Web site. Ahmed said that the number actually represents an improvement—earlier this year, he saw bodies lying in the streets even more frequently. The U.S. military "surge" launched this spring, in which thirty thousand additional American forces arrived in Baghdad, has helped to stabilize Saidiya's sectarian borders. The Americans don't often patrol Ahmed's neighborhood, but, when Iraqi Army forces call in air support, Apache attack helicopters can reach Saidiya within minutes.

Ahmed has little faith in the Iraqi Army itself. He said that the soldiers behave unprofessionally, don't respect the chain of command, and seem more concerned with their salaries than with their responsibilities. "Ninety per cent of my neighborhood think the Iraqi Army is hopeless," he said.

There is no functioning government in



Saidiya. The power supply has dropped to less than two hours a day, and for a *month* Ahmed—a thirty-seven-year-old father of two who suffers from diabetes and a heart condition—could obtain water only from a hole that he dug in his back yard. His neighborhood is under the control of a Shiite militia claiming allegiance to Moqtada al-Sadr, the radical scion of a powerful clerical family, who has emerged as perhaps the most important political figure in Iraq. The militia employs the crippled and the poor to collect protection money, controls a black market for fuel, and forcibly recruits young men into its ranks as lookouts against the Americans. Its local "security" force consists of teenagers brandishing AK-47s.

Ahmed, who has a Shiite father and a Sunni mother, considers himself a secular Shiite, and, in his view, the religious militias want to force people like him out of Baghdad. "Americans are the safe house for the whole situation in Iraq," he said. "Once they say they are going to withdraw, the whole country will become a hell." He went on, "I imagine that no Sunnis will be in Baghdad at all. Baghdad will be only for the Shiite man with the long beard and black *imama*—the turban. The Americans are representing the taboos, just like 'Lord of the Flies.' I imagine the Shiites will be just like that if the Americans have to withdraw. Who can fight will fight, who must leave will leave." He added, "Those who are weak, who are trying to avoid the savagery, those who are at the edge of being eaten by the Shiite specifically—that will be the end point, that will be their doomsday. The plan, as we hear it, is to make Baghdad empty of Sunnis."

This week, Ryan Crocker, the U.S. Ambassador in Baghdad, and General David Petraeus, the commander of the multinational forces in Iraq, will give their assessment of the surge to Congress—an event that, in Washington, has taken on the aura of a make-or-break moment for the Administration's policy. But their testimony is likely to be unremarkable. Administration officials, military officers, and members of Congress described their expectations of it in strikingly similar terms, and a few said that they could write it in advance: military progress, a political stalemate among Iraqis, more time needed.

The Petraeus-Crocker testimony is the kind of short-lived event on which the Administration has relied to shore up support for the war: the "Mission Accomplished" declaration, the deaths of Uday and Qusay Hussein, Saddam's capture, the transfer of sovereignty, the three rounds of voting, the Plan for Victory, the death of Abu Musab al-Zarqawi. Every new milestone, however illusory, allows the Administration to avoid thinking

Without extraordinary measures, it will be hard to maintain current troop levels past next summer. Photograph by Lucian Read.

"Our hands are tied—he donated the wing."

• •

ahead, to the years when the mistakes of Iraq will continue to haunt the U.S.

The media have largely followed the Administration's myopic approach to the war, and there is likely to be intense coverage of the congressional testimony. But the inadequacy of the surge is already clear, if one honestly assesses the daily lives of Iraqis. Though the streets of Baghdad are marginally less lethal than they were during 2006, sixty thousand Iraqis a month continue to leave their homes, according to the International Organization for Migration, joining the two million who have become refugees and the two million others displaced inside Iraq. The militias, which have become less conspicuous as they wait out the surge, are nevertheless growing in strength, as they extend their control over neighborhoods like Ahmed's. In the backstreets, the local markets, the university classrooms, and other realms beyond the reach of American observers or American troops, there is no rule of law, only the rule of the gun. The lives of most Iraqis are dominated by a complex array of militias and criminal gangs that are ruthlessly competing with one another, and whose motives for killing are more often economic or personal than religious or ideological. A recent report by the International Crisis Group urged the American and British governments to acknowledge that their "so-called Iraqi partners, far from building a new state, are tirelessly working to tear it down."

After the string of bad decisions made by American leaders in the early years of the occupation, officials in Baghdad have made various technical corrections: training the new Iraqi Army in a more professional way, funding reconstruction projects that show faster results, and applying the methods of counter-insurgency to the war. But these improved approaches came much too late, and didn't quell the profound sectarian hatreds that emerged after Saddam's removal. A former Baghdad Embassy official told me, "If Iraqi leaders, in their own heart of hearts, don't share a vision, there's just not much you can do about it. I don't think accommodation is going to happen."

This political failure can't be attributed to the Iraqis alone. Iraq's leadership was originally installed, along sectarian lines, by the American-led Coalition Provisional Authority, and the chaos that followed the invasion drove Iraqis to seek safety in armed groups based on identity. The inability of Iraq's communities to reconcile doesn't absolve the United States of responsibility. Instead, it raises a new set of moral and strategic questions that are, in their way, more painful than at any other phase of the war. Facing these questions requires American leaders to do what they have not yet done—to look beyond the next three or six months, to the next two or three years. When America prepares, inevitably, to leave, what can we do to limit the damage that will follow our departure, not just for Iraq's sake but for our own?

White House officials are determined to present the surge as a dramatic turn in the war—as if the war could still be won. In interviews with me, they blamed the public's dissatisfaction on the Democrats, for "playing politics" with the war; on journalists, for being impervious to good news; and on the public, for having a short attention span. Peter Wehner, a former adviser to President George W. Bush who left the White House last month, acknowledged that the Administration had made many mistakes in Iraq. But he insisted that victory was still possible. Bush, he said, "has the stiffest spine in the Administration," and he described Petraeus as a man who could enter the military pantheon next to Grant, if only the American people would give him the chance. "What happens if, at the eleventh hour, we're witnessing one of the most remarkable feats in American history on the part of a general?" he said. "If that's the case, why do you want to give up now?"

Bush will likely use Petraeus's testimony, and his military prestige, to claim authority for sustaining the largest possible American presence in Iraq through the end of his Presidency. But how large could that presence realistically be? Currently, there are a hundred and sixty thousand troops in Iraq. The natural life of the surge will end in 2008, when the brigades sent earlier this year will finish their fifteen-month tours and return home. After that, it will become virtually impossible to maintain current troop levels—at least, for an Administration that has shown no willingness to disturb the lives of large numbers of Americans in order to wage the war. Young officers are leaving the Army at alarming rates, and, if the deployments of troops who have already served two or three tours are extended from fifteen to eighteen months, the Pentagon fears that the ensuing attrition might wreck the Army for a generation. Activating the National Guard or the reserves for longer periods could cause the bottom to fall out of public support for the war. Beyond these measures, there are simply no more troops available.

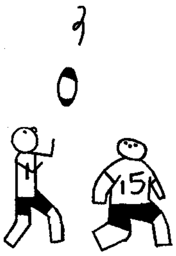
Several years ago, at the beginning of the insurgency, then Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld decided that additional forces were not needed in Iraq, and he refused calls for a long-term expansion of the Army and the Marine Corps. With Rumsfeld gone and command in Iraq given to Petraeus—an innovative military thinker who oversaw the writing of the new counter-insurgency field manual—the Administration at last has a real strategy; but, having wasted four years, it now lacks the forces needed to sustain the gains made by the surge. According to a Pentagon consultant, a strategic-planning cell of colonels serving under the Army chief of staff, General George Casey, has estimated that the number of soldiers and marines who can be kept in Iraq into 2009 will be, at maximum, a hundred and thirty thousand. On Labor Day, at an airbase in western Iraq, Bush said, "If the kind of success we are now seeing here continues, it will be possible to maintain the same level of security with fewer American forces." What he didn't say was that some withdrawals will almost certainly have to come next year, regardless of the military's "success."

In the view of most Democrats, the inevitability of reduced troop numbers, the political stalemate in Baghdad, and the dwindling of public support in America require that a withdrawal begin soon. All the Democratic candidates for President have declared that they will end the war. And many Republicans in Congress have embraced the report issued last December by the Iraq Study Group, which called for regional diplomacy and for American combat units to be withdrawn; residual troops, likely numbering fifty to sixty thousand, would be limited to training and advising, counterterrorism, and force protection. The report did not impose a timeline, but others have tried to do so. In the Senate, two Democrats—Jack Reed, of Rhode Island, and Carl Levin, of Michigan—have introduced an amendment to a defense-appropriations bill which would require troop withdrawals to begin within four months of the bill's passage, leaving behind only a "limited presence." Among its co-sponsors are three Republican senators and three Democratic Presidential candidates: Hillary Clinton, Barack Obama, and Joseph Biden. In August, Senator John Warner, the Virginia Republican, called for some troop withdrawals to begin before Christmas.

The Democratic congressional leadership has refused to bring up for a vote bipartisan compromise proposals that lack a timeline for withdrawal. Senator Lamar Alexander, a Tennessee Republican, co-sponsored one such bill, which is based on the Iraq Study Group report; he said that, if the Democratic leadership allowed his proposal to come to the floor, it could get enough votes to compel the President's support. "You have the President being inflexible and the Democrats playing politics," Alexander said. If the legislative deadlock continues until the end of Bush's Presidency, the White House, by default, will get what it wants.

In Washington, the debate over the war is dominated by questions about troop numbers and timelines—that is, by immediate American political realities. The country seems trapped in an eternal present, paralyzed by its past mistakes. There is little or no discussion, on either side, of what America's Iraq policy should be during the next five or ten years, or of what will be possible as resources dwindle and priorities shift. If there is any contingency planning in the government, it's being done at such a secretive, or obscure, level that a repetition of the institutional disarray with which America entered Iraq seems bound to mark our departure.

Preparing a judicious withdrawal from Iraq will demand the integrated effort of the whole government, not just under this President but under the next one as well. "You just cannot pretend that the Iraq war never happened and everything can go back to how it was before," the former Embassy official told me. "The status quo before 2003 no longer exists. We have introduced fundamental new disequilibriums into one of the most sensitive parts of the globe. How do you contain it?" He added, "People have to start thinking about these things—small study groups with military, State, and intelligence people sketching out what are the core interests on a regional level, and working back from that to discuss some options. If that's been done, I don't know about it."



In June, a new center-left think tank, the Center for a New American Security, issued a report called "Phased Transition." It envisions a gradual shift from the current strategy of taking the lead in counter-insurgency operations to a "support" role in Iraq. The report goes into more detail about this transition than the Iraq Study Group did, and it proposes a timeline. Troop levels would be reduced to sixty thousand by January, 2009, with a third of those remaining involved in a greatly expanded advisory effort—U.S. soldiers would embed with Iraqi forces, help them plan and conduct operations, and act as intelligence sources, identifying capable, corrupt, and sectarian Iraqi leaders. This process would continue for several years before a complete withdrawal would begin, around 2012. At the moment, there are only some six thousand Americans training and advising Iraqis; after four years of war, the Pentagon has not committed the resources to broaden this effort, even though counter-insurgency warfare depends on the emergence of a capable indigenous Army. (A military spokesman disputed this, saying, "The Pentagon is going above and beyond the requirements it has been tasked to fill.")

Colin Kahl, a professor of security studies at Georgetown, contributed to the "Phased Transition" report. He warned that, in order for the plan to work, preparations would have to begin very soon. Advisory teams take considerable time to build. Officers and senior sergeants, culled from the limited number still available, would have to be assembled and trained months in advance of deployment; and skimming the cream of the Army and the Marine Corps for an advisory effort would reduce the efficacy of combat brigades. In other words, Kahl argued, President Bush needs to be forced to compromise now, or else the war will end in a precipitate, chaotic flight. Kahl told me, "If Bush keeps the pedal on the surge until the end of his Presidency, we will rocket off the cliff, and it guarantees that the next President will get elected on a pledge to get us out of Iraq *now*."

American officials, including Bush, talk a lot these days about decentralizing the military's efforts in Iraq—about building up local government and security forces, and pushing resources out of Baghdad. In the absence of a functioning national government, it's the only way to begin stabilizing parts of the

FAME

We were at dinner in SoHo
and the couple at the next table
rose to go. The woman paused to say
to me, *I just wanted you to know*
I have got all your cookbooks
and I swear by them!

I managed
to answer her, *Ma'am,*
they've done you nothing but good!
which was perhaps immodest
of whoever I am.

—*Les Murray*

country. America has achieved some successes in the past few months—alliances have been made with tribal and municipal leaders in Anbar and other Sunni areas—but these are only temporary fixes. And, without a functioning state in Iraq, U.S. support of these Sunni forces could easily lead to renewed violence and warlordism. It isn't clear that the tribal leaders behind the so-called "Sunni awakening," which emerged in opposition to the brutality of Al Qaeda in Iraq, see their present allegiances as anything other than tactical steps toward an eventual showdown with the ultimate enemy: the Shiite-led government, and its Iranian backers. Recently, there has been talk among American officers of applying a similar formula in the south of Iraq, by allying with Shiite tribes that have begun to resist the extremist religious militias. But supporting sectarian factions without fuelling an even larger conflagration would require a deftness that the American military has seldom displayed thus far. "This could go wrong in seven thousand ways," Kahl said of the new policy. "It's the 'sorcerer's apprentice' effect—we unleash forces we can't control."

Some leaders in Washington, such as Senator Biden, believe that the divisions between Iraq's ethnic groups are so intractable that the only solution is to divide Iraq into three autonomous regions: Shiite, Sunni, and Kurdish. But the idea of partition can't be imposed by outsiders and, so far, has no support from Iraqis. The past few years have made Iraqis deathly afraid of one another, but, apart from the Kurds, the war has not made most of them want to stop being Iraqis. A recent poll by academic researchers in Michigan found that the percentage of Baghdad residents identifying themselves as "Iraqis above all" more than doubled, across all groups, between 2004 and 2006. Civil war and sectarian rule have tarnished the prestige of religious parties and increased the appeal of a non-sectarian government. In August, the Shiite governors of two provinces in the south—a region that is almost entirely Shiite—were murdered, presumably by rival Shiite factions. This suggests that a partitioned Iraq would not be a peaceful or stable Iraq. Smaller civil wars would keep igniting, and the mixed cities would remain bloody, even if a way could be found to separate their populations. Nor is partition a formula for a quick American exit: to make it work, large numbers of troops would have to remain in Iraq, dividing and protecting the various factions and, in some cases, transporting people across sectarian lines. This, too, could go wrong in seven thousand ways. American troops could end up in a role similar to that of peacekeepers during the Bosnian civil war, supposedly guaranteeing safe passage to unarmed civilians who are targeted by their enemies for slaughter.

It's easy to fall under the illusion that a perfectly framed ten-point proposal could allow for a painless withdrawal. But what if there is no such thing as a "responsible exit" from Iraq? This is the view of Stephen Biddle, a fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations, who spent the spring in Iraq, as part of a strategic-assessment team of military and civilian experts. He said, "When you look at the spectrum of policy approaches in Iraq right now, the extremes"—maintaining the largest force possible or pulling out immediately—"make more sense than the middle." The "middle-ground policies," he argued, "tend to dramatically reduce our ability to control the environment militarily, because they all involve withdrawing about half of the troops. It's our combat activity that's currently capping violence around the country, and almost everybody would cut that out—which means the violence is only going to increase. And yet they leave tens of thousands of Americans in the country, to act as targets. Continued U.S. casualties, continued deterioration of the situation all around them: within two or three years, that's going to generate powerful pressure to go all the way to the zero option. Why not do it sooner, and save the seven to eight hundred lives you're going to lose to walk through this drill in the meantime?"

A military officer with extensive experience in Iraq was less polite. "I just think it's dishonest when people say we could go to advisory, get to fifty thousand troops, focus on training, still do the counterterrorism thing but not counter-insurgency," he said. The reality of Iraq is bound to defeat the fantasies of Washington, the officer suggested. "What about the enemy, man?" he said. "Are we going to ask *them* to conform to our plan?"

David Kilcullen, an Australian counter-insurgency adviser who served on Petraeus's staff in the first half of the year, said, "The real question is not withdrawal dates or troop numbers. The real question is: What do we want Iraq to look like once we don't have a hundred and sixty thousand troops there? And is what we want achievable?" This spring, Kilcullen also served on the strategic-assessment team, which was led by Colonel H. R. McMaster, of the U.S. Army; David Pearce, of the State Department; and Colonel James Richardson, of the British Army. The assessment implicitly contradicted the Administration's rhetoric by declaring the violence in Iraq to be driven by a communal power struggle in which the Iraqi government was one of the main actors. The goal that it set for the next two years was not a democratic Iraq but "sustainable security," with Iraqis in the lead. One participant told me that a majority of the team believed that it was too late to achieve this goal.

In Kilcullen's view, allowing the surge to run its course into next spring, while doing as much damage as possible to Al Qaeda in Iraq in the meantime, would make it likelier that a gradual withdrawal of troops would not leave behind the chaos of previous drawdowns—from Falluja and Mosul in 2004, from Tal Afar and Baquba in 2005, and from Baghdad in 2006. He said, "The longer you stay there doing police and counter-intelligence work, the more long-term stability there is once you leave." He compared the surge to a course of antibiotics: "You keep taking it as long as possible, even after the symptoms are gone, to kill the underlying infection."

While serving on the assessment team, Kilcullen drew up a list of core American interests in Iraq, which he later gave to senior officials at the White House and the State Department. In order of priority, the list contained the following items: maintain the flow of oil and gas in the region; prevent the establishment of an Al Qaeda safe haven in Iraq; contain Iranian influence; prevent a regional war; prevent a humanitarian catastrophe on the scale of Rwanda; and restore American credibility in the region and in the world (which Kilcullen called "the master interest," and which doing all the others would go a long way toward achieving). Some interests, he acknowledged to me, might be incompatible: for example, undermining both Sunni-led Al Qaeda and Shiite Iran.

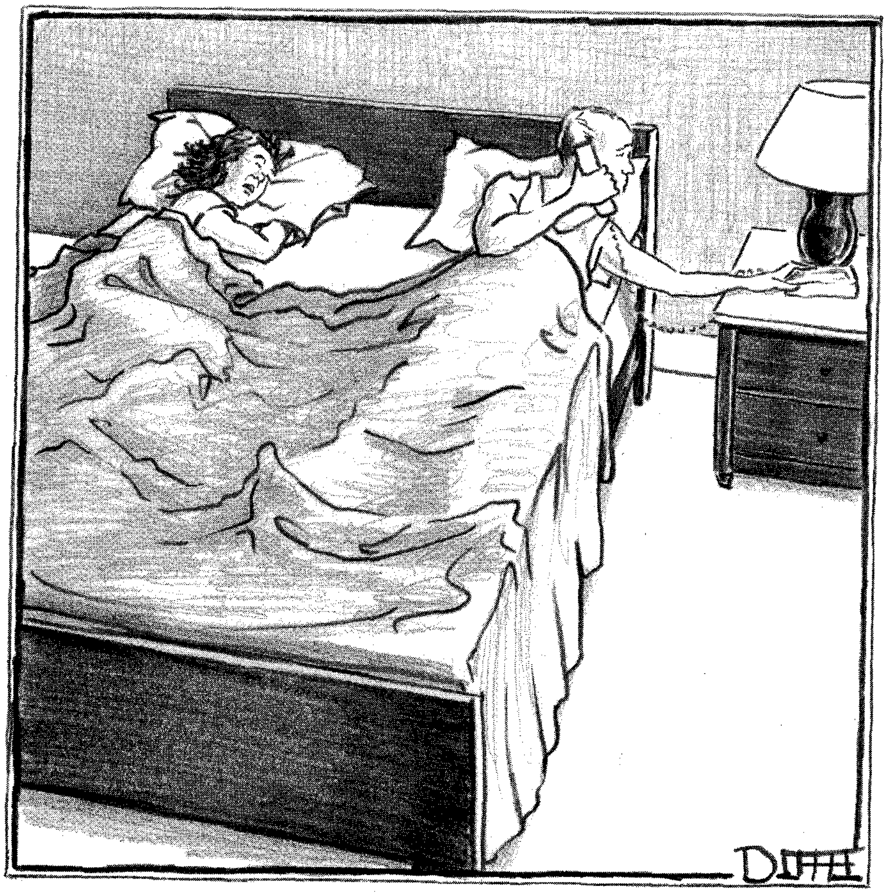
Most proposals for withdrawal emphasize at least three of the interests on Kilcullen's list. One is counterterrorism. The Center for American Progress, a liberal think tank, released a plan in June that calls for ending support for Iraq's national-level security forces and removing all U.S. troops by the end of next year. It sets firm deadlines and abandons the effort to create a stronger central government and Army. This plan claims that it will actually be easier to fight Al Qaeda if American forces aren't pinned down in Iraq—a recruiting poster for jihadists around the world. "Redeploying U.S. troops would make Iraq a quagmire for our terrorist enemies and rivals in the region," the authors of the plan confidently assert. Pakistan, not Iraq, will likely remain the headquarters of international jihad, but the idea that a fragmented Iraq will be a hard place for terrorists to thrive willfully ignores the recent examples of Somalia, Afghanistan, Lebanon, and Pakistan. And, without large numbers of American troops in Iraq, counterterrorism efforts will be limited to U.S. electronic surveillance and intelligence from Iraqi sources, with operations carried out by the Iraqis, whose interests and agendas constantly shift.

A second strategic interest is preventing a regional war. Every plan for withdrawal puts a strong emphasis on diplomacy in the Middle East. Talking to other countries in the region, including America's enemies, is a lot more appealing than being targeted by them inside Iraq. Ambassador Crocker met his Iranian counterpart in Baghdad several times over the summer, but the talks thus far have been fruitless, with the Americans demanding an end to Iranian subversion in Iraq and the Iranians denying the charges. Unless the talks take place at the level of the Secretary of State, and broach the full range of antagonisms between the U.S. and Iran—nuclear weapons, regional security, Lebanon, Afghanistan—they stand little chance of succeeding.

The notion that Iraq and the Middle East will be more stable without an American occupation, as the Center for American Progress claims, misunderstands the role that America has come to play in Iraq: as a brake on the violent forces let loose by the war. America's diplomatic leverage will be weakened by a withdrawal, and Iraq's predatory neighbors will take advantage of the power vacuum to pursue their own interests. Even if regional interference doesn't take the form of Saudi troops crossing the border to defend their Sunni brothers, Iranian Revolutionary Guards infiltrating Iraq to secure Shiite power, and Turkish forces entering Kurdistan to prevent it from becoming independent, the combined effect of proxy fights, irregular incursions, and increased refugee flows will likely roil the Middle East for years. Stephen Biddle, of the Council on Foreign Relations, told me, "The likelihood is that it doesn't become a regional war, but there's a roughly thirty-to-forty-per-cent chance that it'll spread. During the Cold War, we spent trillions worrying about infinitesimally small risks. Thirty-to-forty-per-cent chance of a real, honest-to-goodness catastrophe is something that ought to factor into our policymaking now."

Zalmay Khalilzad, the Ambassador to the United Nations, who spent almost two years as the U.S. Ambassador in Baghdad, trying in vain to bring about a political compact, sketched the possible fallout in stark terms. Without Americans present, he asked, "could it intensify

"Book me, seat me, treat me bad."



"You're home, dear. We don't have room service."

• •

into a terrible situation in which you get massacres, and that not only leads to escalation in Iraq but affects others? The losing side may ask for help from its brethren next door. We cannot stand aside and let these terrible things go on."

Then there is the prospect of mass slaughter. Bush recently raised the spectre of genocide, in a speech suggesting that a withdrawal from Iraq could lead to killing on the level of Cambodia after the Vietnam War. Many Democrats were skeptical. On the campaign trail, Barack Obama said, "If that's the criteria by which we are making decisions on the deployment of U.S. forces, then by that argument you would have three hundred thousand troops in the Congo right now—where millions have been slaughtered as a consequence of ethnic strife—which we haven't done. We would be deploying unilaterally and occupying the Sudan, which we haven't done." The argument is shallow: by Obama's reasoning, America doesn't have an obligation to prevent large-scale massacres in a country it invaded and occupied, but it does have an obligation not to be hypocritical about it.

"Genocide," defined as an attempt to destroy a whole people on the basis of identity, has taken on the quality of a sacred category. It's more useful to talk about slaughter, which doesn't prompt the same amount of posturing. "Iraq's violence is already quite deadly," the Center for American Progress report says. "No single force will be able to truly gain an upper hand in the country." The first proposition is true, the second arguably true. Together, they amount to a neat self-exculpation in the wake of an American departure: violence is already widespread, and it can't get that much worse. Given the examples of Falluja and Baghdad—not to mention the unfortunate fates of Yazidis, Christians, Mandeans, and Gypsies in villages that America never occupied—the burden of proof lies on anyone who claims that Iraqis without Americans around won't be substantially worse off, and might even fare better. Even Iraqis who want American troops out immediately acknowledge that the result will be more bloodshed. If America decides to leave Iraqis to their fate, they should at least be spared the parting thought that it's for their own good.

Predictions that a departure will actually strengthen America's position are not so different from the wishful thinking of the Bush Administration. They see only the benefits of withdrawal; they refuse to face the brutal trade-offs that either staying or leaving would impose. A more honest argument says that it's simply not a core American interest to prevent Iraqis from being massacred: the result of a withdrawal may be a humanitarian tragedy but a strategic footnote. (Obama's statement implied as much.) This viewpoint has recently brought together hard-nosed realists, antiwar progressives, and isolationist conservatives. Even in narrow strategic terms, though, American interests would be harmed by large-scale slaughter in Iraq. The spectacle, televised around the world, would deepen the feeling that America is indifferent to human, especially Muslim, life. It would brand the U.S. as untrustworthy to potential allies and feckless to potential enemies. And it would destroy what's left of American prestige. Toby Dodge, an Iraq expert at Queen Mary College of the University of London, who also served on the strategic-assessment team, told me, "What has defeated America in Iraq, apart from the failure of the state and its own incompetence, are a bunch of radicals with nothing more sophisticated than reëngineered artillery shells and rocket-propelled grenades. That is a loss of cataclysmic proportions."

Dodge comes out of the British left and vehemently opposed the war. But this summer, when we met at his London office, he spoke of withdrawal as a prelude to catastrophe. "What are the U.S. troops going to leave?" he said. "They're going to leave behind a free-for-all where everyone will be fighting everyone else—a civil war that no one actor or organization will be strong enough to win. So that war will go on and on. What will result in the end is the solidification of pockets of geographical coherence. So if you and I were mad enough to jump in a car in Basra—pick a date, 2015—and we tried to drive to Mosul, what we'd be doing is hopping through islands of comparative stability dominated by warlords who, through their own organizational brilliance, or more likely through external support, have managed to set up fiefdoms. Those fiefdoms will be surrounded by ongoing violence and chaos. That looks a lot to me like Afghanistan before the rise of the Taliban. Or Somalia. That's where Iraq goes when Americans pull out."

Dodge's grim vision does not make an irrefutable case for staying in Iraq. But it's a reminder that the illusions and naïve hopes with which America started the war shouldn't accompany its end.

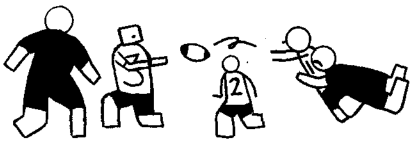
The dream of creating a democratic Iraq and transforming the Middle East lies in ruins. Any change in Iraq policy has to begin with the understanding that the original one failed, and that America's remaining power can only be used to limit the damage. But Iraq still matters to the United States, whoever is in the White House, and it will for years to come.

One way in which Iraq and Vietnam—two wars doomed to be endlessly compared—are not the same is in the implications of America's departure. Contrary to Bush's recent claim, the American exit from Vietnam didn't lead to the Cambodian genocide (U.S. actions during the war did), and, for all the bloodiness of the aftermath in Vietnam, it was not a strategic disaster. America's prestige was damaged, but the dominoes did not fall, and the civil wars in Southeast Asia did not affect the larger history of the Cold War. But Iraq, sitting in the geographical heart of the Middle East, on top of all that oil and radicalism, is unlikely to become marginal. In 1966, Senator George Aiken gave Lyndon Johnson some memorable advice about what to do in Vietnam: Declare victory and get out. In contemplating a change in American policy on Iraq, one former Bush Administration official turned the advice around: "Declare defeat and stay in."

This doesn't mean keeping large numbers of troops in Iraq indefinitely; that has become impossible. David Kilcullen argued that next summer, when the surge is scheduled to end, American forces could be reduced to a level—say, eighty thousand—that might allow most of the core interests to be protected. Such a move would involve difficult calculations: as American commanders pull back from more stable areas—starting in the northwest, the west, and the south, where there are fewer sectarian divisions—they will risk a return to higher levels of violence. On the phone from Baghdad, General Petraeus said, "There's an issue of what you might call 'battlefield geometry.' Where do you thin out and how do you do it? It's not as simple as 'Put in five brigades, one each month, take out five brigades, one each month.' You might want to thin out in one place and not another. As you do that, you do want to modify your mission." He added that "you may still be emphasizing protecting the population in one area," while in more secure areas American forces might take on a role of supporting and advising Iraqi Army units. The changes in mission will come sector by sector and incrementally, with commanders hoping that today's local ceasefire or the formation of a friendly Sunni militia in one town somehow holds and leads to long-term stability.

But, when the surge ends, there will have to be a strategic turn, away from Americans in the lead. An indefinite war in Iraq "costs us moral authority across the world," Kilcullen said. The occupation of Iraq remains hugely unpopular with America's democratic allies and throughout the Arab and Muslim world. "We need that moral authority as ammunition in the fight against Al Qaeda," he added. "If we're not down to fifty thousand troops in three to five years, we've lost the war on terror."

At the same time, America will need a political strategy that consists of more than simply reiterating support for the Iraqi government or maneuvering to replace it with another. The political deadlock in Baghdad, which has brought the government of Nuri al-Maliki close to collapse, is often seen by Americans as a perverse failure on the part of Iraqi leaders to do the right thing. Senator Levin, explaining why his amendment insisted on a timetable, said, "As long as the Iraqi leaders believe that their future is in our hands instead of theirs, they will continue to dawdle while their country is torn by bloodshed." This view fails to acknowledge the American role in empowering sectarian leaders, and it misunderstands the sources of Iraq's divisions, which run deeper than individual stubbornness, to a fundamental clash of visions and interests.



Toby Dodge admitted that anyone arguing against immediate withdrawal has to face the "killer question: Why should American troops continue to die when the chances for success are so low?" He offered his answer "with an honest recognition that it doesn't sound very plausible." Dodge's approach would bring the maximum pressure to bear on Iraqi politicians by persuading the region and the world—Iraq's neighbors, the European Union, the United Nations—to come into the Green Zone, not as tools of American policy but as equal partners in an effort to force a political deal, not unlike the U.N.'s role in creating a government in Afghanistan after the fall of the Taliban. This would imply an American confession of failure. Instead of pursuing more ambitious goals for democracy in the region, the U.S. would offer security guarantees to Iran and Syria in exchange for coöperation. "We then turn to the Iraqi government," Dodge went on, "and say, 'You've got to reform your government, make it more inclusive, less corrupt, more coherent, less sectarian.' So the Iraqi government is reconstituted within a multilateral framework where the E.U., the U.N., and the U.S. are all singing from the same hymnbook."

Ambassador Khalilzad recently set this proposal in motion when he introduced a resolution calling for the U.N. to return to Iraq. He told his colleagues that Iraq will be the world's problem for a long time. Khalilzad was part of the neoconservative group, led by Paul Wolfowitz, but after years of working on Iraq he sounds chastened. "We've made mistakes," he said at his New York office. "I have personally made mistakes. I grant you all that. Now, however, let's look at Iraq, at the future of the region." Until now, he said, the U.S. has "been like a five-hundred-pound gorilla, sucking the air out of getting any kind of coöperation, rather than giving others a chance." It is late in the day to try to "internationalize" Iraq, and other countries could be forgiven for doubting America's sincerity. But Khalilzad seemed to recognize that there's no longer any choice, and the new government of French President Nicolas Sarkozy has recently suggested that it is ready to play a significant role.

For Dodge, the only reason to give this long-shot strategy a chance is the awfulness of the alternative. "I wouldn't bet the house on it succeeding," he said. "But I would bet my hopes and fears for Iraq on it."

In the likely event that the Iraqi state continues to collapse and the withdrawal of American forces leads to further fragmentation and violence, the U.S. will have to adopt something like what the former Administration official called "a venture-capital strategy": using the available resources to invest in numerous small-scale efforts around Iraq, with the knowledge that many, if not most, of them will fail. "We have to shift from the Grand Plan to many initiatives," he said. "We've had enough of the grand strategy." Most of these initiatives will not be able to depend on backing by military force, as so much of American policy in Iraq has until now.

As the U.S. plans for the gradual withdrawal of forces, it should start preparing now for what it can realistically leave behind. The focus of most discussion is on the military side, but America's long-term influence in Iraq will more likely be political. In 2004, when the Coalition Provisional Authority transferred sovereignty to an Iraqi government, it shut down its offices in the provinces and opened four "regional embassy offices" around the country, effectively putting the U.S. out of the business of local development, even as Iraq became fragmented under the pressure of civil war and a collapsed central government. One of the less noticed aspects of the surge has been a belated effort to return American officials to the more obscure corners of the country in the form of "provincial reconstruction teams": joint civil-military efforts that funnel technical help and money from the American and Iraqi governments into the provinces, where political and economic development seems more feasible and responsive to the local population. The recent formation of local police forces and town councils in Anbar Province has had nothing to do with the central government and has been far more successful than previous attempts. These teams should be expanded during the life of the surge, so that they reach the self-sustaining, self-protecting size of a hundred and fifty people; this approach roughly follows the model of Afghanistan, where provincial reconstruction teams first developed several years ago have been an important, if insufficient, tool for extending development to the countryside.

Since Iraq is going to remain in pieces for years, different strategies must be pursued for different regions. Provincial reconstruction teams can provide support to local officials who share the vision of a less sectarian, more democratic Iraq, and they can serve as American eyes and ears. (Without American brigades nearby, these teams will have to depend on the extremely uncertain ability of Iraqi security forces to maintain enough order for them to operate.) This political and intelligence work wouldn't necessarily end if the teams have to be withdrawn, because they would have cultivated Iraqi allies in each province. Around the country, there are thousands of Iraqis who, in the past four years, have put themselves forward as candidates for local councils, city halls, government departments, and the Iraqi security forces. Many more Iraqis have formed organizations in support of issues like women's rights, created labor unions, set up educational programs, and established one of the Arab world's freest (and most endangered) presses.

Too many of these civic-minded citizens, though, have been killed by insurgents and militias who have led a brutal campaign to suppress the stirrings of civil society in Iraq. Lately, it has become virtually impossible for Americans to work with such Iraqis directly. The National Democratic Institute, a Washington-based democracy-promotion group affiliated with the Democratic Party, moved its operations and much of its Iraqi staff out of Baghdad after an American worker was killed in an ambush, last January. But several Iraqi staff members stayed behind to do similar work as a local, all-Iraqi organization, and the N.D.I. is providing technical help and money to get the new group up and running. The U.S. government and private groups should find ways to support Iraqi efforts like these, and, when possible, go back in to work directly with them. The years ahead will be exceedingly difficult for Iraqi democrats, but many of them will tell you that they have learned a great deal in the tumult of the past four years.

If, after a large-scale American withdrawal, Iraq becomes unlivable for such people, then it would be in America's interest to evacuate those who request it, and contingency plans for mass airlifts and expatriation should be made before a crisis comes. This evacuation should go well beyond the current, sluggish process of resettling Iraqis here who worked directly for the U.S. in Iraq. It should be a much more ambitious effort to save the core of what perhaps someday could become a more decent society in Iraq, including military officers, local politicians, and the many thousands of other Iraqis (and their families) who have worked closely and well with Americans. U.S. officials and officers should begin making lists for evacuation. Most Iraqis would be settled in neighboring countries, but as many as a hundred thousand should be brought here, especially if Iraq begins to resemble Cambodia in 1975 or Rwanda in 1994. Beyond the humanitarian imperative, the United States would be salvaging what's left of its enormous investment in Iraq and preserving the seeds of a better future.

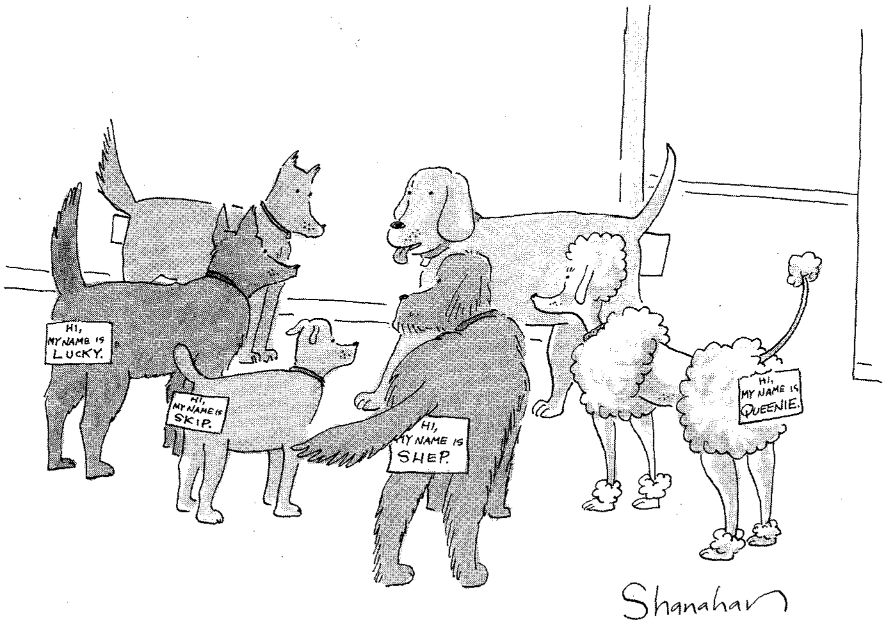
When I asked Ahmed, the resident of Saidiya, how he saw Iraq's and his own future beyond the occupation, he wrote back from an Internet café, because his home connection wasn't working. "There might be something good in the future, but only after two decades," he wrote. "It was really a dream to get rid of Saddam, but nowadays the most difficult and unachievable dream, or to put it in other words, the dream that will not come true within the next twenty years, is to have a secular government that separates between religion and politics. I think this long process will outlive us. . . . And, yes, there will be a life for me in another country, in the U.S. specifically. I can be a link that will play a relatively small but effective role in the whole process of creating modern Iraq. I have more to say about that, but I am hearing just now far shooting . . . it is better for me to leave."

There are already at least two million Iraqi refugees in the Middle East. For a long time, the Administration's policy was to pretend that they didn't exist. When officials began to acknowledge the refugees, earlier this year, their statements gave the impression that these Iraqis were waiting out a bad spell and were ready to go back any day. Only recently has the Administration begun seriously to address what's become one of the worst humanitarian crises in the world. On August 28th, the State Department announced that thirty million dollars in aid will be given to help educate Iraqi refugee children in schools around the Middle East. This is a late and small start, but American policy on the refugees remains ad hoc and wishful: in the words of Ellen Sauerbrey, the Assistant Secretary of State for refugees, the answer to this immense and immediate problem is simple—"creating a safe and stable Iraq." A major American-led effort to help provide education, health care, and jobs to Iraqi refugees probably would require us to give aid to the governments that are hosting them—even, through intermediaries, to Syria. Unless the U.S. recognizes that Iraqis won't return home for years and are living precarious lives in Arab countries that are barely tolerating them, these refugees will become yet another radicalized population of homeless people in the Middle East, and one more strategic problem for the United States.

Radicalization is one of the dangers considered in "Things Fall Apart," a short book by Daniel Byman and Kenneth Pollack, published earlier this year by the Brookings Institution. (Pollack more recently co-wrote a controversial *Times* Op-Ed, called "A War We Just Might Win," which declared definitively that the surge was a military success.) "Things Fall Apart" examines the history of recent civil wars around the world and concludes that they usually last a long time, spill over into other countries, and end only through the military victory of one side, or through massive external intervention. Pollack and Byman outline a strategy for containing an "all-out civil war" within Iraq's borders. Their policy proposals include avoiding taking sides, keeping American troops out of urban warfare, and providing economic support and promoting political reform in the region to prevent it from being destabilized. Perhaps most questionably, they recommend setting up bases for American patrols along Iraq's borders with its Arab neighbors and Kurdistan (but not Iran), to prevent foreign fighters from getting in and refugees from pouring out. American brigades and regiments would protect refugee collection points called "catch basins" on the borders. Since these would likely become miserable camps infiltrated by sectarian militias, with Americans as vulnerable camp guards, this proposal is notably risky, and has garnered scant support. But at least the authors didn't simply wish the worst-case scenario away.

Last October, I was invited to sit in on a "war game" at the Brookings Institution, for which Pollack and Byman assembled a group of former Republican and Democratic officials to simulate the endgame in Iraq. As civil war drove American troops to the borders, the officials' policy debates zeroed in on the short-term winner, Iran. Some officials wanted to arm Sunni groups, with the backing of other Arab states, to wage an insurgency against Iran and its proxies in Iraq. Since that war game, the "Sunni awakening" of tribes in western Iraq and the American decision to sell arms to Saudi Arabia, a Sunni country, have nudged the U.S. closer to the Sunni side. It may very well become American policy to keep Iraq's Sunni Arabs strong enough to create a stalemate in the civil war and contain Iranian influence in the region. But, given that the war began in 2003 with the goal of bringing Iraq's Shiite majority to power as the leading edge of a democratic transformation in the Middle East, this return to balance-of-power Realpolitik, with the Saudis as America's most important allies, would represent the ultimate failure of the President's project.

The war was born in the original sins of deceptive salesmanship, divisive politics, and wishful thinking about the aftermath. The bitterness of that history continues to undermine American interests in Iraq and the Middle East today. President Bush will have his victory at any cost, with one eye on his next Churchillian speech and the other on his place in history, leaving the implementation of his war policy to an Administration that works at cross purposes with itself, promising freedom and delivering rubble. The opposition is plainly eager to hang a defeat around his neck and move on from what it always regarded as Bush's war. Before the U.S. can persuade the world to unite around a shared responsibility for Iraq, Americans will have to do it first. The problems created by the war will require solutions that don't belong to a single political party or President: the rise of Iranian power, the emergence of Al Qaeda in Iraq, the radicalization of populations, the huge refugee crisis, the damage to a new generation of Iraqis who are growing up amid the unimaginable. Whenever this country decides that the bloody experience in Iraq requires the departure of American troops, complete disengagement will be neither desirable nor possible. We might want to be rid of Iraq, but Iraq won't let it happen. ♦

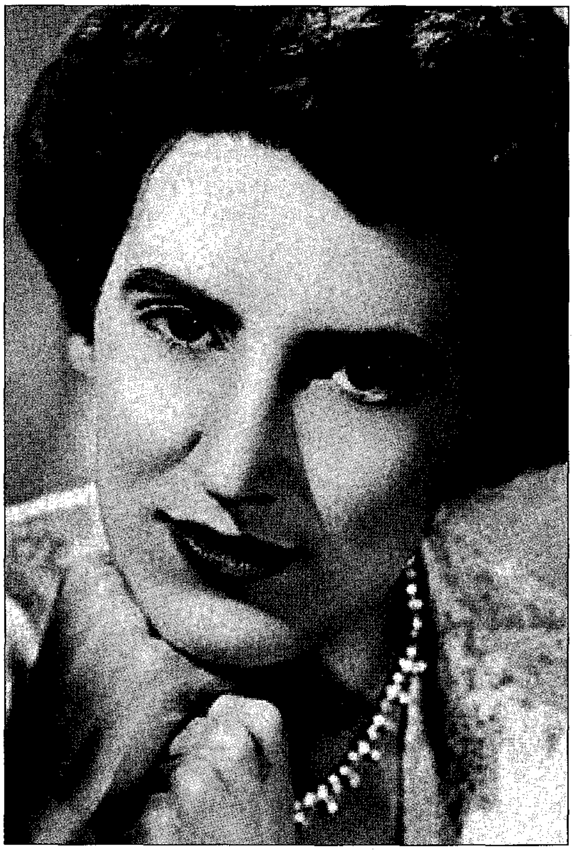

HI, MY NAME IS LUCKY.
HI, MY NAME IS SKIP.
HI, MY NAME IS SHEP.
HI, MY NAME IS QUEENIE.
Shanahan

LETTER FROM ENGLAND

FANTASIA FOR PIANO

Joyce Hatto's incredible career.

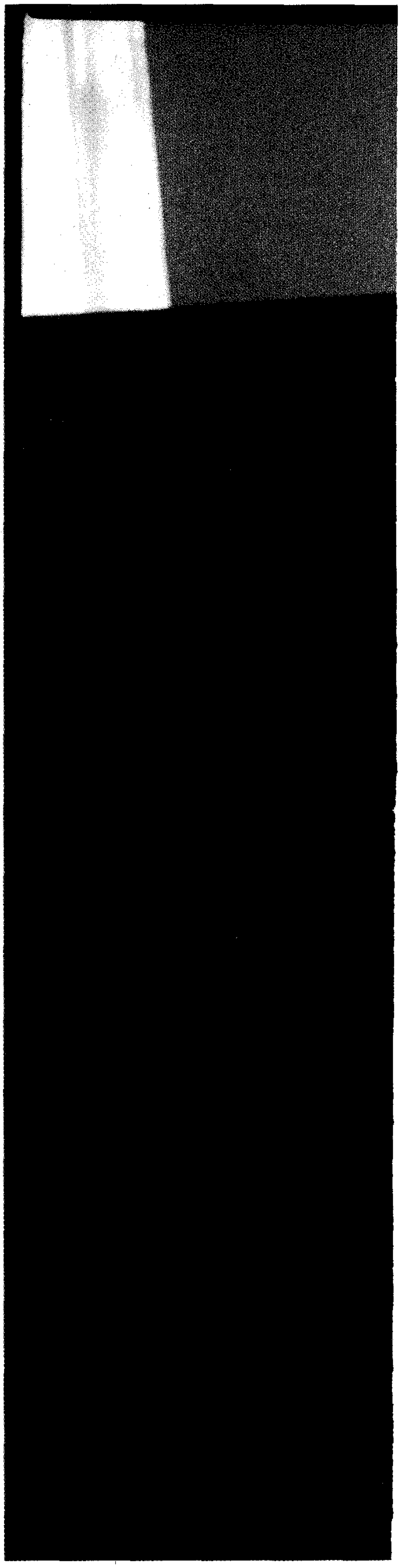
BY MARK SINGER



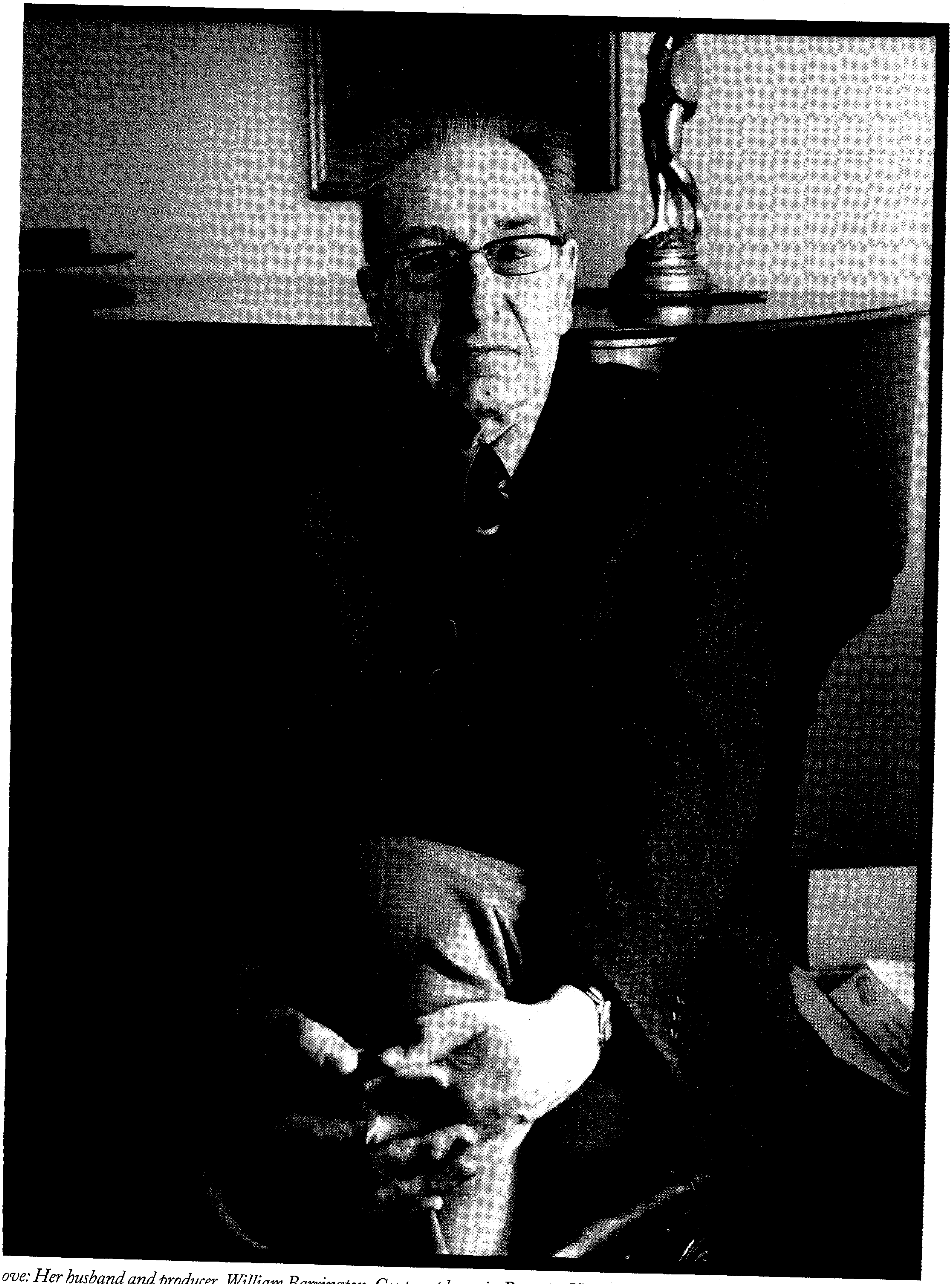
In the summer of 1989, in Royston, England, a man named William Barrington-Coupe cheerfully received a visitor from Germany: Ernst Lumpe, a high-school teacher, fervent music lover, and record collector. For a couple of years, the two men had sustained a correspondence that consisted mainly of Barrington-Coupe, a former classical-music agent and a peripatetic record producer, responding to Lumpe's questions about the authenticity of various arcane LPs.

During the nineteen-fifties and sixties, a number of record companies in England and America had a practice—questionable but nodded and winked at—of repackaging LPs by established artists as the work of fictitious performers and selling the recordings at a deep discount. Barrington-Coupe, known to familiars as Barry, worked at several music labels that helped establish the form—known as the "super-bargain" classical LP. Such recordings, which retailed for roughly a dollar apiece, were a wellspring of artful pseudonyms—Paul Procopolis, Giuseppe Parolini, the Cincinnati Pro Arte Philharmonic, the Munich Greater State Symphony—and Barry is credited with coining the wittiest of all: Wilhelm Havagesse (conducting Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," as rendered by the spurious Zurich Municipal Orchestra). The small labels that Barry worked at had a tendency to run aground financially, but perhaps his most dependable asset was his resilience—a facility for dusting himself off and moving on to the next venture.

Among Lumpe's fifteen thousand LPs, many of which he bought secondhand, were about five hundred of murky



Above left: an undated photograph of Joyce Ha



ove: Her husband and producer, William Barrington-Coupe, at home in Royston, Hertfordshire. Photograph by Steve Pyke.

provenance. A punctilious collector, he wanted to know the true identities behind the masquerades. He had a particular interest in an Italian pianist, Sergio Fiorentino, and was compiling a discography. Many Fiorentino recordings had been released on Barry's principal label, Concert Artist, and his work had often been appropriated and reissued pseudonymously. Lumpe had turned to Barry for help in separating fact from fiction.

By the time the two men met, Barry was no longer a visible presence on the classical-music scene, nor was his wife, Joyce Hatto, a talented pianist who had achieved modest recognition as a concert performer but hadn't played in public in more than a decade. The only Hatto recording Lumpe owned was a 1970 release of the "Symphonic Variations," by Arnold Bax, a lesser-known twentieth-century British composer whose neo-Romantic works are unusually ornate.

According to Concert Artist's catalogue, the company's founding objective was to provide "a sounding board for young British talent sadly neglected" by the major record companies. But Barry had produced few new recordings since the early seventies. To the extent that Concert Artist remained active, it was mainly as a recycling operation, issuing cassettes and compact disks derived from old recordings, including many from its back catalogue of LPs. Whatever commerce Barry conducted was a cottage industry, the cottage in question being a red brick house on a quiet street in an exurban village an hour north of London. He kept audio-editing equipment in an upstairs room. Downstairs, in the music room, which was furnished with a pair of grand pianos, Hatto gave private lessons; she had also taught at a nearby girls' school.

Barry still possessed a discerning ear and a comprehensive knowledge of classical music, and he responded with gratifying specificity (and candor) to Lumpe's queries. Though recovering from recent heart surgery, Barry was a prodigious talker. Their conversation lasted most of a day. Toward the end, Hatto joined the discussion. A slender, unassuming woman in her early sixties, with dark eyes and dense eyebrows, a fine jawline, and a dimpled smile, she volunteered a few observations about Fiorentino, but she spoke so quickly that Lumpe had trouble understanding her.

At a moment when she wasn't in the room, Barry offered to play an excerpt of a more recent recording of Hatto's: Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto. He placed a cassette in a tape deck and they listened to its dizzying cadenza (the longer of two versions that Rachmaninoff wrote). Lumpe expressed admiration, only to be told, "Well, I've fooled you a little. I made a little joke. That's not actually Joyce, it's Andrei Gavrilov"—a former winner of the International Tchaikovsky Competition. Barry smiled. "But now here's Joyce," he said, and he put in another cassette, a different performance of the same cadenza. It was a lighthearted, insignificant jest, Lumpe thought, hardly a test or a ruse.

"Did he have any known enemies?"

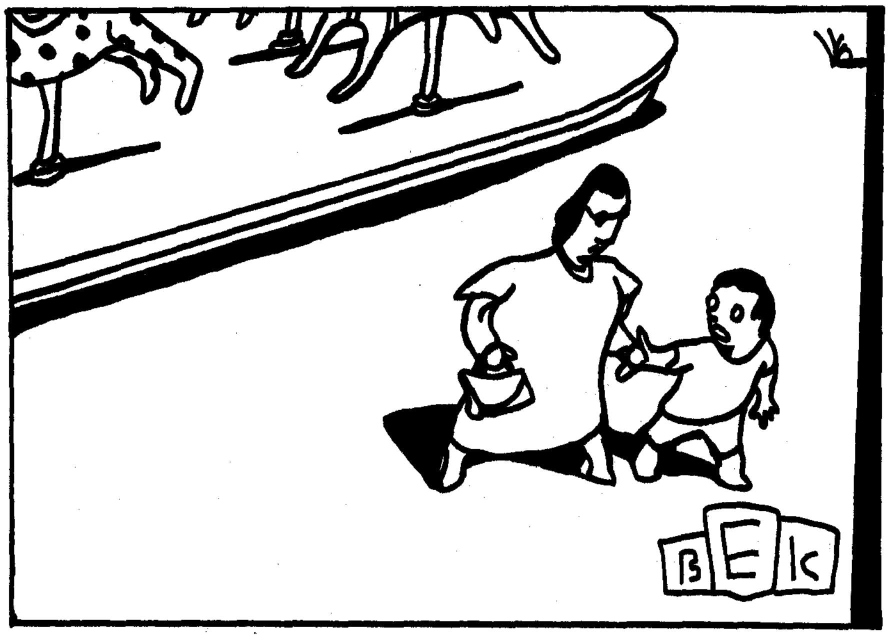
After their meeting, Lumpe remained in touch with Barry, whose letters often included music-world gossip or bulletins about his or Hatto's health. Barry found rare 78s and LPs for Lumpe's collection, inquired about Lumpe's children, furnished seeds from his flower garden. Among the recordings he sent were works by Liszt and Chopin that Hatto had played many years earlier, in concert. Several weeks after his trip to Royston, Lumpe also received in the mail a tape of a piano arrangement of Edward Elgar's First Symphony—from a Hatto recital, Barry said, that had taken place recently in Cambridge.

This was unexpected: hadn't Joyce Hatto retired from concertizing years earlier? A thank-you note to Barry elicited more details: The second half of the concert was the Liszt piano transcription of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which, unfortunately, "was not recorded due to some stupidity of the University Recording engineer." But Barry had pressed the buttons himself in time to capture her encore, Liszt's transcription of the "William Tell Overture." For some reason, he hadn't included a copy of this recording. Lumpe filed Hatto's Elgar First Symphony among his several hundred cassette and reel-to-reel tapes.

As a piano omnivore, Lumpe welcomed the advent of online group discussions and became a frequent contributor to Yahoo groups and a Usenet/Google newsgroup, rec.music.classical.recordings, where participants embraced a hodgepodge of musical topics and the tenor of conversations ranged from meticulously informative to flamingly combative. In the comparatively genteel Yahoo group ThePiano, one popular amusement was the blind listening quiz, in which an unidentified musical selection was uploaded and members critiqued the performance. In November, 2002, Lumpe posed a different type of quiz: "Look at the quite impressive list below and guess which pianist has recorded all these works over roughly the last fifteen years." The list implied an artist with exceptional breadth, depth, and stamina: Bach (Goldberg Variations), Beethoven (complete piano concertos, complete piano sonatas, complete bagatelles), Brahms (piano concertos), Chopin (complete works for solo piano and for piano and orchestra, complete mazurkas, nocturnes, and polonaises), Schubert (complete piano sonatas), Liszt (complete etc.), a lot of Rachmaninoff and Scarlatti, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Mussorgsky, Saint-Saëns, Schumann, Tchaikovsky.

No one guessed correctly, so Lumpe volunteered the answer: Joyce Hatto. It had been a trick question. These works had been recorded, he explained, but few were commercially available. In recent years, it seemed, Concert Artist and Hatto had quietly embarked upon a major endeavor. With Barry acting as producer, Hatto had tackled a prodigious repertoire in the studio. It was an unlikely undertaking for a woman now in her early seventies, made odder by the fact that Barry had expended little effort to market the records.

Participants in the Yahoo group demanded to know more about Hatto, who wasn't even mentioned in the standard music reference books. Such texts can be arbitrary, Lumpe replied online, and Hatto was an artist "who worked just quietly and who acquired more fame outside her country." Quoting from Concert Artist promotional material, he cited a roster of conductors and composers with whom she'd played (among them Benjamin Britten and Ralph Vaughan Williams). After a series of recitals in London, Lumpe reported, she had been "described by the London *Daily Telegraph* as 'The Indomitable Champion of Liszt.'" Another critic had observed that "probably not since Busoni has a pianist presented such a wide and rich in-depth repertoire."



"Oh, I meant when are we going to get off this merry-go-round in a larger sense."

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Next, Lumpe uploaded an excerpt from a Hatto recording that Concert Artist had released in 2002: Rachmaninoff's transcription of the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream." At least one group member, Tom Deacon, was prompted to buy a copy of the CD. In a subsequent posting, Deacon asserted his familiarity with nearly every celebrated performance of this piece—he'd been the producer of a two-hundred-CD set called "Great Pianists of the 20th Century"—and declared Hatto's version superior: "It is just magical: light as a feather, fluent, colourful, textures limpid as a mountain spring, tonally luscious, rhythmically alive and bright. A dream." Other forum members concurred, including one who stated ("This may sound a bit blasphemous") that he preferred Hatto's playing to Rachmaninoff's.

On Christmas Eve, Lumpe shared a Hatto recording of a Scarlatti sonata, and it, too, elicited unqualified praise. A few days later, Deacon announced that, after his "Midsummer" posting, he had received "a very nice note from the pianist." (So: Hatto or Barry, or both, were keeping track of the online chatter.) Hatto told Deacon that she "studied this piece with Moiseiwitsch himself"—Benno Moiseiwitsch, in his day the preëminent interpreter of Rachmaninoff—as she "knew him well." Deacon continued, "His influence shows. Also, the piano she uses for the recording is the piano which Rachmaninoff used in the U.K. when he was on tour there." As 2002 ended, Deacon volunteered a summary of ThePiano's accomplishments for the year and crowed, "We 'discovered' a seventy-four-year-old pianist by the name of Joyce Hatto who plays everything!"

Lumpe's next Hatto upload, an excerpt from Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz No. 1," so captivated listeners that one, Andrys Basten, posted it on her Web page. Another participant, a former professor of music, wrote that the Rachmaninoff-Mendelssohn and Scarlatti selections "proved that she is a formidable pianist in the miniature arena" and that the Liszt "proclaims that she can do battle with the mastodons of the musical coliseum!"

In the months that followed, Hatto discussions percolated in other Yahoo forums. Lumpe supplied bits of biographical information culled from the Concert Artist Web site and added his own observations. As it happened, a stream of new Hatto CDs was finally becoming available. In February, 2003, *MusicWeb International*, an online pub-

"Now what?"

• •

lication, featured a positive review of a Brahms compilation disk (Piano Concerto No. 1: "a convincing performance of a frequently misread work"), among the first of some seventy Hatto releases that it critiqued in the next four years. The reviewer provided some rudimentary Hatto biography, and a month later *MusicWeb* posted the transcript of a lengthy 1973 interview that Hatto had apparently given to Burnett James, a British music writer, who died in 1987. There was no indication of where the interview had been published originally—but, no matter, it helped to flesh out the portrait.

An "industrious child" (her phrase) and a "born performer" (Hatto quoting the British composer Sir Granville Bantock, who, she said, had heard her play at the age of seven), she was an only child whose father had been her first teacher; he was an able pianist so enthralled by Rachmaninoff, she said, that the only time she ever saw him in tears was when the great man died. Her parents had encouraged her, installing a Blüthner grand piano in their house in North London—"I spent every available hour and minute practicing. Within three years I had worn the ivories down and I was only ten"—but they "didn't really think that life as a musician was terribly secure." Bach was integral to her daily regimen, and she had a particular affinity for Chopin and Liszt, and had performed their works in Poland, at the peak of the Cold War, when she was invited to join an official delegation of Englishwomen. There were return trips to Poland, as well as to Russia, on concert tours.

That same month, in *MusicWeb*, Christopher Howell, reviewing favorably Hatto's Brahms Piano Concerto No. 2, asked, "If she has been playing around the world all these years . . . why is the world so little aware of her?" Speaking of the moribund Concert Artist label, he said, "Where has it *been* all these years? How is it possible for a company to issue all this repertoire with practically nobody being aware of it? How many records do they actually *sell*?"

MusicWeb's critics soon found, as did Deacon and other online scribes, that Barry and Hatto enjoyed having pen pals. Only it wasn't quite that simple. The couple intuitively recognized that the Joyce Hatto boomlet was a viral phenomenon, one that they had the ability to influence. In a note to Lumpe enclosed with one of her CDs, Hatto wrote, "To Ernst—my personal Internet publicist." By following threads in online discussion groups, they could potentially neutralize unflattering appraisals (should any arise) or cultivate intimacy in a virtual universe that teemed with piano lovers, each a self-anointed critic but also, if properly massaged, a potential ally. Christopher Howell later wrote, "Hatto's tone of kind sincerity, combined with WB-C's avuncularity, combine to give the recipient of their efforts a sense of security, that he is doing the right thing in drawing attention to these recordings, that the couple are not only grateful to him but actually interested in him in a very human sort of way."

Barry and Hatto had similar epistolary styles. The e-mails and letters that emanated from Royston blended formality with faux diffidence. ("Dear Mr. Howell, I do not usually write to critics as this, I feel, is a barrier that should not be crossed too often. However, your review of my Concert Artist set of

Mazurkas . . .") Hatto thanked reviewers for their insights, volunteered nuggets of philosophy ("So many pianists ruin a perfectly singable and beautiful melodic line by simply sticking on ornaments as if with elastoplast"), and reminisced about decades-old recitals. Her digressions had a music of their own, punctuated by the tintinnabulation of carefully dropped names ("I also became friendly with Annie Fischer"; "I did have the opportunity of playing many of these sonatas to Clara Haskil"; "Rachmaninov did pass on some of his ideas to Nicholas Medtner who allowed me to copy them into my own edition"). One of Hatto's preoccupations, shared by Barry, was the tyranny of the classical-music critical establishment: "I have always played what I thought was right (for me?) and have taken some censure in my life for so doing. Mostly, I must say, from English critics"; "Thank you for the kind things that you have said about my own playing and for defending me against some quite unwarranted criticism."

Fundamental to the burgeoning interest in Hatto was awe that she could be so tirelessly productive during what should have been her retirement. Her exploits seemed even more remarkable after Richard Dyer, then the chief music critic of the Boston *Globe*, interviewed her in the summer of 2005 and wrote an article that began, "Joyce Hatto must be the greatest living pianist that almost no one has ever heard of." The next paragraph contained a surprising revelation: "Hatto, now 76, has not played in public in more than 25 years because of an ongoing battle with cancer. She was once told that it is 'impolite to look ill,' and after a critic commented adversely on her appearance, she resolved to stop playing concerts."

Dyer described having come upon the Concert Artist Web site more or less inadvertently and finding the Hatto listings (which had grown to more than a hundred CDs). He contacted Barrington-Coupe and asked, "Who *is* she?" Barry sent him a sample Hatto CD, "and I was hooked." By the time Dyer wrote his article, he'd listened to about a third of her CDs. "All of them are excellent, and the best of them document the art of a major musician," he wrote. "The records are well engineered, and she uses wonderful instruments; still, her beautiful sound is her own."

Boston was far enough from Royston that Dyer settled for a telephone interview. "The pianist has a high-pitched, girlish voice, and she speaks with the velocity of one of her Liszt etudes," he said of Hatto. "She will quote a Shakespeare sonnet and a remark of Muhammad Ali's ('Knock me down, and I will get up immediately') in the same spoken paragraph." Barry told Dyer, "She doesn't want to play in public because she never knows when the pain will start, or when it will stop, and she refuses to take drugs. . . . I believe the illness has added a third dimension to her playing; she gets at what is inside the music, what lies behind it."

So Hatto's illness, ovarian cancer, provided an explanation of sorts for where she had been all those years and burnished the myth of her remarkable renaissance. On the other hand, its sentimental gloss encouraged a mild backlash, in Yahoo and Usenet postings, from pianophiles who were vaguely suspicious because no major critics had written about her. In an online review of her recording of Debussy's Preludes, Christopher Howell acknowledged this problem: "I realize that it's getting a little embarrassing that this site continues to churn out glowing review after glowing review (not only from me) of Joyce Hatto's records. . . . I almost wish she *would* make a really bad disk just so I can show I know how to listen. But so far she hasn't. . . . If any reader who buys this or other Hatto disks on the strength of our reviews feels he has been duped, remember we have a bulletin board. I should very much like to know *why* only we are pushing these recordings."

The first insistent questions about Hatto came in the summer and fall of 2005, in Internet postings by Peter Lemken, a German conservatory graduate turned artist-manager turned business consultant. How was it that anyone, much less an infirm septuagenarian, could record such a splendid and voluminous body of work? Also, Lemken asked pointedly, who was René Köhler and what was the National Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra—the conductor and ensemble featured on several Hatto concertos (Brahms, Rachmaninoff, Prokofiev)?

A colorful capsule biography of Köhler (source: Barry) eventually appeared online—a Polish-French-German Jew, a survivor of Treblinka with the bad luck to wind up for twenty-five years in the Soviet Gulag—but there was no mention of him or the orchestra in any reference book. If Köhler and the National Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra were phantoms, then what about Hatto? That nebulous query became the topic of more than one online discussion. It wasn't so much an expression of disbelief in Hatto's existence as it was obstinacy from live-performance purists, who argue that recordings are an unreliable measure of any musician's true qualities, given the manipulations permitted by studio technology. Still, the over-all discourse remained resolutely pro-Hatto. In light of her health crisis, her adherents found Lemken's contrariness offensively callous.

Such skepticism seemed even more impertinent after a pair of reputable witnesses vouched for the fact that, literally and figuratively, Joyce Hatto was the real thing. Ates Orga, a music critic and historian, had written program notes for some of her London recitals during the seventies. "Her playing struck me as big-hearted and truthful, adventurous yet with time for finesse," he later recalled. He interviewed her at a hotel in Cambridge in February, 2005, and in early 2006 *MusicWeb* published his seven-thousand-word profile, along with an even lengthier account of her recording career, including critiques of selected works. Orga depicted, as had Burnett James and Richard Dyer, a charismatic woman with vivid memories of her experiences among music-world luminaries and a keen attentiveness to the stylistic distinctions of various pianists. Orga essentially sidestepped the René Köhler enigma, implying that he wasn't sure what to believe. ("A survivor of the Holocaust gone missing in the murky wastelands and unspoken history of Cold War Europe, René Köhler . . .") About Hatto's musicianship Orga expressed no equivocation: "Even when some of her decisions, her occasional urgencies, are not to my taste, there's a *rightness*, an *honesty*, to her recorded playing. . . . I feel in safe hands. . . . Tone, phrasing, projection. Articulation, pedalling, dynamics. Style, short-term shaping, long-term architecture. The ability to speak in music—eloquently, rhetorically, passionately, murmuringly.”

In the summer of 2005, Jeremy Nicholas, an actor and critic, had interviewed Hatto and Barry in the same Cambridge hotel and come away with impressions almost identical to Orga’s. He felt “an instant rapport” with the couple; Barry, he thought, had a “fantastic knowledge of pianists, fantastic taste.” As they spoke, however, with a tape recorder running, Nicholas knew that writing about Hatto would be problematic, because she had no aptitude for linear conversation. “She was kind of daffy, endearingly scatterbrained, with this butterfly mind,” he told me. “I had a list of prepared questions. Like ‘What did your father do? Were your parents musical, did they have money? When did you actually make your début?’ Pretty simple, direct questions, but after a couple of sentences she’d go off reminiscing. Very hard to pin down. Very good on her playing in the nineteen-fifties but not very good on the later part of her life. Talked very fast. Tremendous energy in her voice. Terribly enthusiastic.”

BAD DREAMS ARE GOOD

The cats are in the flower beds
A red hawk rides the sky
I guess I should be happy
Just to be alive
But
We have poisoned everything
And oblivious to it all
The cell-phone zombies babble
Through the shopping malls
While condors fall from Indian skies
Whales beach and die in sand
Bad Dreams are good
In the Great Plan

And you cannot be trusted
Do you even know you are lying?
It’s dangerous to kid yourself
You go deaf, dumb, and blind
You take with such entitlement
You give bad attitude
You have No grace
No empathy
No gratitude
You have no sense of consequence
Oh, my head is in my hands
Bad Dreams are good
In the Great Plan

Nicholas, a biographer of the pianist and composer Leopold Godowsky (1870-1938)—whose Studies on Chopin’s Études are among the most difficult piano music ever written—had been astonished to learn that Joyce Hatto had recorded all fifty-three of the Studies. Only three other artists, all men, had done the same. Before meeting Hatto, Nicholas listened to her recordings of Chopin’s Études, the foundation of the Godowsky variations, and thought that they were “just about the best I’ve ever heard.” He had a comparable reaction to her interpretation of the Godowsky.

Nicholas’s encounter with Hatto resulted in two articles—one in *International Piano*, in January, 2006, and one in *Gramophone*, two months later. A feature in *Gramophone* (“the world’s unrivaled authority on classical music since 1923”) was bound to draw attention, especially given that Nicholas declared, “I have no hesitation in saying that Joyce Hatto is one of the greatest pianists I have ever heard.” He not only introduced Hatto to a wider audience; he effectively put on notice the editors of *Gramophone*, who in subsequent issues published consistently favorable, at times elated, reviews of her CDs. Because, as Nicholas noted, she had “another 20 (!) in preparation,” fascination with Hatto seemed destined to increase, and endure, well into the future.

Hatto died, of cancer, on June 29, 2006, at the age of seventy-seven. Obituaries and tributes recycled the most striking superlatives and offered up a few new ones (“as completely satisfying a pianist as anyone in the history of recorded music,” “a national treasure”). Her funeral took place eleven days later, at a crematory in Cambridge, a secular ceremony orchestrated, in every sense, by Barrington-Coupe. Twenty or so mourners listened to music—Bach, Brahms, Chopin, Debussy—from a Hatto sampler CD issued by Concert Artist a few months earlier. Humility was the theme of Barry’s prepared remarks, beginning with a rhetorical apology to his wife that a service was being held in the first place, contrary to her wish to avoid showy valedictory gestures at “your final public appearance.” To those who had sent condolences, whether they had met her or not, she was “simply ‘Joyce.’ ” As an artist and a teacher, he said, “she would say . . . there is God, the composer, and then you. Nothing comes between composer and the listener. With Joyce you will seek vainly for ostentation, no grand ‘Hatto’ moments, simply the music. . . . For her, ‘Hatto’ was simply not the important one.”

Yet, even as Hatto was being eulogized, fresh suspicions were being voiced by *Gramophone* readers. In the July issue, Nicholas responded indignantly to unspecified “letters, phone calls, and a plethora of blogs from people who a) think I am in the pay of her record label, b) doubt that the recordings are the work of just one pianist, c) are sure that the recordings are edited performances of

Before that altering apple
We were one with everything
No sense of self and other
No self-consciousness
But now we have to grapple
With this man-made world backfiring
Keeping one eye on our brother's deadly selfishness

Everyone's a victim here
Nobody's hands are clean
There's so very little left of wild Eden Earth
So near the jaws of our machines
We live in these electric scabs
These lesions once were lakes
We don't know how to shoulder blame
Or learn from past mistakes
So who will come to save the day?
Mighty Mouse . . . ? Superman . . . ?
Bad Dreams are good
In the Great Plan

In the dark
A shining ray
I heard a three-year-old boy say
Bad Dreams are good
In the Great Plan

—*Joni Mitchell*

her pupils, d) suspect that Miss Hatto has never been ill and could not possibly have survived cancer for 25 years, e) that the whole thing is a scam." He invited "anyone who has any evidence whatsoever of fraud, deception, or similar activity related to Miss Hatto and her record company" to come forward, with the proviso that such evidence "must stand up in a court of law."

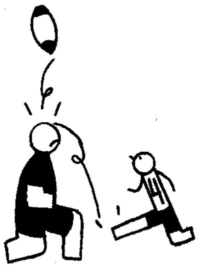
The day before Hatto's funeral, the usually even-tempered Ernst Lumpe confronted Peter Lemken during an exchange in the newsgroup rec.music.classical.recordings. The general topic was live performance versus studio recording, and Lemken, ever the skeptic, asked whether anyone had ever recorded a Hatto live performance. The gist of Lumpe's reply, written in German, was that Lemken had some nerve. Amateur recordings of Hatto in concert, he said, circulated privately, and he personally owned a performance of "Elgar's First Symphony in the two-handed piano transcription by Sigfrid Karg-Elert, recorded in Cambridge in 1989"—the unreleased tape that Barry had sent him after his visit to Royston. Did this information satisfy Lemken? *Nein.* If it hadn't been published, it didn't count.

Then, on January 22nd of this year, a participant in the newsgroup who identified himself as Seth Horus—a pseudonym that referred to ancient Egyptian mythology—posted this: "After hearing so much about Joyce Hatto, I started purchasing some of her recordings. While nothing I have heard is bad (in fact, I am glad I bought these CDs), I have noticed something eerie: that the pianist playing the Mozart sonatas *cannot be* the pianist playing Prokofiev *or* the pianist playing Albéniz. I have the distinct feeling of being the victim of some sort of hoax. Does anyone else share these feelings? What is actually known about the artist and the circumstances? I looked on the Web and all I can find is some sort of official story, nothing independent."

Much of the ensuing discussion was the highbrow equivalent of trash talk, a volleying of erudite insults between Hatto's most ardent boosters and Lemken and various agnostics. The vituperation lasted for days, and the eavesdroppers included not only the usual hobbyists (as well as, presumably, Barrington-Coupe) but also a group of scholars at the Centre for the History and Analysis of Recorded Music (CHARM), at the University of London. For more than a year, a musicologist named Nicholas Cook and a postdoctoral fellow, Craig Sapp, had been immersed in a comparative study of performances of selected Chopin mazurkas, using software that depicted the similarities between recordings with bright-colored geometric shapes.

Although Cook and Sapp knew nothing about Hatto, they included her in the study because she, along with about thirty other pianists, had recorded the complete mazurkas. They entered into their database two tracks from her CD "Chopin: The Mazurkas," which, according to an accompanying booklet from Concert Artist, had been recorded in April, 1997, and March, 2004. On the CD slipcase, the latter date was changed to December, 2005, but that discrepancy was trivial in light of what a digital analysis revealed: the Hatto version and a 1988 recording by Eugen Indjic, a Belgrade-born soloist, were identical. As Cook later told the BBC, his initial reaction was "prima facie, one of these people doesn't exist." A Google search confirmed that both pianists were demonstrably real—Hatto *had* existed, and Indjic had recently played in Poland—which left the unavoidable implication that one was a plagiarist. The culprit seemed obvious, but Cook and Sapp weren't eager to broadcast the news. For one thing, British libel laws would have placed on them the burden of proof that a fraud had been perpetrated.

Despite their caution, Cook and Sapp underestimated the potential repercussions. During a CHARM staff seminar on January 26th, when they discreetly reported on their research, a stunned colleague who had been monitoring the online debate proclaimed, "You're sitting on a volcano." Cook and Sapp considered getting in touch with an editor at *Gramophone.* Instead, they spent a couple of weeks writing and circulating a draft article titled "Purely Coincidental? Joyce Hatto and Chopin's Mazurkas." They were still deciding how to proceed when, in mid-February, corroboration materialized an ocean away.



On February 12th, in Mount Vernon, New York, Brian Ventura received a package that he had been anticipating for a long time. An avocational pianist, Ventura worked on Wall Street and had a fifty-minute commute, which he usually spent listening to an iPod. He had learned of Hatto not long before she died, and in the months that followed he closely read reviews of her recordings until he knew which ones he wanted to own. Placing an order turned out to be more of a chore than he expected, but he eventually established a friendly correspondence with Barrington-Coupe. Weeks passed, nothing came in the mail, and he wrote to Barry, who explained that the shipment had been delayed because one selection was unavailable. So Ventura asked Barry to substitute Liszt's "Transcendental Studies."

Ventura unwrapped the "Studies" disk first. He placed it in his computer's disk drive and, through Apple's iTunes software, connected to Gracenote, an Internet database of CDs. According to Gracenote, which identifies a CD by the durations of its individual tracks, Ventura had loaded the "Transcendental Studies," but the pianist was a Hungarian named László Simon. *László Simon*? Ventura weighed the possibilities: Gracenote might be mistaken (mislabellings had been known to occur), or someone named László Simon had recorded the same music with precisely the same track timings. When he listened during his commute the next morning, he felt "from the very first piece, it was a remarkable recording." On his office computer, he went to Amazon.com and found a listing for Simon's record, including one-minute clips for most of the tracks.

"I started listening," he recalled. "Going back and forth between the iPod and the Amazon clips for individualistic things—sudden changes in dynamics or ornaments, or a cadenzalike passage where the performer has more leeway in the interpretation. In slower pieces, it's easier to hear subtleties. I was ninety-five per cent certain that most of the tracks were the same. So I didn't know what to do. If she was the one that was copying, part of me didn't want it to come out. The whole Joyce Hatto story seemed so terrific you just wanted it to be true. I didn't want to bring down the story."

Within seventy-two hours, the truth had not so much come out as exploded. Ventura had sent an e-mail to Jed Distler, a composer and reviewer who contributed to *Gramophone* and had published positive Hatto reviews in the online publication *ClassicsToday*. Distler later wrote, "After careful comparison of the actual Simon performances to the Hatto, it appeared to me that 10 out of 12 tracks showed remarkable similarity in terms of tempi, accents, dynamics, balances, etc." When Distler next tested a CD of Rachmaninoff's Second and Third Piano Concertos—ostensibly Hatto playing with the elusive René Köhler and his equally elusive National Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra—Gracenote identified the soloist as Yefim Bronfman, accompanied by the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Esa-Pekka Salonen. Distler reported his findings to Ventura via e-mail, and sent copies to the editors of *Gramophone* and *Classics Today* and to Jeremy Nicholas and two other *Gramophone* critics who had championed Hatto. He also wrote to Barrington-Coupe—whom he had met in London the previous fall—and Barry "quickly replied, claiming not to know what had happened, and to be as puzzled as I was."

James Inverne, the editor of *Gramophone*, enlisted an audio expert, Andrew Rose, who examined the waveforms of the Simon and the Hatto recordings. The visual match was exact, and Rose knew the result even before listening. Ten of the twelve tracks of the Concert Artist "Transcendental Studies" were "without a shadow of a doubt" performed by Simon, though the timing of one track had been subtly altered—sped up by 0.02 per cent. Distler had sensed that another track wasn't lifted from the Simon recording, and Rose confirmed this: it had been appropriated from a 1993 release by the Japanese pianist Minoru Nojima. Again, the timing had been tweaked, but the waveform revealed the truth. "No pianist who's ever lived could replicate a performance to anything like the degree of accuracy heard here," Rose wrote. "It's simply not humanly possible, whatever the degree of Ms. Hatto's claimed virtuosity."

On the evening of February 15th, *Gramophone* published the story online, appending a report from Rose that rendered the evidence unassailable. When Cook and Sapp heard the news the next morning, they knew that CHARM could freely disclose its discovery of the larceny of Indjic's Chopin mazurkas. In the days that followed, Rose continued to analyze recordings and post updates: The Rachmaninoff concertos were not Hatto but Bronfman. And had Hatto, Köhler, and the National Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra collaborated on the Brahms Piano Concerto No. 2? No, but Vladimir Ashkenazy, Bernard Haitink, and the Vienna Philharmonic had. Each new revelation increased the suspicion that every Concert Artist release credited to Joyce Hatto within the past decade was the creation of "Joyce Hatto."

In the Usenet and Yahoo groups, critics who had been most enamored of Hatto found themselves, predictably, objects of opprobrium. (Tantalizingly, shortly before *Gramophone's* public disclosure someone calling himself Simon Lasso—in hindsight, an obvious play on László Simon—had warned participants on rec.music.classical.recordings, "Some of you are going to be looking very silly indeed over the coming weeks.") Among shell-shocked Hattophiles, collective healing took the form of a debunking blitz, a competitive quest to unlock the mysteries of the ersatz œuvre. Within ten days, twenty-three identifications had been made. (By last week, the tally was up to sixty-eight.) As with the Liszt "Transcendental Studies" and the Godowsky Chopin Studies, many CDs had been cobbled together from multiple sources, which meant that, unless Barrington-Coupe (or a co-conspirator, if any existed) came clean, the effort to unearth the genuine provenances could take years, and was still bound to fall short. For instance, no one has yet identified the pianist in the glorious recording of the "Mephisto Waltz"—assuming (the default assumption) that it wasn't Hatto herself.

The recrimination directed at the critics who had been duped was both understandable and overwrought. In 1992, in *Gramophone*, the critic Bryce Morrison found that Yefim Bronfman's Rachmaninoff Third Concerto lacked "the sort of angst or urgency that has endeared Rachmaninov to millions" and that "Bronfman sounds oddly unmoved by Rachmaninov's intensely slavonic idiom. In the sunset coda of the Adagio his playing is devoid of glamour and in the finale's fugue he lacks crispness and definition." Fifteen years later, he wrote of Hatto's release of the same recording: "stunning . . . truly great . . . among the finest on record . . . with a special sense of its Slavic melancholy." Ates Orga and Jeremy Nicholas were taken to task for not having demanded more extensive documentation from Hatto. The various sources cited by Orga in his lengthy profile on *MusicWeb* had an uncanny tendency (a) to be no longer alive or (b) to originate and terminate at the intersection of Hatto and Barrington-Coupe.

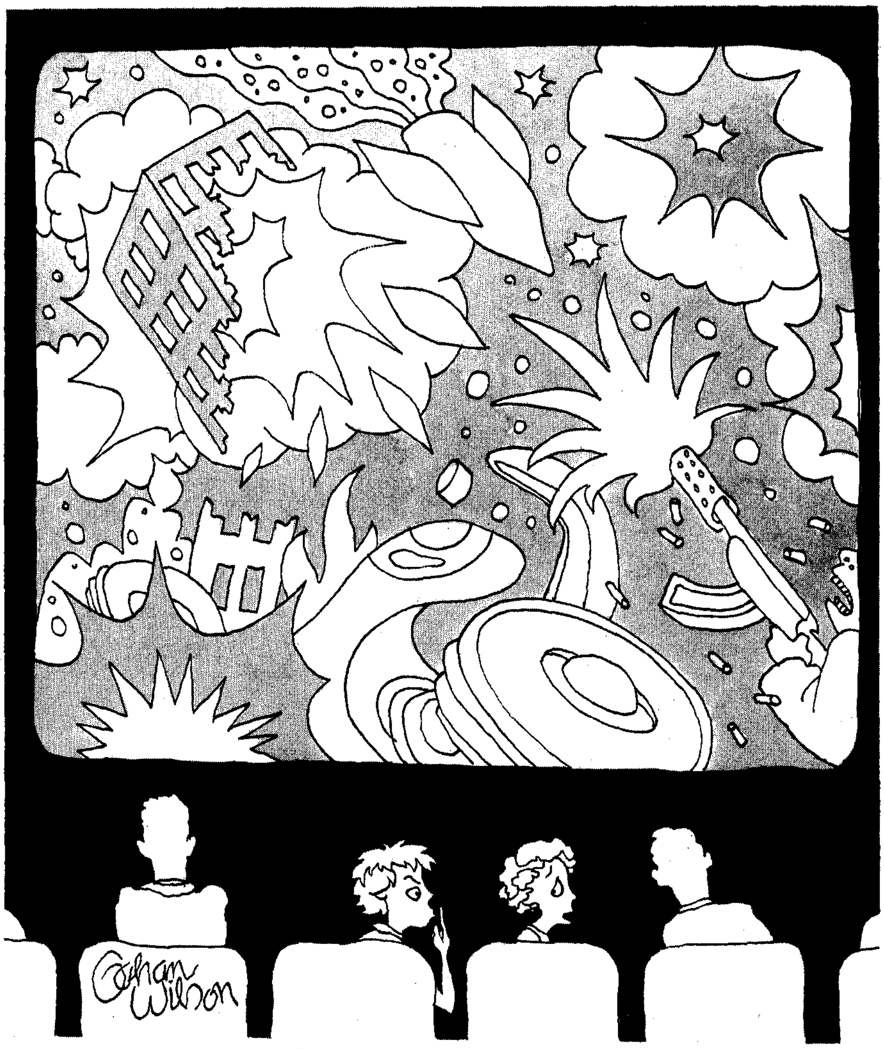
"I was aware that there was a lot of obscurity, absence of paper trails," Orga conceded. "One takes a certain amount on faith. I cross-referenced a few things and came up with answers and I cross-referenced a few others and came up with blanks. The CDs that had been sent to me were extremely good. Whatever critical comments I offered about recordings purporting to be by her, I have to stand by. It's only when you begin to realize that they're *not* by her . . . I didn't give her any scripted questions. I felt she gave me some very, very good answers, intelligent, alert. Looking back, maybe there was a lot of name-dropping. But what she was saying I felt was musically right."

The long-dead Burnett James supposedly recorded his interview with Hatto in 1973. But there was no evidence that it had appeared in print before it turned up on *MusicWeb*, via a transcript provided by Barry. Did she or didn't she meet the celebrated French pianist Alfred Cortot, charm him into inviting her to play for him, and, in later years, often accompany him on visits to the National Gallery? Was she or wasn't she, as a young woman, awarded "a Bach Prize by Michael Tippett," the British composer? In recounting details of her performances in Russia and Poland, Hatto included a heartrending vignette of a visit to Auschwitz. Who, until the scandal broke, would have dared to question the credibility of such reminiscences?

The one person who did was Peter Lemken, whose acerbic manner, along with the fact that he happened to be German, subjected him to nasty insinuations. Lemken's suspicions about Hatto—fuelled by his incredulity at the tragic fable of René Köhler—owed as much to logic as to prescience. According to Barry, before the Second World War Köhler had studied music at the Jagiellonian University, in Krakow. Then: "In the Polish capital, unable to join the Conservatoire because of his Jewish faith, he studied privately with the pianist Stanislaw Spinalski. In 1940, his left hand was crushed irreparably by a young German 'officer,' so-called. He survived the Ghetto but in the summer of 1942 was deported to Treblinka."

Except that, as Lemken learned when he sent a query in early 2006 to the Jagiellonian University, no record existed of a student named René Köhler. Furthermore, the university never had a music department. In a Usenet discussion, he demanded, "What kind of frame of mind must one possess to invent a fake Holocaust-survivor biography?"

As Hatto's reputation collapsed, Barry did his best to stay in character, beginning with a shameless denial. When confronted by James Inverne, the *Gramophone* editor, he said



that he'd been warned that the magazine was working on a story and was aware of the László Simon duplication but couldn't account for it.

"How do you explain the Rachmaninoff?" Inverne asked.

"Well, I can't," Barry replied, adding—with what Inverne deemed "breathtaking audacity"—"If anyone can give me any clues to help explain it, I'd be very grateful."

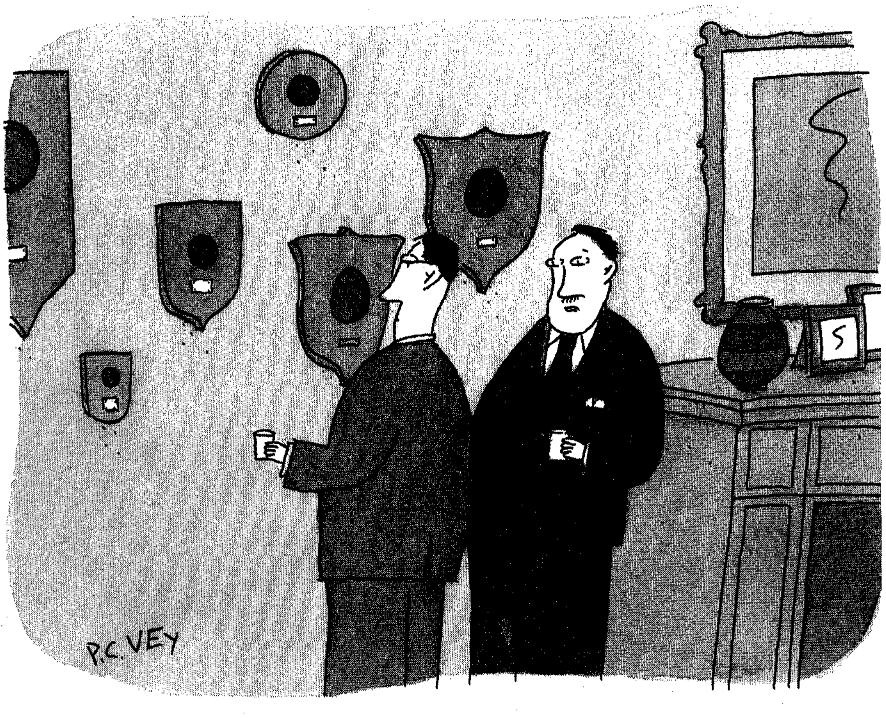
An interview he gave to the *Daily Telegraph* bore the headline "MY WIFE'S VIRTUOSO RECORDINGS ARE GENUINE." She was the "sole pianist on those recordings," he declared, and he was present "at all the important sessions," in his capacity as recording engineer. "If it was all a fake, why would I put my wife's name on it?" he said. "I would have put someone else, some Russian name, and we would have sold ten times as many. The English don't like success—you are successful for a year, then they start putting the boot in."

The telltale Brahms Piano Concerto No. 2? "They . . . say that I swiped the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, probably the greatest orchestra in Europe. It's ludicrous."

Barry's bravado diminished after the *Daily Mail* dug up a 1966 conviction for tax fraud, for which he'd been fined and sentenced to a year in prison. At the time, the judge admonished him and four co-defendants, "These were blatant and impertinent frauds, carried out in my opinion rather clumsily, but such was your conceit that you thought yourselves smart enough to get away with it."

Within a couple of news cycles, Barry confessed—sort of—in a letter to the head of the Swedish label that had released László Simon's Liszt recording. The executive shared excerpts with *Gramophone*, which paraphrased Barry's mea culpa as "I Did It for My Wife"—as if they were both victims of his gallant uxoriousness. "It" referred not to bootlegging entire performances but to having borrowed bits of other recordings to solve technical problems. Hatto had played all the pieces herself, Barry explained, but they had been marred by involuntary grunting noises prompted by the pain from her advancing cancer. So he had searched for recordings by artists with similar styles and spliced patches into her work. "My wife was completely unaware that I did this," he wrote. "I simply let her hear . . . the finished editing that she thought was completely her own work."

In his funeral eulogy, when Barry spoke of there being "no grand 'Hatto' moments," he might well have been describing his own methodology. For the most part, the pianists whose work he poached eschewed stylistic idiosyncrasies: no Glenn Gould, no Vladimir Horowitz. To simplify the editing, he said, he began to lift somewhat longer passages, along the way realizing that he could alter the result by digitally speeding them up or slowing them down. His motive, he maintained, had never been mercenary; it had been to salvage the respect and adulation that had been unfairly denied Hatto—by mean-spirited critics and by her unfortunate illness. In this scenario, Hatto remained heroic and sympathetic, and, implicitly, so did her faithful mate.



"Of course, after I became a PETA *member I had to get rid of the heads."*

Barry's "confession" aside, the evidence pointed toward sustained wholesale plagiarism rather than piecemeal peccadilloes. When Ernst Lumpe reflected upon his relationship with Barry, he recalled the unexpected gift that he'd received from him in 1989: the tape of Hatto's recital performance of Elgar's First Symphony. An acquaintance of Lumpe's suggested that the actual pianist must have been David Owen Norris, a noted Elgar interpreter; virtually no other artist played it in public. Lumpe took a fresh look at a note that Barry had written at the time, which he'd saved. It said, in part, "David Owen Norris is playing the Elgar Transcription for the BBC in a month or two. He played it a couple of years ago in London and has since worked through it with Joyce and has, as a consequence, got the speeds up a little."

Which doesn't quite square with what Norris told Lumpe: "I never heard of Joyce Hatto until the recent news items."

So Barry had been placed at a crime scene, holding a smoking gun, at least a decade earlier than the confirmed plagiarisms suggested. The only surprise, really, was that a Hatto CD of the Elgar had never been released.

How long, exactly, had Concert Artist actually been Con Artist? Did it matter? To fixate upon this or that fugitive datum, or upon the technical details of how the CDs might have been concocted, was to overlook Barry's grander accomplishment. He had not merely pinched or polished a few, mostly marginal, recordings. With his collection of more than a hundred Joyce Hatto CDs, Barry had created the most diversely prolific and gifted pianist to emerge in decades, with a corresponding narrative that aroused the esteem and good will of music lovers around the world. Since early in his checkered career, he had deftly manipulated musical identities. What he confected on his wife's behalf, in her twilight, was vastly more audacious than anything he had pulled off during his "super-bargain" years. The alchemy that transformed Joyce Hatto into "Joyce Hatto" was, in its twisted way, a tour de force, a dazzling work of art, literally the performance of a lifetime.

"Quit asking if I'm O.K. If I'm ever O.K., I'll let you know."

• •

A terrific amount of labor went into the deception. Case in point: René Köhler. Barry had first deployed the Köhler pseudonym in the fifties, but until Peter Lemken raised questions a layered biography didn't become necessary. In March, 2006, responding to an e-mail from Lemken, who stated that he was preparing an article about Hatto and had questions about Köhler (place and date of birth and death, location of gravesite, etc.), Barry invited Lemken to Cambridge to meet "Miss Hatto," who "would be happy . . . to talk over with you any aspect of her playing, teaching or recording work." Online, Lemken had speculated that "St. Mark's Church, Croydon"—identified on Concert Artist CD packages as a venue for Hatto's recording sessions with Köhler's orchestra but strangely missing from maps—was yet another fiction.

Thus Barry, blithely: "In addition, whilst you are in Cambridge, I would be able to show you the recording facilities that we [have] available. . . . I would be very happy to arrange for you to visit a 'non-existent' church in Croydon and speak with the priest in charge of it. That would occupy a full day going from Cambridge but I would do my very best to accompany you myself or provide a member of staff to accompany you. If your time schedule allows you, Miss Hatto would raise no objections to my inviting you to one of her recording sessions."

After Lemken neglected to call this bluff—he didn't feel like travelling to England—Barry reiterated the invitation two months later, having meanwhile added some filigree to the Köhler saga: he was born in the Weimar region, travelled on a Swiss passport, and had a grandnephew, "now safely settled in Israel," who was "a musician and budding conductor." Then this inspired bit about the grandnephew: "We are trying to make arrangements to bring him to London when he has finished his National Service in the Israeli Army. We have offered recordings with Joyce Hatto, if she is still able to undertake such a commitment, and have offered to finance a career launch at the Royal Festival Hall with as many members of the original National Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra as can be reassembled."

It is hard to fathom what was motivating Barry at that moment. (Buying time, perhaps? Hatto would be dead within two months. Delusional grandiosity? Pathological duplicity?) He stood as much chance of reassembling "members of the original National Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra" as he did of producing, in the flesh, Wilhelm Havagesse. There was no St. Mark's Church in Croydon. Nor, most likely, was there a staff member available to escort Lemken anywhere. A Hatto collector tracked down by the BBC recounted that he'd bought a hundred or so CDs directly from Concert Artist and that, during a twenty-seven-month period, he'd exchanged roughly twelve hundred e-mails with more than a dozen Concert Artist employees—or, anyway, with that many Concert Artist e-mail addressees. The collector was under the impression that the company employed thirty-two people in four locations. In fact, Concert Artist's Hatto endeavors appear to have been a one-person operation—two, if Hatto counts.

If so, how much did she know? Or need to know? Among the artifacts that made a compelling case for her complicity were the Rachmaninoff and Brahms concerto recordings. Even if one conceded some variant of Barry's alibi for her—she recorded everything, he tinkered, she heard the result and somehow remained oblivious of his misdemeanors—that couldn't explain how an artist capable of functioning at such a high level wouldn't have mused, "Why don't I recall any recording sessions with an eighty-piece orchestra?"

When Christopher Howell, one of

the critics with whom both Hatto and Barry corresponded—in exceptionally recondite discussions of piano technique and music history—sifted for clues in the correspondence he'd saved, he realized that the first letter he'd received from Hatto was "chilling evidence that, if she really wrote it, she was involved up to the hilt." He recalled, "The subject was 'her' recording of the Chopin Mazurkas, and that is now known to be the work of Eugen Indjic." Howell also noticed that certain pianists' names were often misspelled in the letters signed by Barry but the ones ostensibly from Hatto got them right. His inference: "This would seem to prove at least that two different people were writing." Over all, he felt, the hoax had been "thought through very carefully." Peculiar errors in Hatto's letters, however, led him also to contemplate "the possibility . . . of a person with almost total recall of the past but living in a present of her own imagining."

With that hypothesis in mind, I recently took a train from London to Royston for a conversation with Barrington-Coupe. I went with some questions but certainly not with accusations. I didn't plan to bring up, for instance, a story in the *Independent* that quoted Hatto's radiologist to the effect that she'd received her first cancer diagnosis in 1992 rather than in the early seventies, as legend had it.

Barry greeted me on the station platform. Despite protestations to reporters that he was in fragile health, he struck me as quite vigorous: a trim fellow ("I can still get into my Army uniform") in his mid-seventies, dressed in a tan raincoat and black leather gloves, taupe slacks, an olive tweed jacket, a green shirt, a brown print necktie. He had the look of an indoorsman—pale, fleshy face, bony nose, thick eyebrows, ruffled brownish-gray hair, black glasses. It was a fifteen-minute walk through the village—past the usual shops and cafés, an ivied Anglican church, a park—to the small housing development on a cul-de-sac where, he said, he and Hatto had moved from Hampstead Garden Suburb in 1976.

Along the way, I asked about Royston, and his answer set the tone for our conversation. Many American servicemen were stationed in the area during the Second World War, and there was a large American military cemetery nearby, in Cambridge. "Joyce occasionally had young pupils who would say negative things about Americans, and she would always correct them by pointing out how wonderful the Americans had been during the war," he said. "She liked to go to the cemetery occasionally and leave bouquets of flowers. I remember one time, we arrived and we met this elderly American gentleman standing next to a wall engraved with the names of fallen soldiers. As he was touching one of the names . . ."

I more or less knew what he was going to say next. All Barry knew about me, from a few phone calls and e-mails, was that I was a polite-sounding American reporter. That sufficed; he was born to ingratiate.

". . . tears were running down his cheeks, and he turned to us and said, 'This is all I have left of my son.' "

Christopher Howell, the *MusicWeb* critic, had written of Barry's and Hatto's propensity for "grafting past realities onto present falsities with scarcely a false step"—and how, simultaneously, "the work proceeded of buttering up anybody perceived to be of possible use." So I'd been buttered. In the course of the next five hours, he dissembled and I silently marvelled at his technique. He seemed to make things up effortlessly as he went along. As he angled for my sympathy and confidence, he remained courteous and affable, a perfectly decent-seeming fellow.

At one point, he asked me if I was Jewish. "I had a Jewish doctor, solicitor, accountant," he said warmly. "They all said, 'You're more Jewish than the Jews.' At school I used to be given a hard time by the other boys because I looked Jewish. They kept it up until, finally, just to make them stop, I said, 'O.K., I *am*.' " He went on, "Joyce, when we met, thought I was Jewish. I told her, 'Oh, no, when I was a boy I was thinking of going into the Church. I sang in the choir.' "

"What church did you belong to?" I asked.

"Oh, dear. I'm trying to think of the church I sang in when I was a boy soprano. I used to be a regular carol singer. Singing all the soprano parts. Why can't I think of the name of that? Well, it was hit by a rocket, you see."

We sat in the music room, which was furnished with an oak table, a couple of bookcases and armchairs, a sideboard, a leather settee, and a piano. Oriental rugs were scattered over wall-to-wall crimson carpeting; lace curtains framed a bay window that faced the street; sheer curtains covered French doors that led to the back yard. Hatto had died in this room. Even minus the hospital bed in which she had spent the last weeks of her life, it felt overstuffed. There was a surfeit of tchotchkes—life-size plaster cats beneath the piano, a plaster squirrel and rabbit flanking a brass vase of artificial flowers atop the table, and assorted cloisonné bowls. The BBC had reported that an English online retailer had handled a hundred thousand dollars' worth of Hatto CDs; definitive sales figures were impossible to come by. But if the hoax had proved materially rewarding there was no sign of it here.

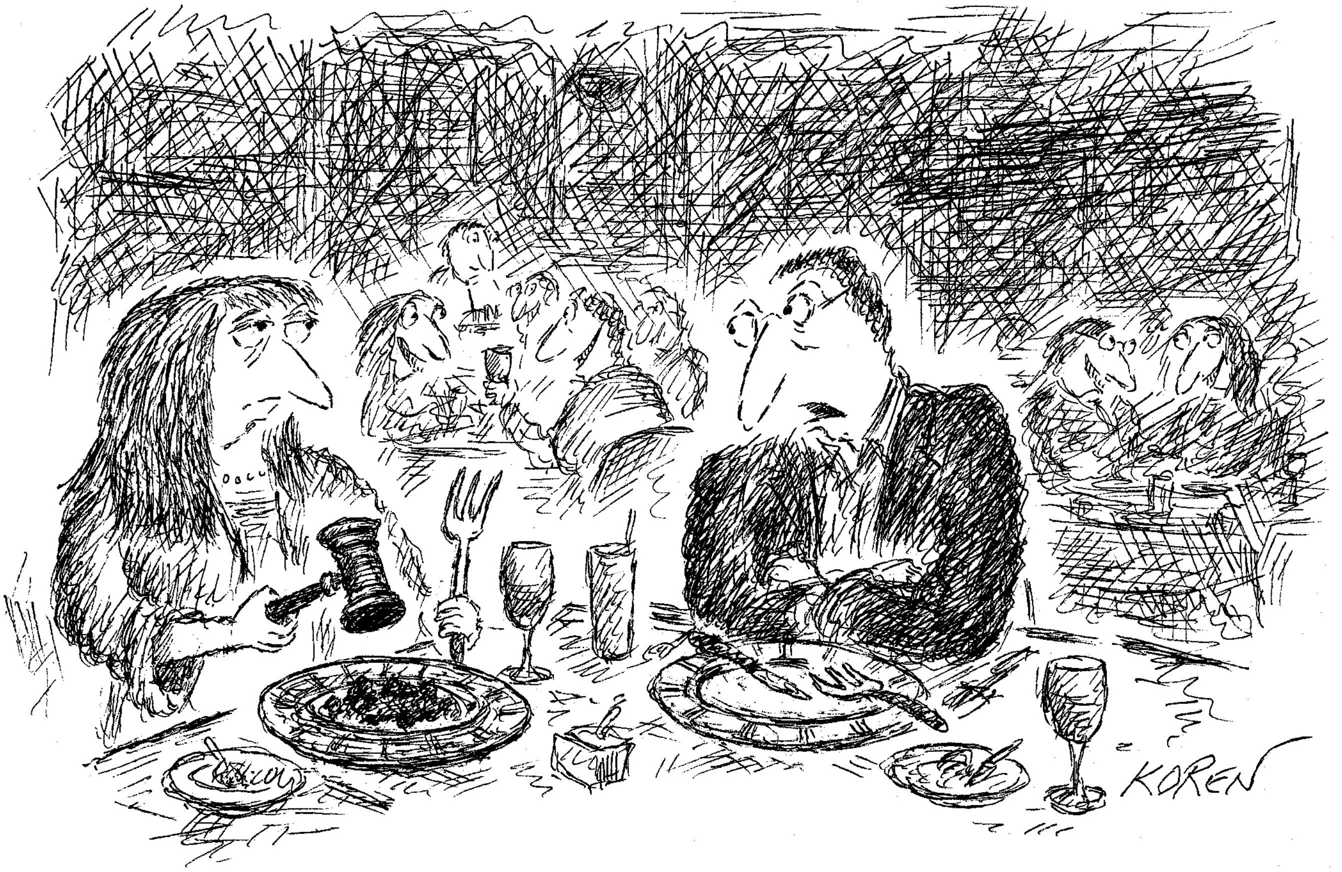
The dominant object, of course, was the piano, a mahogany Steinway concert grand that Rachmaninoff, so one was told, had used for concerts outside London. I did my best to imagine it being routinely shuttled between the house and Hatto's apocryphal recording venues. During a radio interview broadcast in New Zealand a few months before she died, she had been asked about those exact logistical arrangements and had ignored the question. The most quotable quote from that interview referred to her parents, during her childhood: "They always said, 'Just make certain you're not a disappointment. Don't think you're so important.' And so I've never thought I'm so important. . . . I expect even Mozart was a disappointment to his father."

Perched on the piano bench, with his legs crossed and his hands—he still wore a gold wedding band—clasped around one knee, Barry said, "Her mother was the kind of person who, if God himself came down, she would have found fault. It wasn't until the last six weeks of Joyce's life that she began to tell me some of the things that had happened to her as a child. I knew that she hadn't had a very happy childhood. And this is the reason. In life, there are amazing coincidences. The very first afternoon I'd taken her out, we went rowing in Hyde Park and we passed another boat with identical twins, boys. Afterwards, we had a cup of tea beside the Serpentine, and as we were sitting there Joyce said, 'I was a twin. I had a brother who was born dead.' The amazing thing was that *I* was a twin and my *sister* was born dead. Consequently, my father wanted a daughter and her mother wanted a son. And both parents treated us in exactly the same way. The very first day we met—it was a Saturday, almost exactly this time of year—we felt a bond with each other and we had it all our life. People say it was romantic. It was almost a brotherly-sisterly bond. It seemed to transcend just ordinary marriage and sex and everything else. Sometimes we didn't need to talk to each other—we just knew what the other was thinking.

"Her mother took to me. But when she started criticizing Joyce, trying to put me off, it was exactly what my father did when he came to meet her family. He said the same things about me. Her mother was very talented, had a beautiful singing voice, and so did Joyce. I think her mother resented her success. She wouldn't go to her concerts but would tell everybody that we hadn't given her tickets. Joyce would be shut in the cupboards when she was a little girl, and her mother would lock the piano. She did it very cleverly so the father didn't know. I liked him. He was a very nice man. He had cancer as well. Joyce got her stoicism from him. He was rather a Jane Austen character—he wasn't one of life's happy people."

The most plausible theory of the motivation behind the hoax was quintessentially British: a revenge tale fuelled by class resentment. Hatto had described to interviewers being condescended to during an adolescent audition at the Royal Academy of Music. A career as a concert soloist was a dauntingly lofty ambition, she was advised; what a young woman really needed to know was how to prepare a roast. Years later, she failed to impress when auditioning for the Proms, an annual series of prestigious summer concerts produced by the BBC. Barry told me, "One of the reasons that the establishment didn't take to her was that her whole technique was different from the English way of playing. She played with a more open hand. The thumb didn't tuck itself under. A lot of technical schools have all this preparation of the hand—you've *got* to tuck the thumb under."

Hatto either had or had not studied composition with the eminences Mátyás Seiber and Paul Hindemith, who, by the time she began invoking their names in program and liner notes—Seiber died in 1960, Hindemith in 1963—were no longer in a position to confirm or deny. "She did do a bit of composition, yes," Barry said. "But she destroyed everything she had. Why? She thought she was criticized enough. She didn't have a sacrificial burning, but she put the whole lot into the bin. I asked her 'Why do that?' and she



"I find your ruling on the avocado-grapefruit-and-pomegranate salad overly narrow."

said, 'Well, they criticize *everything* I do, and the last bit would be to criticize my composition.' "

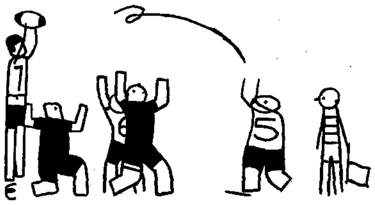
Another question I didn't bother asking Barry is whether Hatto was in on the con. The emerging consensus of people close to the scandal was that indeed she had been. Earlier that week, I'd met with Jeremy Nicholas, who showed me a document that appeared, like the concerto recordings, to place a second smoking gun in Hatto's hand. It involved the Godowsky Chopin Studies—upon reflection, hardly the most judicious theft. When the audio consultant retained by *Gramophone* analyzed Hatto's Godowsky CD, he found that it had been pieced together from recordings by Marc-André Hamelin, Carlo Grante, and Ian Hobson; Barry had covered up the crime by shrinking the timings of various tracks. In March, 2006, after Nicholas published his reverential article about Hatto in *Gramophone*, he received from her a printed program from a famous 1938 concert at the Royal Albert Hall, during which Rachmaninoff performed. A handwritten note said, "We have looked after this Rachmaninoff programme for many years, but feel it should now be passed on to you. Also I have re-worked the Godowsky, as I'm always trying to achieve the impossible and I hope you will enjoy the result. With all good wishes, Joyce."

Nicholas wanted to know, "Why is she saying 'I have *reworked* the Godowsky' if she didn't play them in the first place?"

Among the most diligent and dispassionate students of the Hatto hoax is Andrys Basten, the woman who had posted the "Mephisto Waltz" on her Web site. She is a retired computer consultant who lives in Northern California. According to her, the Godowsky and other examples in which recordings have been sped up or slowed down—"with results which some listeners even now can find more pleasing than the original pianists' versions"—suggest that Hatto and Barry had set out to create "their own ideal versions, using her musical ideas and his technological know-how." In Basten's interpretation of *their* interpretation, "He was the producer of these improved versions, while she was the musician behind them. They both could enjoy the accolades rolling in. Sweet revenge for what was felt to be insufficient recognition of past achievements and a means of financial survival. A more practical form of folie à deux."

Ates Orga, for his part, had reconsidered Hatto's accounts of concert tours in Eastern Europe. He said, "I can't think of many English artists in the fifties, sixties, or early seventies going to the Soviet Union or Poland unless they were big-time competition players." Barry had told Orga that Hatto hadn't bothered to save copies of her reviews. Yet he was able to produce reviews—O.K., not actual clippings but typed transcripts—from her putative trips to Russia and Scandinavia in the early and mid-seventies. The prose had the same conquering-heroine flavor as her liner notes: "Her performance of the Brahms Piano Concerto in D minor was a triumph. The technical virtuosity was compelling in its complete nonchalance but it was the blazing passion that brought a huge audience to its feet"; "Miss Joyce Hatto, an English woman pianist, proved herself to be a pianist of unique technical talent and possessed of much more than exceptional musicality. Her power to hold an audience and move them to near hysteria is rarely encountered"; "Joyce Hatto completely dominated her Steinway and it was very noticeable that the orchestral players were perspiring and not this soloist! The explosive reception she received demanded six encores."

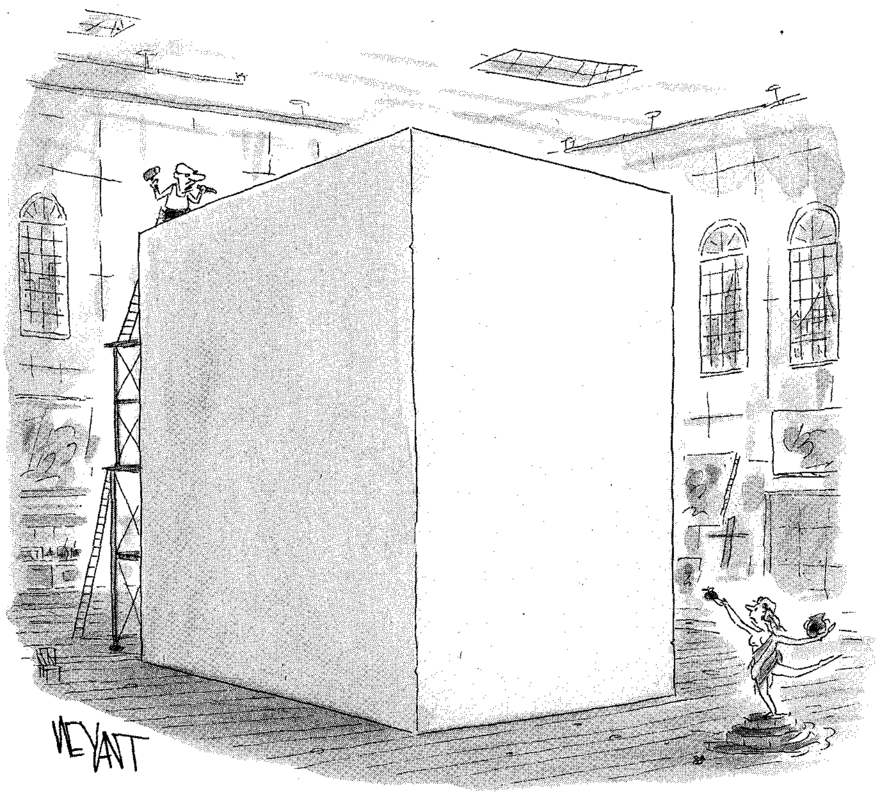
The few reviews of Hatto's work that can be verified as genuine are less kind. In 1953, a critic from the London *Times* said of a local recital, "Joyce Hatto grappled doggedly with too hasty tempi in Mozart's D Minor piano concerto and was thereby impeded from conveying significant feelings towards the work, especially in quick figuration." In a 1961 *Gramophone* assessment of Hatto's LP of Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto, the conductor Trevor Harvey wondered "whether her technique is really on top of the difficulties of this music." He concluded, "It remains a small, rather pallid performance."



In a moment of contrition, Barry said, "I can see why I've been criticized for what I've done. Apart from being unlawful, it wasn't right. I know I shouldn't have done it." Then he got over it. "The letters I've been getting—the nasty ones—tell me at least I could publish the names of the wonderful artists who played this work. But there *aren't* any 'wonderful artists.' The things that she was playing, if it was very difficult, it was fine, she didn't make noises—the mechanical memory was all going right. Almost on autopilot, I suppose; her fingers would just be there. The body has learnt, you've gone up and down those difficult passages so many times. It's like a hurdler. Sometimes they don't know what they're doing—the brain doesn't but the body does. What was difficult for her, where the problems occurred, was immediately before she started she'd take a deep breath. Pull herself and stretch, take a deep breath, and the pain would start. She couldn't seem to stop herself from doing that. Consequently, when it was a slow piece, that's when the problems came in, because only her mind was being engaged and the pain had a chance to take over. Very often the patching had to be done there. We never used a famous pianist or anything to cover up any technical deficiencies. There weren't any. It was so remarkable—someone said the piano had a hold on her, but I would say she had a hold on the piano. It did what she wanted it to do, in a remarkable way, too."

I listened and wondered: Did he actually believe any of it? And what had she believed? Had Joyce Hatto died happy?

Barry's gift for artifice notwithstanding, he'd spun such dense layers of fabrication that inevitably he lapsed into self-contradiction. When I asked how Hatto felt about the attention she'd received during her final years, he said, "You see, the thing about her was it meant her life hadn't been a waste of time. But she didn't glory in anything, really. Music was kind of an essential thing. If there was a criticism, she would say, 'Well, I know what I know.' " In the



"Now hold that."

next breath, he mentioned that, shortly before she died, when he'd shown her a favorable review of one of "her" CDs, "She looked at me and said, 'It's just too late.' "

In the wake of the scandal, some listeners had obtained copies of Hatto's early LPs and detected genuine promise. Christopher Howell, after listening to her 1963 recording of Mozart's Piano Concerto in A Major, said that "there is a certain glow to the tone. The slow movement is beautifully shaped while the finale, at a pretty fast tempo, has a joyous spring. Overall, the performance has a certain luminosity of spirit." But it was indeed too late.

From papers atop the table, Barry produced a condolence note that he'd received from a Dutch fan of Hatto's, just before the hoax was exposed: "Dear Sir! First I must condole you with your wife. It's a great loss, not only for you, but also for the lovers of piano music. I am a great admirer of your wife's records, the first of them I bought in the sixties. . . . It's a pity she is only now recognized as the great pianist she always was."

When I handed it back, he said, "In the end, you just sort of shrug your shoulders. I haven't made a lot of friends, actually. I suppose it's because Joyce and I were married for almost fifty years. I really haven't had time for friendships. It is very strange. I've found that the ones I thought were friends have to pontificate. But I have one friend who's been wonderful. When I told him what I'd done, there was no lecture; he simply said, 'I understand why you did it.' There's no use having a friend who's going to lecture you. I think Marlene Dietrich said it best—Joyce and I both knew Marlene Dietrich. She said, 'It's no good forgiving your husband if you're going to make him eat it for breakfast every morning.' "

Just about every anecdote Barry shared, or invented on the spot, conformed to a fundamentally sentimental narrative that retained at least a quotient of plausibility, allowing him to harvest a bit of sympathy for two lifetimes' accumulation of grievances. Of course, there was a transparent poignancy to the con: Hatto had possessed genuine talent but there had been no brilliant career. The con had a genius and the revenge a sweetness, the false persona providing a balm for her failed ambition. Still, how satisfying could it have been to live merely the simulacrum of success—to read about "her" inspiring renaissance, to hear "her" music so extravagantly extolled? The name-dropping, the evasiveness, the delusional stories, the woundedness, the self-pity, the resentment toward the establishment: it formed a ziggurat of self-deception. It was also a love story, one that would have been right at home on Sunset Boulevard.

Hatto's ashes, in a cardboard parcel the size of a shoebox, rested on the oak table. Three days before she died, Barrington-Coupe said, he proposed that they be transported to Chopin's garden, outside Warsaw, but she said that she wanted them scattered beneath a conifer in the botanical garden in Cambridge. Unfortunately, that wasn't allowed. Another possibility was a prehistoric burial mound in Royston, but the ground there had been sinking and was roped off.

"She died just where you are," he told me. "That's roughly where her bed was. The amazing thing about her is that she was rather ageless. Children and young girls would discuss things with her that they wouldn't discuss with their parents. People never thought of her as being elderly, and, frankly, neither did I. About two years before she died, I said, 'You know, Joyce, you don't look any different from when we first met.' She had a remarkable youthfulness. And yet when she actually died—the moment of death, the doctor was on one side and I was on the other—it was as if a sponge wiped her face and her whole personality went and there was this old lady. When I went to the undertaker the first time to see her, I went in and there was this elderly lady in this coffin. I looked at her and I came out smiling and said, 'That's the wrong body.' They said, 'No, that's Joyce.' So I went back in. She had a little birthmark. I went back in, and there it was. I've seen many deaths. Most people I've found in death seem to lose a few years. She didn't. The act was over." ♦

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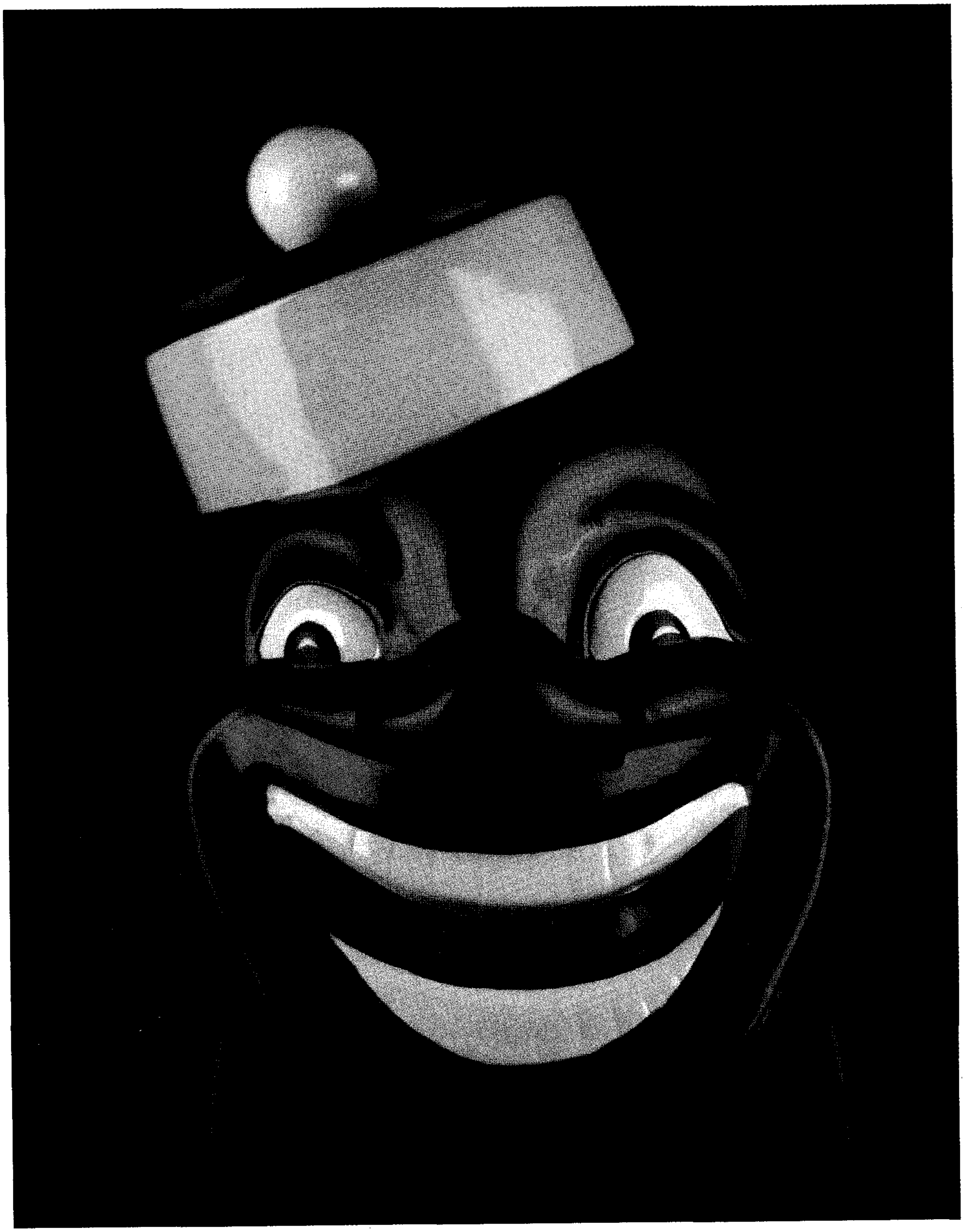
Mark Singer discusses Joyce Hatto, with clips of music and archival interviews.

FICTION

MR. BONES

BY PAUL THEROUX



Whenever I get sentimental and tell people how my father used to read to me and encourage me, I realize that I'm lying. Is it a gesture of kindness toward him—like "You look marvellous!" (something he used to say), or "Pretty as a picture!" (seldom true), or "Looks good enough to eat!" (of my mother's gristly meat loaf)? Generosity, I suppose, can often verge on the satirical.

My father, apparently a simple, cheery soul, was impossible to know. In his lifetime, I found it hard to see him through his niceness, and now, ten years after his death, he seems more enigmatic than ever. There he stands, at a little distance, jingling coins in his pocket, waiting for someone to need him: a satisfied man, with the sort of good humor and obliging manner I associate with an old-fashioned servant.

A smile is the hardest expression to fathom. He must have known that. In the period I am thinking of, around 1956, he lost his job. Never mind, he said, and found another one. Did he like it? "I'm tickled to death!" he said. He didn't drink. He didn't smoke. He never went out at night, except to church. Bowling and the movies he abandoned after becoming a father. He had few friends, no close ones, no confidants—he wasn't the confiding type.

I was eleven. With two older brothers and a younger sister, I was invisible, in the lower middle of the pack, always a few steps behind, unnoticed. And my father was the insubstantial presence he wished to be, merely a man who lived in the house. Dramatic entrance, and then silence. Dramatic departure, and then silence again.

This all sounds harmonious, yet there was disorder and tension and conflict in our household. It bristled like the angular splinters in the woodwork; it pulsed in the air, a disturbance that was deep, subtle, and voiceless, the vibrant presence of low-pitched rivalries, masked by politeness, or sometimes by hostile displays of affection. The quiet household is often more turbulent than the household of the tyrant or the drunkard.

One of the unspoken conflicts in our house concerned the house itself. My mother's version of the story—the blaming version, the one she wouldn't let him live down—was that my father, having decided that we had to move (four kids in a tiny house and a fifth on the way), was appointed house-hunter. My mother was pregnant and busy, but she was also the sort of person who provoked others to make decisions, so that if they made the wrong ones she could say, "Well, whose fault is that?" She greeted a good choice with silence, a bad one with loud reproach. Deniability was a defense she mastered long before the word was coined.

Dad was like hired help: the house-hunter. Unused to spending large sums of money or to making big decisions on his own, he became more affable, more genial than I'd ever seen him. He did so out of sheer nervousness, a kind of helpless hilarity, like that of an almost ruined gambler at the blackjack table, risking everything on the turn of a card.

He saw three or four houses. They were all unsuitable, though he liked them. My mother was vexed. This was our dinner-table talk. (We children were discouraged from speaking at mealtime, so we listened.) "What's good about it?" my mother would say. "It'll be hard to heat," or "It's not on a bus line," or "That's a bad neighborhood."

One winter night, she was in tears. Dad had seen a house that he liked. He had been told the price. In his anxiety, he had not bargained; he had not said, "My wife will have to see it," or "We'll think it over." He had said, "We'll take it!," with a sudden flourish of cash that startled even the seller of the house, a cranky old woman in a soiled apron. At least, that was my mother's version, and, in the oral tradition of our family, the only version that was allowed.

In a matter of an hour or so, my father had seen the house and agreed to buy it. Another detail to his discredit was that he had seen it only in the dark. It was January, and he worked until five-thirty; he had driven there after work, tramped through the snow, and looked it over, and by seven the deal was done.

The reason for my mother's distress was that, in anticipation of finding the right house, Dad had been carrying five hundred dollars in small bills around with him. The papers he'd signed that night had specified a deposit of that very amount, nonrefundable. "Our whole life's savings!" my mother cried, thumping the table. "How could you?"

Obviously, he'd liked the house; he hadn't wanted to risk losing it; he wasn't a bargainer; and he had been pressed for time, house-hunting after work. Now the situation was: buy the house and pay the rest of the money with a mortgage or lose the deposit. "Our life's savings—wasted!"

"Life's savings" was probably an exaggeration, but not by much; my father's new job was menial, as a shoe salesman. He was grateful for the work, but a man selling shoes spends a great deal of time on his knees.

Dad suffered, smiling sheepishly through a number of scenes at the dinner table—and at other times, too. I heard bedroom recriminations, which were rare in our household. But, in a short time, the mortgage was granted, the house was bought, and we moved—a hugely disruptive event in a family that experienced few, almost no, events that involved a substantial outlay of money. It was the only time we moved in the course of my childhood, and what made it most memorable was the fact that my mother was briefly shocked into silence.

The house was large but odd-shaped—bony and tall and narrow, like a cereal box, with the narrow side to the street, the wide side a wall of windows. It seemed somehow unfinished, the kitchen not quite right, the doors either poorly fitting or missing, the varnished cabinets made of thin wood, the floors creaky and uneven. But it had four bedrooms. My brothers, Fred and Floyd, shared a room with bunk beds. "There's room for the piano," my father said, in a tone of hollow enthusiasm.

That winter, my father never stopped smiling. His smile said, All's well. Mother banged the kitchen cabinets to demonstrate the loose hinges, the broken latches. She tugged at the front door, exaggerating the effort it took to open it. She told everyone that she was coming down with a cold because of the drafts. She sighed loudly—all the sounds and gestures of discontent.

Dad's only response was to say, "I'll see to that."

He was imperturbable—not so chummy as to cause offense, but deferentially amiable: "How can I help?" The

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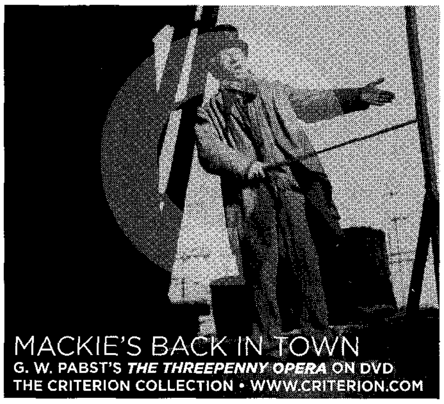

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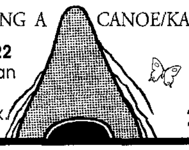

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kind of submissiveness you'd see in the wan demeanor of a field hand or an old retainer.

Spring came. The roof began to leak; the drains erupted; the nailed-on storm windows proved hard to take down. Now that we were less confined by the weather, we could see that the house needed paint. Dad began to paint it, with a borrowed ladder and a gallon of yellow paint. A neighbor saw him and said in an outraged tone, "You're not going to paint that house yellow!"

So Dad returned the yellow and bought some cans of gray.

"That's better," the neighbor said.

My mother pointed out that he'd dripped gray paint onto the white trim. He repainted the trim.

Mother said, "Now you've gone and dripped white paint on the shingles."

Dad smiled and repainted, never quite getting it right.

Anticipating insects, he put up screens. The screens were flimsy and rusted; holes had been poked through them.

The stove was unreliable, and the fuel oil in the heater gurgled and leaked from the pump, which had to be replaced by a plumber, Dad's fellow choir member Tony Martello. Tony worked for nothing, or for very little, groaning in wordless irritation as he toiled.

My father's new job was a problem, too: long hours and low pay, while my mother was pregnant, home with small children. She was heavy and walked with a backward-leaning gait, supporting her belly with one hand, seeming to balance herself as she moved.

"I lost a child two years ago," she said, as though threatening to lose this one, too.

Dad said, "It's going to be fine."

"How would you know?"

He smiled; he had no reply. As a sort of penance, he washed the dishes, calling out, "Who's going to dry for me?," and, because of the tension, each of us said, "I'll do it!," and pushed around trying to be helpful.

I said that my father had no recreations, but he had one—the choir, legitimate because it was church-related. His voice was confident and rather flat, with a gravelly distinction. "He prays twice who sings to the Lord" was printed on the hymnal. My father believed that. Choir practice was more than a form of devotion, an expression of piety; it was a spiritual duty. Dad always went alone, and he always came back happy. His happiness wasn't audible in anything he said, but his mood was improved—you could tell by his movements, his breathing, the way he listened, with a different sort of smile, a relaxed posture.

April came.

"The house is full of flies."

"I'll take care of it."

He patched the screens with little glued-on squares of screen.

"The faucet drips."

"Say, I'll pick up some washers on the way home from choir."

"This is the second time I've mentioned it."

Dad was putting on his hat, snapping the brim, looking jaunty.

"You never listen."

In fact, all he did was listen, but a certain sort of nagging repetition can deafen you.

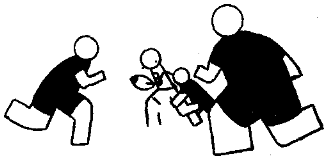
We didn't realize then that we'd come to the end of a chapter, that we were starting a new one. After it was over, we knew Dad much better than we had before, and were more bewildered; we'd had a glimpse of what was beneath his smile.

The wickedest episodes of revelation can have the most innocent beginnings. This one began with a song. Looking back, it all seems even weirder and scarier than it did at the time; I remember it with reluctance, embarrassed and ashamed.

My father came home one afternoon carrying a large envelope. Trying to look casual, he got his fingers inside it and, with a self-conscious flourish, took out some pages of sheet music. The illustration on the cover showed a black man in a gleaming top hat, white gloves, mouth open in the act of singing. I could see from his features that he was a white man wearing makeup.

"Say"—Dad was ruffling the pages—"could you play this, Mother?"

Asking a favor always made him



shy. Being asked a favor always made Mother ponderous and powerful. Oh, so now you want something, do you? she seemed to reply, with the upward tilt of her head and her triumphant smile.

She looked with a kind of distaste at the sheet music, holding it with unwilling fingers, as though it were unclean—and it *was* rather grubby, worn at the edges, torn at the crease where it folded. It had a limp, clothlike look, as though it had been propped on many music stands.

After a while, Mother took herself and her big belly to the piano. She spun the stool to the right height and, balancing herself on it, reached over her pregnancy as though across a counter. Frowning at the music, she banged out some notes. I could tell from her playing that she was angry. Dad leaned in with his bifocals.

Mandy, there's a minister handy
And it sure would be dandy . . .

He gagged a little, cleared his throat, and began again, in the wrong key. He could not read music, but he could carry a tune if he heard it enough. In this first effort, he struggled to find the melody.

"You're not listening," Mother said.

"Just trying to—" he said, and clawed at the song sheet instead of finishing the sentence.

He started to sing again, but too fast, and Mother pounded the keys and tramped on the pedals, as though she were at the wheel of some sort of vehicle, a big wooden bus that she was driving down a steep hill with her feet and hands.

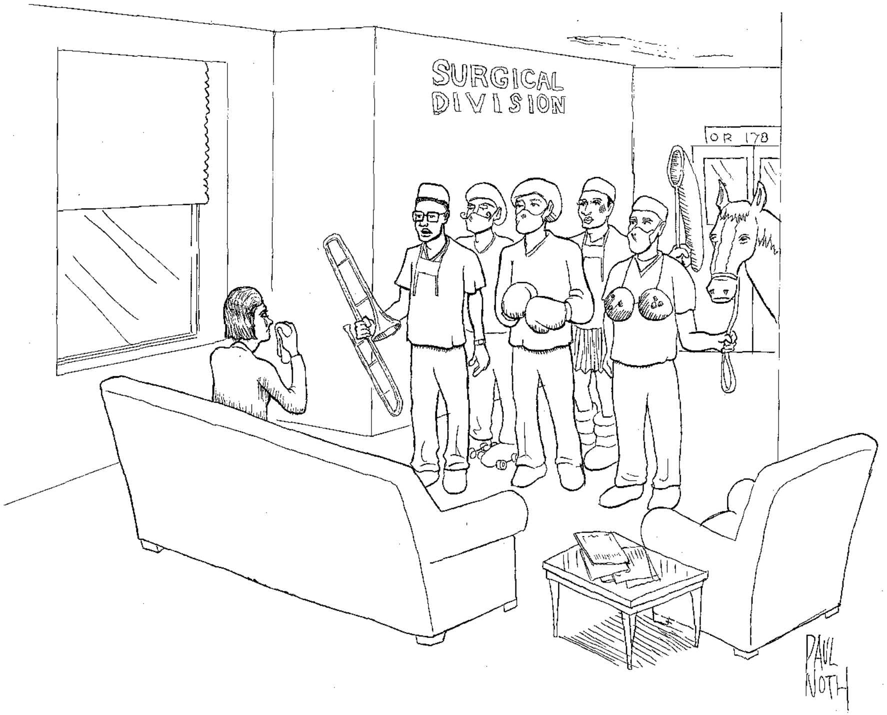
Mandy, there's a minister handy . . .

Hearing the blundering repetitions of someone learning something from scratch was unbearable to me. Probably out of exasperation, I knew the song before they did. I was in a fury for it to be over. I left the room, but even two rooms away I heard:

So don't you linger,
Here's the ring for your finger.

Against my will I listened until the song was in my head, not as it was meant to be sung but in Dad's halting rendition.

Later, over dinner, in reply to a question I didn't hear, Dad said, "Fella gave it to me—loaned it. I'll have to give it back afterward."



"We did everything we could."

• •

"Who loaned it?"

"Joe Buffalino."

"Why?"

"Tony Martello loaned it to him."

"What's it for?"

"Minstrel show."

Mother made a face. As though to avoid further questions, Dad filled his mouth with food and went on eating, with the faraway, thoughtful look he assumed when he didn't want to be questioned.

Then, out of the side of his mouth, he said, "Pass the mouse turd, sonny."

We stared at him. He was chewing.

"Tell you a great meal," he said. "Lettuce. Turnip. And pea."

He winked. We had no idea what he was talking about.

The words "minstrel show," he seemed to feel, explained everything—and perhaps they did, though not to me. Words I had never heard before had a significance for him, and a private satisfaction. *Mouse turd*?

After that, he practiced "Mandy" every night, singing with more confidence and tunefulness, as Mother played and thumped her pedalling feet. Within a week, he grew hoarse, and from the next room it was as though another man were singing—not Dad but a growly stranger.

Around this time, Dad revealed his new name. This was at the dinner table, Mother at one end, Dad at the other, Fred, Floyd, Rose, and me in between.

"Fella says to me, 'Wasn't that song just beautiful? Didn't it touch you, Mr. Bones?' I says, 'No, but the fella that sang it touched me, and he still owes me five bucks.' "

"Who's Mr. Bones?" I asked.

"Yours truly."

"No, it's not," Fred said.

"Only one thing in the world keeps you from being a barefaced liar," he said to Fred.

We were shocked at his suddenness.

"Your mustache," Dad said, and wagged his head and chuckled.

"I don't have a mustache," Fred said.

Mother got flustered when she heard anyone telling a joke. She said, "Don't be stupid."

"You think I'm stupid?" Dad said eagerly. "You should see my brother. He walks like this." He got up from the table and bent over and hopped forward.

He did have a brother—that was the confusing part.

"You're so pretty and you're so intelligent," he said, striking a pose with

Mother, using that new snappy voice.

"I wish I could say the same for you," she said.

Dad laughed, a kind of cackle, as though it were just what he'd wanted to hear. He said, "You could, if you told as big a lie as I just did." He nudged me and added, "She was too ugly to have her face lifted. They lowered her body instead."

With that, he skipped out of the room, his hands in the air, and I thought for a moment that Mother was going to cry.

He had become a different man, and it had happened quickly, just like that, calling himself Mr. Bones and teasing us, teasing Mother. She was confused and upset. Once he mastered the song, he kept humming it, and his jokes, not really jokes, were more like taunts.

"Maybe it's his new job," Fred said in the bedroom, after lights-out.

"It's this house," Floyd said. "Ma hates it. It's Dad's fault. He's just being silly."

"What's a minstrel show?" I asked.

No one answered.

Mother, trying to be friendly, asked Dad about his job a few days later.

"They said I'd be a connoisseur, but I'm just a common sewer."

There was that gesture with the hands—waggling his fingers.

"Said I'd be a pretty good physician, but I said, 'I'm not good at fishin'.' Or a doctor of some standing. I says, 'No, I'm sitting—in the shoe department.' "

Mother said coldly, "We need new linoleum in the upstairs bathroom."

"And you need new clothes, because your clothes are like the two French cities: Toulouse and Toulon."

"Don't be a jackass."

"Mr. Jackass to you."

"I wish Joe Buffalino hadn't given you that music."

"Lightning said I needed it. Tambo gave it to him. Play it for me again. I need a good physic."

Mother began to clear the table.

"I love work," Dad said. "I could watch it all day."

Mother went to the sink and turned on the water. She kept her back to us, but I associated the water running into the dishpan with her tears.

Mr. Bones was at his friskiest in the evening. He had swagger and assurance, and if we tried to get his attention or asked him a question he began to sing "Mandy." He had somehow learned two other songs as well: "Ma Blushin' Rosie" and "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody," Lightning's song and Tambo's, so he said.

I was used to my father singing, but not these songs; used to his good humor, but there was anger in these jokes. And he, who never went out at night except to Benediction or choir practice, was now out most nights. He stopped asking Mother to play the piano for him; he would simply break into a song, drawling it out of the side of his mouth.

When you croon,
Croon a tune
From the heart of Dixie.

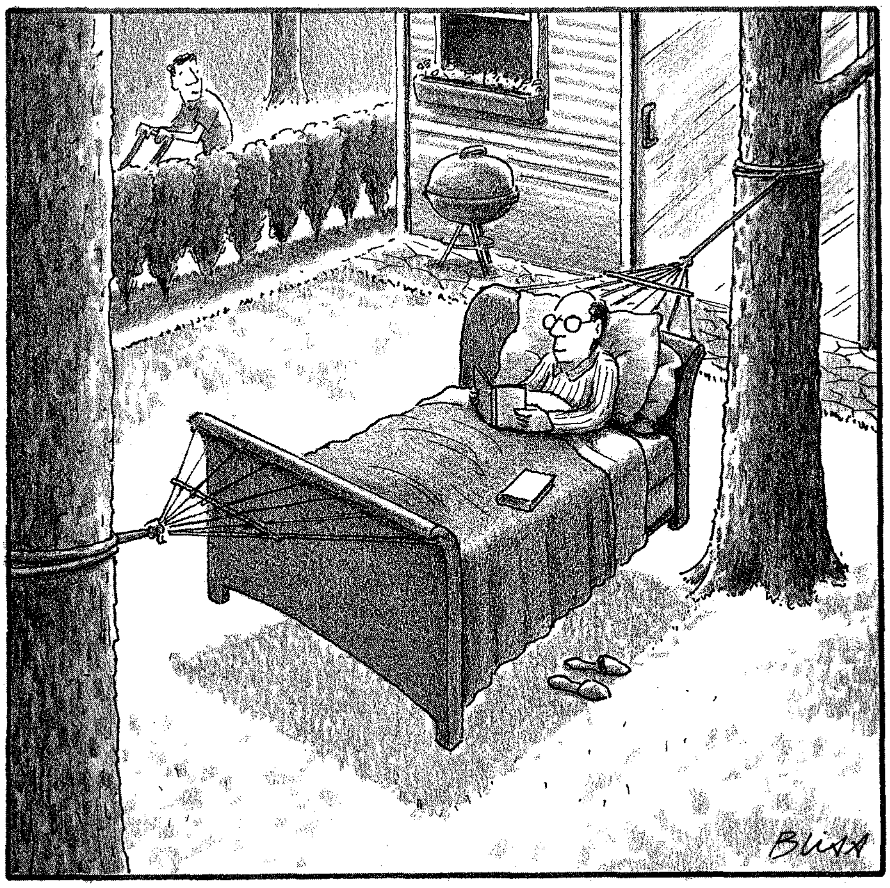
He didn't *look* any different—he dressed the same, in a gray suit and a white shirt and a blue tie and the topcoat he disparaged as "too dressy." One day, one of his sleeves was limp. He flapped it at Mother as though his arm were missing and said, "I know what you're thinking—World War Two." Then he shot the arm out of the sleeve and said, "Nope. Filene's Basement. Bad fit!"

The variation that night—and for nights to come—was the tambourine he had acquired. When he made a joke or a quip, he shook it and rapped it on his knee and elbow and shook it again. *Shika-shika-shika.*

"R.S.V.P.," he said, holding up a piece of mail. "Remember Send Vedding Present," and he jingled the tambourine.

One day after school, I went to the store where he worked. Instead of walking in, I kept my head down and crept to the side window to get a glimpse of Dad. He was sitting in one of the chairs in the shoe department, his chin in his hand, looking not like Mr. Bones but sad and silent, like a man trying to remember something. The other clerks had gathered at the back of the store and were laughing, but not Dad. Were they ignoring him? He paid no attention. He was reading—unusual, a shoe clerk reading. I didn't know this man, either.

I began to be glad that he was out most nights. At the house we'd moved from, he had spent every evening in his chair in the corner, dressed in flannel pajamas and a fuzzy bathrobe, reading



the *Globe*. Now he sometimes didn't even come home for supper, and if he did it was "Pass the mouse turd," or, holding the pepper shaker, "This is how I feel, like pulverized pepper—fine!"

"The oil burner's back on the fritz," Mother said.

Any mention of a problem with the house these days made Dad smile his Mr. Bones smile and roll his eyes.

"Heard about the King of England? He's got a *royal* burner."

"We'll have to get Tony to look at it."

"Tambo is a busy man, yes, he is. Says to me, 'What is the quickest way to the emergency ward?' I says, 'Tambo, just you stand in the middle of the road.' "

Mother did not react, except to say, "It's giving off a funny smell."

"Giving off a funny smell!" Dad said, and put one finger in the air—what I now recognized as a Mr. Bones gesture. He was about to say something and wanted attention. "Mr. Interlocutor, what is the difference between an elephant passing wind and a place where you might go for a drink?"

"I don't think you understand," Mother said, in a strained voice. "This house hasn't been right since the day we moved in. First it was the roof, then the paint, then the plumbing. Now it's the heat. We're not going to have any hot water. Everything's wrong."

Dad thought a moment, then looked around the table and said, "Mr. Interlocutor, the difference between an elephant passing wind and the place where you might go for a drink is: one is a barroom and the other is a *barroom!*" He said it so loud we jumped. He didn't laugh. He drew his chair next to Mother and sang:

Rosie, you are my posey,
You are my heart's bouquet.
Come out here in the moonlight,
There's something, sweet love,
I wanna say.

Mother looked awkward and sad.

He snatched a bowl from the table. "Why is my thumb in your soup, Madam?" he asked. "To keep it warm, Madam."

In a way, by clowning, Dad took her mind off the problems of the house. But she could not get his attention. And who *was* he, anyway?

He wouldn't refer to Tony Martello as anything but Tambo, and Joe Buffalino was always Lightning. They had never been close friends before.

"Morrie Daigle said he'd help you fix the roof."

"Mr. Interlocutor is too hot to do that. He is so hot he will only read fan mail."

That was how we found out who Mr. Interlocutor was.

"Have you lost your wallet?" Dad said to Floyd.

"No," Floyd said, and clapped his hand to his pocket.

"Good. Then give me the five dollars you owe me."

Floyd made a face, looked helpless, thrashed a little. It was true that Dad had given him five dollars, but he had not brought it up before.

Dad said, "Hear about the Indian who had a red ant?"

I didn't understand that one at all. I pictured an Indian with an insect. It made no sense.

There was something abrupt and deflecting in his humor. Whenever he made a joke, he seemed to expand, pushing the house and his job aside. Mother appeared to be afraid of him now. Before, she had always made a remark, or nagged, or blamed. These days, she just became very quiet and watched him.

Floyd was on the basketball team, Fred played hockey, so they were out most evenings—at practice, they said. I knew it was just an excuse to stay away from home and Mr. Bones. Rose was a little kid of seven, and she actually found him funny, and let him tickle her. But I had nowhere to go. Mr. Bones was a stranger to me, and for the first time, lying in bed at night, I began to think, Who are you? What do you want?

The light went on and I had the answer.

Most of the lights in our house were bare bulbs with no shades, hanging on frayed black cords from the ceiling—another source of Mother's complaints—and the brightness of the one dangling in my bedroom only made things worse. Emerging from sleep, I was half-blinded. Yet I could see enough to be terrified.

A disfigured villain from a horror comic was bending over my bed—only after a few minutes did I realize that it was Dad—his whole face a sticky black, a white oval outline around his lips. He wore a wig like a big woolly hat, a red floppy bow tie, a yellow speckled vest, and a black coat, and he was emphatically gesturing with white-gloved hands. He was smiling under the blackness that shone on his face, and he leaned over me and seemed to shriek.

"Give us a kiss, sonny boy!"

Then he laughed and stood up and waved his gloved hands again and jerked the light chain, bringing down darkness.

His voice had matched his face. He was so black that I assumed he was still in my bedroom, standing there invisible in his floppy tie: Mr. Bones. I had not heard the door close.

I said into the menacing gloom, "Dad—are you there?"

No answer.

I said again, "Dad?," and, in a trembly voice, "Mr. Bones?"

In the morning, the room was empty.

When I went down for breakfast, he was eating oatmeal as usual. He had a decorous way of holding his spoon. I looked closely at him and saw some streaks of black makeup caked in the creases of his neck. I sprinkled raisins on my oatmeal.

"Pass me the dead flies, sonny," he said in his Mr. Bones voice.

By then, his remarks usually silenced the room. We all felt the effect of his angry humor. Floyd and Fred pretended to find it funny and occasionally they teased back. When Dad made his "Toulouse and Toulon" joke, Floyd said, "Well, you're like a town in Massachusetts—Marblehead." Instead of being insulted, Dad smiled and said, "I like that."

He began to come home every night in blackface. Hearing his jokes again and again, I at last understood the one about the Indian and the red ant—red *aunt* was the point of it, though we never pronounced the word that way.

We were afraid to ask him about his job these days. If Mother mentioned the house—the drips to be fixed, the oil burner to be mended, the linoleum to be laid—I didn't hear it. In response to almost any question, he began singing.

A million baby kisses I'll deliver,
If you will only sing that "Swanee River."

The rhythm was there, a confident drawl, yet his voice was strained from overuse, gargly and cross, as though he were in pain. The weeks of rehearsals had taken away his real voice and given him this new one. He lifted his knees and did dance steps as he sang, and he raised his white gloves.

It seemed so wrong. I was always glancing at the door, embarrassed and scared that someone—a neighbor, the Fuller Brush man, Grandpa—might come in and see him swaying and singing, with that black face and that wig.

He had another song, too:

When life seems full of clouds and rain
And I am full of nothin' but pain,
Who soothes my thumpin' bumpin'
brain?

He would always pause after that, then bend over and stick out his head and say, "Nobody!"

When all day long things go amiss,
And I go home to find some bliss,
Who hands to me a glowin' kiss?
Nobody!

The next time I sneaked up to the window of the store after school and looked in, I saw him sitting where he'd sat before, in the chairs reserved for customers, reading. He was not in blackface, yet his assurance, his posture, the way he sat, like the owner of the store, made him seem more than ever like Mr. Bones. He looked thoughtful, his fist against his mouth, a knuckle against his nose. The other clerks seemed to avoid him, talking among themselves.

Louie Buffalino said, "You going to the minstrel show?"

"I don't know," I said. "Are you?"

"My old man's in it. So's yours."

"I don't even know what it's supposed to be."

"It's a pisser. Just a bunch of old guys singing, like a talent show," Louie said.

This big event was just a talent show to Louie; and his white-haired father, who worked on the M.T.A. buses, was just an old guy singing. Yet in our house Mr. Bones had intimidated everyone. He was now someone to fear, saying the things that he normally avoided saying. In his minstrel-show costume, he could be as reckless as he wanted.

It was true that Fred told fibs and didn't want to go to college; true that Floyd owed Dad money and hated trumpet lessons. And it was easy to see that Mother's nagging was what caused him to tease her and change the subject. His jokes were more than jokes; they were ways of telling us the truth. The yellow mustard in big quart jars that we stocked was cheap and tasteless; "mouse turd" was a good name for it. The stale raisins that Mother bought cheap in the dented-package aisle *were* like dead flies. But it was so odd, hearing these things from his white-outlined mouth, to the accompaniment of his tambourine.

"Dad," we said, pleading.

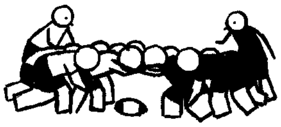
"Dad done gone. 'That was prior to his decease, Mr. Bones.' I says, 'He had no niece.' "

Shika-shika-shika, went the tambourine.

He was happy, defiantly happy, powerfully happy, talking to us, teasing us in ways I'd never heard before. He had once been remote, with a kindly smile that made him hard to approach; now he was up close and laughing at us and he wouldn't go away. It was as though he'd been turned inside out, and the true Dad was showing. Swanking in the role of a cartoon slave, he'd become a frightening master to us.

Something else I discovered one day, because I kept going to the store to spy on him, was that instead of sitting silently alone in the shoe department he now had company: Tony Martello, Joe Buffalino, Morrie Daigle, and two men I'd never seen before, all of them with their heads together, sitting in the customers' chairs, whispering, as though they were cooking something up. So odd to see this in a store where everyone else was either working or shopping or being loudly busy.

That was his secret—mine, too. These men were like conspirators, with a single plan in their minds, and the sight of them impressed me, because Dad was clearly in charge. I could see it in his posture, as he sat upright, wagging his finger at them like a conductor with a baton, giving directions, issuing energetic commands. Mr. Bones was their leader.



That same night, he came home after dinner, in his blackface and floppy tie and wig, and said, "Listen to Mr. Bones."

Fred was fiddling with the radio. Mother was at the sink with Floyd. I was looking at a comic book.

"I says, listen to Mr. Bones!"

He spoke so loud we jumped, and, as we did, he banged and clicked his tambourine. He was like a drunk you couldn't talk back to, yet he hadn't had a drink.

I ain't never done nothin' to nobody,
I ain't never got nothin' from nobody,
no time,
And until I get somethin' from somebody
sometime,
I'll never do nothin' for nobody no time!

He searched our faces, shaking his head, and moaned, "Nobody, no time!"

Was it a song? Was it a poem? Was it a speech? It was too furious to be entertainment. Even though it was painful to hear, it was being spoken by a man who had our full attention. We had to listen; we couldn't look away. That proved that he was the opposite of the poor soul he was describing—he was stronger than we were, though I recognized the "nobody" he spoke of: it wasn't Mr. Bones; it was Dad.

After that, he went over to Fred and said, "What are you going to do for Mr. Bones?"

"College," Fred said, blinking fiercely.

"Know the difference between a college professor and a railway conductor?"

"No."

"No what?"

"No, Mr. Bones."

"One trains minds and the other minds trains. Which one do you want to be?"

"College professor, Mr. Bones."

Mr. Bones turned to Floyd. "What are you going to do for Mr. Bones?"

"Trumpet lessons, Mr. Bones."

"You always were good at blowing your own trumpet. Ha!" Then he had me by the chin and was lifting it, as Dad had never done. "Who was that lady you saw me with last night?"

With his white-gloved hand gripping my chin, I couldn't speak.

"That was no lady. That was my wife!"

Mother muttered as he shook his tambourine. "You'll need some Karo syrup for that throat," she said, and handed him a bottle and a spoon.

He took a swig straight from the bottle, then said to Fred, "Here, want to keep this bottle up your end?"

I didn't know it was a joke until he lowered his shoulders and shook his tambourine.

I dreaded the show, which was just a week away, and when the day came I said, "I don't want to go. I've got a wicked bad stomach ache."

"Everyone's going," Mother said, with a kind of nervous insistence that I recognized: if I defied her, she might start screaming.

It was a wet Saturday night in May. We went together to the high-school auditorium in our old car, Mother driving. I could tell she was upset from the way she drove, riding the brake, stamping on the clutch the way she stamped on the piano pedals. Dad had gone separately. "Tambo's stopping by for me," he'd said.

I hurried into the auditorium, and slid down in my seat so that no one would see me. When the music began and the curtain went up, I covered my face and peered through my fingers.

Dad—Mr. Bones—and the other men were sitting onstage, their chairs in a semicircle. Mr. Bones looked confident and happy; he was dressed like a clown, in his shiny vest and big bow tie, but he looked powerful. All of them were in blackface, except Morrie Daigle, in the center, who wore a white suit and a white top hat.

"Mr. Bones, wasn't that music just beautiful? Didn't it touch you?" Morrie said.

I pressed my fingers to my ears, and closed my eyes and groaned, so that I wouldn't hear the rest. I wanted to disappear. I was so slumped in my seat that my head wasn't even showing, but although I kept my hands to my ears I heard familiar phrases—*doctor of good standing* and *that was prior to his decease.*

The songs I knew by heart penetrated me as I sat there trying to deafen myself. Mr. Bones sang "Mandy." "Rosie," "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby," and "Nobody" were sung by others.

You should see my brother, he walks like this, I heard, and knew it was Mr. Bones. I heard *barefaced liar.* Even so, I kept my eyes shut, my palms against my ears.

There was much more, skits and songs. People laughing, people clapping, the loud music, the shouts. It was silly and embarrassing, yet the same jokes and songs had intimidated us at home, and Mr. Bones had been different at home, too, not this ridiculous man clowning, far away on the stage, but someone else, someone I didn't want to think of as Dad, making fools of us and getting us to agree with him and make decisions. That was who he was—Dad as Mr. Bones.

At the end of the show, while the men were still taking bows onstage, I said, "I have to go to the bathroom," and ran out and hid in the car.

Back home, afterward, no one said anything about the show. Dad was in his regular clothes, with the faint greasy streaks of black on his neck and behind his ears. He was excited, breathless, but he didn't speak. The strange episode was over.

Later, I got anxious whenever he hummed "Mandy" or "Rosie" while shaving in the kitchen, but he didn't make any more jokes; he didn't tease or taunt us anymore. Watching him through the side window of the store, I saw him standing near the cash register, smiling at the front door, as though to welcome a customer.

The following year, there was talk of another minstrel show, but nothing happened. We had a TV set by then, and the news was of trouble in Little Rock, school integration, black children protected by National Guardsmen, and white crowds shouting abuse at the frightened students who were being liberated. Our bald-headed President made a speech on TV. Dad watched with us, saying nothing, perhaps thinking about how Mr. Bones had been liberated, too, or banished. It was not what Dad had expected. The expression on his face was vacant, stunned with sorrow, but before long he was smiling. ♦

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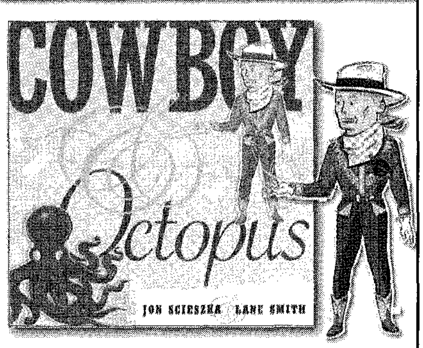
A Q. & A. with Paul Theroux.



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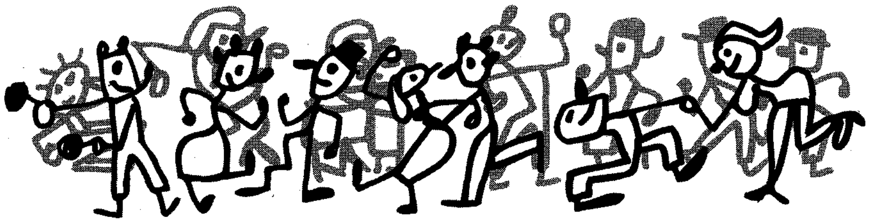
THE CRITICS



BOOKS

TURNING TRICKS

The rise and fall of contract bridge.

BY DAVID OWEN

When I was in ninth grade, back in 1970, we finished our geometry textbook six weeks before the end of the school year and spent the final grading period studying our math teacher’s principal extracurricular passion, which was bridge. He gave us quizzes on the Goren bidding system, and we got so hooked that we often dealt quick hands in the halls, between classes. We played on weekends, too, sometimes at tables wreathed in marijuana smoke. Our teacher told us that we would love playing in college, as he (and most of our parents) had, but by the time I got there, in 1973, nobody seemed to know anything about it. I didn’t play again until five or six years ago, when, during a family vacation, I was reintroduced by my brother-in-law, who had begun taking lessons as part of his midlife crisis. Now it’s the main thing I think about when I’m not thinking about golf.

A passion for bridge is hard to explain to someone who doesn’t share it. One attraction is the sense of endlessly unfolding complexity: the more you learn, the less you feel you know. Computers have been able to beat the world’s best chess players for a decade, but—as Edward McPherson writes in a lively, somewhat haphazard new book, “The Backwash Squeeze & Other Improbable Feats: A Newcomer’s Journey Into the World of Bridge” (HarperCollins; $23.95)—they “still stink at bridge.” There are 635,013,559,600 possible bridge hands, and a vast catalogue of approaches and techniques and stratagems for playing them. (A backwash squeeze, by the way, is an obscure offensive tactic whereby a player, facing a certain arrangement of cards, forces an opponent to make a certain kind of self-defeating discard.) The best players are able to visualize their opponents’ hands after just a few cards have been played and to imagine strategies that would never occur to the less skillful, yet even they find the game inexhaustible. One player told McPherson, “For people who enjoy puzzles, this is one they will never solve.”

As fascinating as all this is to veterans, it hasn’t done much to rev up the young. Recently, I competed in a regional tournament conducted under the auspices of the American Contract Bridge League, the game’s governing body in North America. There were separate games open only to players aged fifty-five and older—superfluously, since the vast majority of the tournament’s entrants were old enough to play in either division. I’m fifty-two, and I’m almost certain that in six half-day sessions I never sat at a table with anyone younger, even though I was playing in games intended for relative beginners. Bridge has beneficially expanded my acquaintance with charming, intelligent widows in their seventies and eighties, but I selfishly wonder what I’ll do for partners when I’m the age they are now.

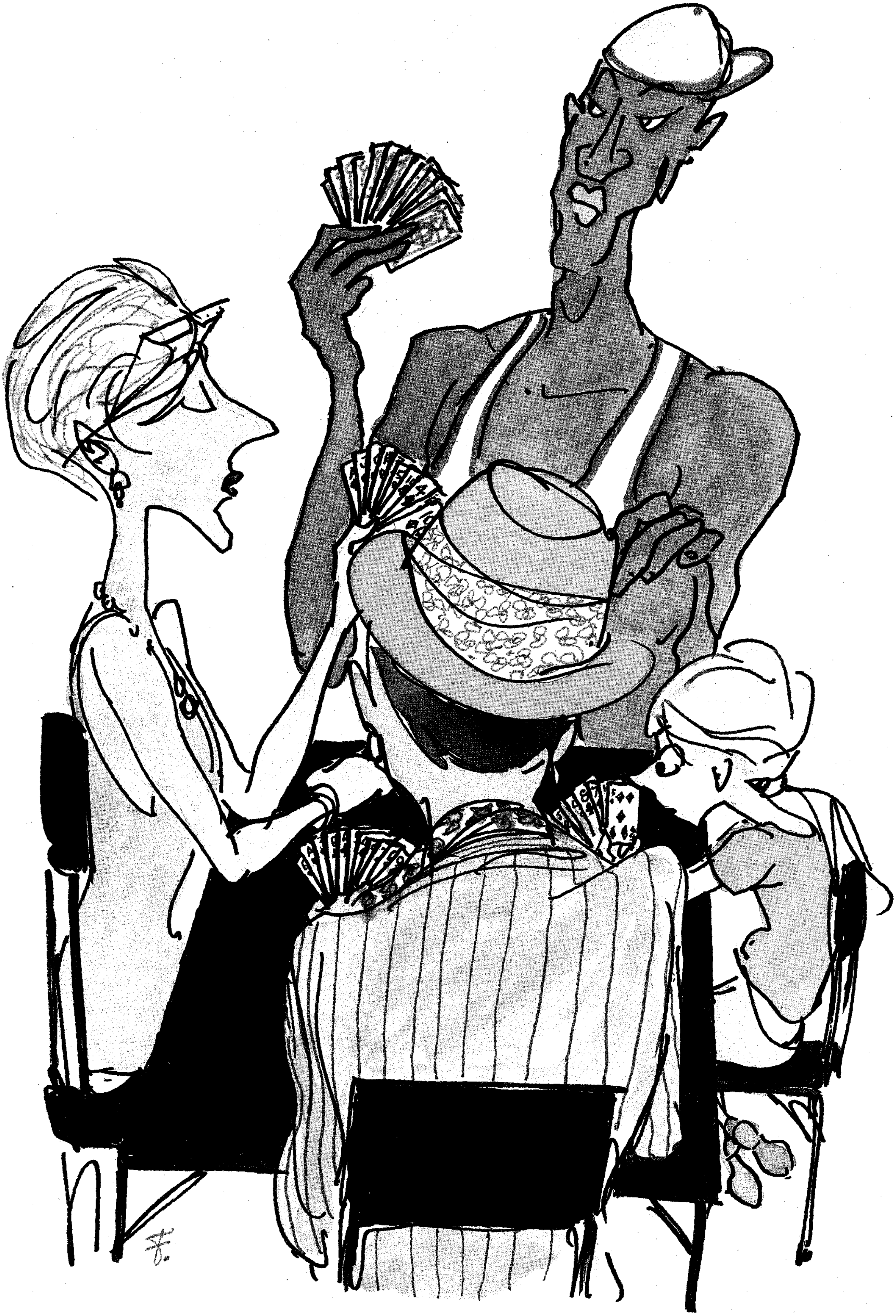
People who worry about the future of bridge don’t know what to make of the sudden popularity of the poker game Texas hold’em. (McPherson calls poker “the elephant in the bridge club.”) Is it good for bridge because it’s a card game and young people like it? Or is it bad for bridge because it’s simplistic and you can watch it on ESPN? McPherson’s teacher, the owner of a bridge club in Manhattan, told him, “You know, it takes thirty minutes to teach Texas hold’em, and in an hour you can be as good as fifty percent of the people playing the game. That would take years of study in bridge.” The teacher meant this as a recommendation for bridge; nevertheless, he also told McPherson, “Why don’t you do a book about something people actually want to know about, like poker?”

Bridge players haven’t always been racked by self-doubt. The game evolved from the British card game whist, which enjoyed tremendous popularity for at least a couple of centuries. (People who stick to the rules in all sorts of pursuits are said to behave “according to Hoyle,” because, in 1742, an Englishman named Edmond Hoyle published a popular pamphlet on whist.) Whist, which retains a diehard following today, is a trick-taking game for four people, who play as two partnerships. In its basic form—there are many variants—the entire deck is dealt out, face down except for the last card, whose suit is designated trump. The player to the left of the dealer begins the play by laying down any card, and the three other players lay down cards in succession, following suit if possible, and otherwise discarding an unpromising card or playing a trump. Each four-card trick is taken by the highest card in the suit led, or else by the highest trump. This sounds easy, but it lends itself to thought-provoking complication. Edgar Allan Poe, the great ratiocinator, viewed a passion for whist as a sign of mental acumen; the opening pages of “The Murders in the Rue Morgue” are almost a stand-alone essay on the game’s superiority to chess:

> Whist has long been known for its influence upon what is termed the calculating power; and men of the highest order of intellect have been known to take an apparently unaccountable delight in it, while eschewing chess as frivolous. . . . The best chess-player in Christendom may be little more than the best player of chess; but proficiency in whist im-

JULES FEIFFER

In the nineteen-forties, bridge was played in two-fifths of American homes, but its complexity may be a barrier to a modern resurgence.

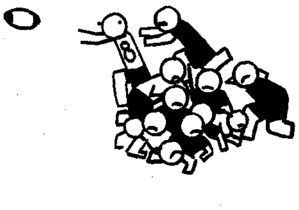


> plies a capacity for success in all those more important undertakings where mind struggles with mind.

Bridge began to separate itself from whist in the late nineteenth century. The origin of the name is disputed; it may have been adapted from that of the Russian card game *biritch*, which was also known as Russian whist. Bridge differs from basic whist primarily in that each hand begins with an auction to determine the number of tricks that the highest bidder in the auction must take and which suit, if any, will be trump; also, one of the four hands, called the dummy, is turned face up after the first card has been played. The modern version, contract bridge, was created in 1925 by the railroad heir and master yachtsman Harold Stirling Vanderbilt, who had been annoyed by what he felt were deficiencies in the previous version, auction bridge. Vanderbilt was a passenger on a ship that was travelling from Los Angeles to Havana by way of the Panama Canal, and on the evening of October 31st, while playing with three friends, he introduced several improvements that he'd been mulling over, including a method of scoring that required players to more accurately assess, during the bidding, the number of tricks they would take, a prediction known as a contract. Vanderbilt shared his ideas with a few other friends in Newport and New York, and his game spread across the country and around the world at almost unbelievable speed. "Half a year after Vanderbilt's voyage," McPherson writes, "a notice appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* announcing that a Chicago woman was suing her husband for divorce on the inexcusable grounds that he trumped her ace." Four years later, in Kansas City, another aggrieved bridge-playing wife, Myrtle Bennett, shot her husband to death shortly after he failed in his attempt to make a contract of four spades. At her trial, Myrtle was represented by James A. Reed, a former Kansas City mayor and United States senator. Remarkably, she was acquitted, and is said to have collected on her husband's thirty-thousand-dollar life insurance policy. After reconstructing the final deal, the bridge expert Ely Culbertson concluded that Mr. Bennett could have made the fateful four-spade contract after all.

Culbertson, McPherson writes, was "the P. T. Barnum of bridge." He was born in Romania in 1891 and was described by Bertrand Russell as "the most remarkable, or at any rate psychologically interesting, man it has ever been my good fortune to know." He published two bridge-instruction books in 1931, and both became national best-sellers. Later that same year, he arranged a contract-bridge "Battle of the Century" in New York City, pitting himself and his wife against a pair of competing experts, first in a salon at the Hotel Chatham and then in a wing of the brand-new Waldorf-Astoria. "During the next six weeks," McPherson writes, "as many as thirty stenographers at a time would work in the suite. Six Western Union telegraph operators stood on call twenty-four hours a day. A new pack of cards was used for each deal. The *Times* covered the match hand by hand, often supplying trick-by-trick analysis and keeping a running tally of the number of aces and kings held by each side. Results were cabled daily to papers across the Atlantic." Chico Marx was among the many spectators, more than a few of whom wore evening clothes. The Culbertsons won, and the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company later paid them ten thousand dollars for the right to include a miniature bridge-instruction booklet in packs of Chesterfield cigarettes.

Bridge, despite its rarefied pedigree, was an ideal populist pastime for the Depression and the war years. It was sociable and challenging, yet the only cost was the price of a deck of cards. Couples took it up by the millions, and in the nineteen-forties, according to the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers, the game was played in forty-four per cent of American homes. During this period, Charles H. Goren, a Philadelphia lawyer who had applied himself to bridge in college after a young woman laughed at his poor play, displaced Culbertson as the nation's preëminent authority. He published numerous best-selling instruction books, a monthly column for *McCall's*, a weekly column for *Sports Illustrated*, and a syndicated daily column that ran in nearly two hundred newspapers. His photograph appeared on the cover of *Time* in 1958, and he was the host of the television show "Championship Bridge with Charles Goren," which aired on ABC from 1959 to 1964. Among Goren's readers was Dwight D. Eisenhower, whose bridge-playing friends visited the White House four at a time so that the game could continue when the President had to excuse himself to conduct the nation's business.



And then, in the late sixties or early seventies, something—television? Vietnam? birth-control pills?—killed off bridge among people who were approximately hippie age or younger. Brent Manley, who is the editor of *The Bridge Bulletin*, the monthly magazine of the A.C.B.L., told me that when he went to college, in 1967, the student union was filled with bridge players, but that interest among young people dropped precipitously at some point after that. "We feel as though we've lost a generation," he said. My recent tournament partner, who graduated from Yale in 1969, thinks the culprit was coed dormitories—a plausible hypothesis, since finding ways not to think about sex would have become less important as soon as having sex became easier. Chess seems not to have suffered a comparable drop-off, and, indeed, Bobby Fischer's defeat of the Russian world champion Boris Spassky, in 1972, inspired a broad chess boom. Meanwhile, bridge was, in subtle ways, becoming more daunting. Good card play has changed little since the time of the Truman Administration—the two best bridge books ever written, according to a group of expert players recently surveyed in *The Bridge Bulletin*, were published in 1945 and 1958—but bidding by experts has grown so complex that even they often find it difficult to follow. Although only fifteen words are available for bidding in bridge (the numbers one through seven, the names of the four suits, "no-trump," "double," "redouble," and "pass"), most players employ bidding systems in which at least some calls are given highly specialized artificial meanings. All bids are required to be transparent—opponents can even ask for explanations—but the complexity can be intimidating, especially for beginners.

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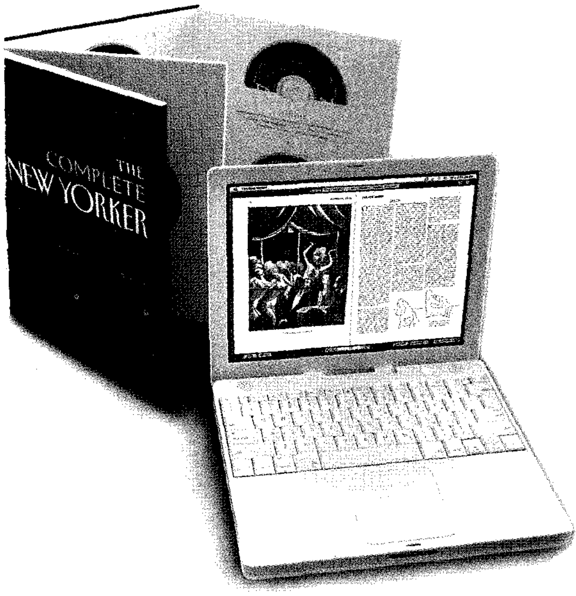

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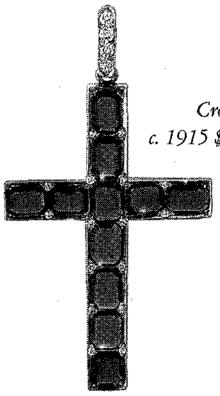

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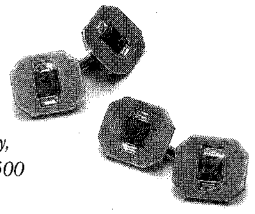

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BOOKS

PARTY TIME

Smear tactics, skulduggery, and the début of American democracy.

BY JILL LEPORE

VOTE
Jefferson
VOTE
ADAMS

Some congressmen vowed to suspend the Constitution rather than support Jefferson.

The year is 1800. Americans go to the polls to elect a President. Which Founder do you favor? The Federalist incumbent, sixty-four-year-old John Adams, or the Republican challenger, fifty-seven-year-old Thomas Jefferson, who, awkwardly enough, is currently serving as Adams's Vice-President?

Consider your vote carefully. This is the most important election in American history. What Jefferson dubbed "the revolution of 1800" marked the first transition of power from one party to another. It led to the passage, in 1804, of the Twelfth Amendment, separating the election of Presidents and Vice-Presidents. (Before that, whoever placed second became the Vice-President, which is what happened to Jefferson in 1796.) It might have—and should have—spelled the end of the Electoral College. At the time, many people, not all of them members of the Adams family, thought that it might spell the end of the American experiment. As Edward J. Larson observes in his new book, "A Magnificent Catastrophe: The Tumultuous Election of 1800, America's First Presidential Campaign" (Free Press; $27), "Partisans worried that it might be the young republic's last."

To size up the candidates, what you need, for starters, is the word on the street—or, since the United States in 1800 is an agrarian nation, the word on the cow path. Adams: a Harvard graduate and Massachusetts lawyer who helped negotiate the Treaty of Paris in 1783 and served two terms as Washington's Vice-President before his election to the Presidency in 1796. Distinguished, disputatious, short, ugly, hot-tempered, upstanding, provincial, learned (president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences). Very clever wife. Suspected of wanting to be king. Loves England. Thinks his diplomats have to tread carefully with Napoleon. Signed into law the Sedition Act in 1798; depending on your point of view, this was either so that he could have anyone who disagreed with him thrown in jail or so that he could protect the country from dangerous anarchists.

Jefferson: former governor of Virginia, onetime Ambassador to France, Washington's Secretary of State. Eminent, brilliant (president of the American Philosophical Society), surpassing prose stylist, author of the Declaration of Independence (with help from Adams), unrivalled champion of liberty, slave owner, grieving widower, rumored to have fathered children by one of his slaves. Tall, humorless, moody, zealous, cosmopolitan. Artistic. Loves France, not so worried about Bonaparte. Ardently opposes the Sedition Act. Reputed atheist.

Are you still on the fence? You're out of luck: there will be no Presidential debates, and precious few speeches. (In 1800, Americans considered politicians' putting themselves so far forward to be unforgivably tacky.) No campaign managers, no Web sites, no television ads, no YouTube interviews, not so much as a Horse and Cart Across America tour. When Adams took a roundabout route through Pennsylvania and Maryland on a ride from Massachusetts to the nation's new capital city, one Jeffersonian newspaper editor asked, "Why must the President go fifty miles out of his way to make a trip to Washington?"

But there is plenty to read, if you have a mind to—not only Adams's three-volume 1787 "Defence of the Constitutions of Government of the United States" but also his 1776 "Thoughts on Government," as well as Jefferson's 1774 "A Summary View on the Rights of British America" and his 1787 "Notes on the State of Virginia."

If you don't have time to page through those tomes, you can always pick up a newspaper, where the differences between the two men and, above all, between their parties, will be boldly asserted; early American newspapers were unabashedly partisan, favoring either the conservative Federalists or the Republican opposition that Jefferson had launched in the seventeen-nineties. Take a look at the Philadelphia *Aurora*, an organ of Jefferson's party, edited by William Duane (a printer whom Federalists had pursued, unsuccessfully, for sedition in 1799). The edition of October 14, 1800, tells you that your choice lies between "Things As They Have Been" (under Adams):

> The principles and patriots of the *Revolution* condemned. . . .
>
> The *Nation* in arms without a foe, and divided without a cause. . . .
>
> The reign of terror created by false alarms, to promote domestic feud and foreign war.
>
> A Sedition Law. . . .
>
> An established church, a religious test, and an order of Priesthood.

And "Things As They Will Be" (if Jefferson is elected):

> The Principles of the *Revolution* restored. . . .
>
> The *Nation* at peace with the world and united in itself.
>
> *Republicanism* allaying the fever of domestic feuds, and subduing the opposition by the force of reason and rectitude. . . .
>
> The Liberty of the Press. . . .
>
> Religious liberty, the rights of conscience, no priesthood, truth and Jefferson.

The same week, Philadelphia's Federalist paper, the *Gazette of the United States*, offered a still more emphatic judgment:

> THE GRAND QUESTION STATED
>
> At the present solemn and momentous epoch, the only question to be asked by every American, laying his hand on his heart, is: "Shall I continue in allegiance to
>
> GOD—AND A RELIGIOUS PRESIDENT;
>
> Or impiously declare for
>
> JEFFERSON—AND NO GOD!!!"

Despite what the *Gazette* would have you think, the Almighty wasn't on the ballot. But historians generally agree that the battle between Adams and Jefferson mattered, far more than most elections. Larson argues that this election, "more than any other, stamped American democracy with its distinctive bipartisan character." Jeffersonians claimed that the vote in 1800 would "fix our national character" and "determine whether republicanism or aristocracy would prevail." Whether or not the nation's destiny hung in the balance, the election involved plenty of mudslinging, backstabbing, and chicanery, though you might call it democracy. It involved everything, in other words, that the President despised. In 1787, Adams had written to Jefferson, with whom he was still friends, "Elections, my dear sir . . . I look at with terror."

With so much at stake, in a contest between two men once so closely allied, now so starkly opposed, Americans made up their minds by reading the newspapers, which numbered more than two hundred and fifty. "The engine is the press," Jefferson observed. Yet so tawdry did the candidates consider even this kind of electioneering that neither wrote a single word for the public prints. And, when Jefferson urged friends to pick up their pens, he warned, "Do not let my name be connected with the business."

Jefferson also saw the usefulness of pamphlets like James Callender's "The Prospect Before Us," which advised readers, "Take your choice, between Adams, war and beggary, and Jefferson, peace, and competency." "Such papers cannot fail to have the best effect," Jefferson wrote. But, for "The Prospect Before Us," Callender was convicted of sedition. Sentenced to nine months' confinement, he wrote a second volume from jail. Thumbing his nose at his prosecutors, he titled one chapter "More Sedition."

Callender may not have been seditious, but he was a political hack. In 1797, he had ruined Alexander Hamilton's political career—and poisoned his marriage—by exposing an adulterous affair. (In 1802, Callender, resentful that Jefferson had never rewarded him for his election-year martyrdom, published an article in the Richmond *Recorder* reporting long-circulating rumors that Jefferson "keeps, and for many years past has kept, as his concubine, one of his own slaves. Her name is SALLY.")

But James Callender's muckraking

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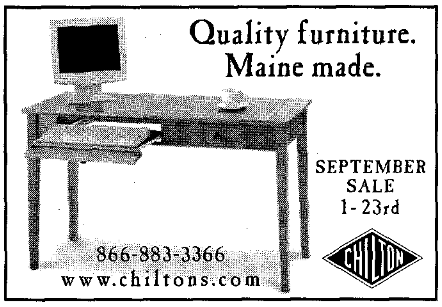
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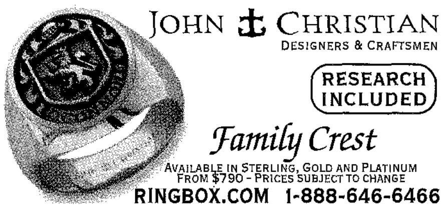
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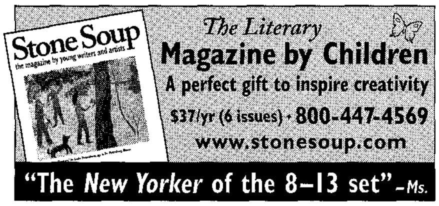
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was dwarfed by what Alexander Hamilton was willing to do. The disaffected former Secretary of the Treasury determined to persuade Federalists to drop the President and throw their support behind his unmemorable running mate, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina. (Pinckney, to his considerable credit, did not approve, and the plan failed.) Hamilton drafted a statement expressing his views on the "great and intrinsic defects in [Adams's] character which unfit him for the office of chief magistrate." It was published at the end of October, 1800, as "Letter from Alexander Hamilton, Concerning the Public Conduct and Character of John Adams." As Larson puts it, the pamphlet "read like one long rant." Hamilton wrote of the President, "He is a man of an imagination sublimated and eccentric; propitious neither to the regular display of sound judgment, nor to steady perseverance in a systematic plan of conduct . . . and to this defect are added the unfortunate foibles of a vanity without bounds, and a jealousy capable of discoloring every object." If Hamilton's portrait did Adams no good, neither did it do him much harm. The President was not running on his personality, after all, but on his record. For better and, in the end, for worse.

Meanwhile, Federalists did their best to paint Jefferson as a character entirely unsuited to hold office. (Hamilton thought him a crafty, fanatical, "contemptible hypocrite.") From their stronghold in New England, they warned voters of Jefferson's duplicity. We will not "learn the principles of liberty from the slave-holders of Virginia," the *Connecticut Courant* declared. Or, as another Federalist editor put it, "Democracy in Virginia, therefore, is like virtue in hell."

But the most ferocious attacks on Jefferson concerned his views on religion. Jefferson had once offered a Franklinesque statement of his passionate commitment to religious toleration: "It does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods or no god. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg." All over the country, clergymen preached that such a view could lead to nothing but unchecked vice. From New York, one minister answered Jefferson, "Let my neighbor once perceive himself that there is no God, and he will soon pick my pocket and break not only my *leg* but my *neck*."

If Federalists would make Jefferson's religion political, Republicans would make a religion of his politics. On March 31, 1800, the *Vermont Gazette* printed a Jeffersonian creed:

> From a direct tax,
>   Good Lord deliver us. . . .
> From a war with the French republic,
>   Good Lord deliver us.
> From all old Tories; from aristocrats
>   Good Lord deliver us. . . .
> From the sedition act, and from all other
>   evil acts
>   Good Lord deliver us.

Adams himself had little but contempt for members of his party who would make an issue of Jefferson's religious convictions, asking, "What has that to do with the public?" And Jefferson, though he called himself a Christian, held a skeptical view of the Bible, and readily conceded that his critics were right if they expected that he would promote religious toleration: "For I have sworn upon the altar of god, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." Yet, for all the ink spilled on the subject, one clear-eyed political observer of the day predicted that Jefferson's religious views would probably "not deprive Jeff of a single vote."

Whether it did is difficult to say. In 1969, in "The Idea of a Party System," Richard Hofstadter regretted that "the definitive account of this election remains to be written." Nearly forty years later, that's still the case. Larson, the University Professor of History and the Darling Professor of Law at Pepperdine, and a former recipient of the Pulitzer Prize, tells the story well. His narrative is by far the best of several recent books on the subject. But his argument, that during the pivotal campaign "a popular, two-party republic was born," though persuasive, is not exactly novel. (Hofstadter made a similar claim.) Maybe a definitive account of this election remains unwritten because its candidates loom larger than life. Larson's book, like almost everything written about the election of 1800, has a forest-and-trees quality: we can't see the Voters for the Founders.

"As you love your country, fly to your polls," the *Gazette of the United States* urged. But there was no "Election Day" in 1800. Voting stretched from March to December, and the President wasn't chosen until February, 1801, just weeks before he took office. To get to the polls, you may have trudged through snow; you may have sweltered in the sun.

Whatever the weather, chances are you couldn't vote. There were sixteen states in the Union in 1800. In Maryland, black men born free could vote (until 1802, when the state's constitution was amended to exclude them); in New Jersey, white women could vote (until 1807, when the legislature closed this loophole). All but three states—Kentucky, Vermont, and Delaware—limited the franchise to property holders or taxpayers, which works out to about sixty to seventy per cent of the adult white male population. Out of a total U.S. population of 5.3 million, roughly five hundred and fifty thousand were enfranchised.

Even if you could vote, at no polling place, anywhere, should you have expected a ballot with choices marked "ADAMS" and "JEFFERSON." Nor should you have expected your government to have supplied a ballot of any kind; many states still voted viva voce, and, in those which didn't, you supplied your own ballot unless you brought to the polls a "party ticket," torn from the edge of your local newspaper, with your choices already printed: the slate of your party's candidates.

If you voted by ballot, your ballot would be destroyed. Your government would not keep any record of the results, unless you lived in Massachusetts, the only state where election returns were routinely collected and preserved. Not until 1824 would records be better kept. The scandalous election of 1824, much like the Bush-Gore battle in 2000, riveted the nation's attention on the casting and counting of votes. That year, Andrew Jackson trounced John Quincy Adams in the Electoral College, ninety-nine to eighty-four, but, because this represented a plurality, and not a majority, the election was thrown into the lame-duck House, which, perversely, chose Adams.

But election returns before 1824 do survive: in newspapers, where partisan editors printed them after every election, like so many box scores. Since Americans voted so often—most legislators and many governors served for one-year terms, and in some towns voters went to the polls every other month—thousands of returns can be found in early American newspapers. Until recently, though, the records were too numerous, and too scattered, to be useful to historians. Then, in one of the strangest and most heroic tales in the annals of American historical research, a man named Phil Lampi decided to devote his life to compiling those returns. He began this work in 1960, when he was still in high school. Living in a home for boys, he wanted, most of all, to be left alone, so he settled on a hobby that nobody else would be interested in. He went to the library and, using old newspapers, started making tally sheets of every election in American history. His system was flawless. It occupied endless hours. Completeness became his obsession. For decades, at times supporting himself by working as a night watchman, Lampi made lists of election returns on notepads. He drove all over the country, scouring the archives by day, sleeping in his car by night. He eventually transcribed the returns of some sixty thousand elections. Since 2004, the American Antiquarian Society, in Worcester, Massachusetts, has been digitizing Lampi's collection; soon "A New Nation Votes: American Election Returns, 1787-1825" will be available online.

It's still impossible to give anything like an exact figure for the 1800 national popular vote, but Lampi calculates that, in elections held that year, somewhere around a hundred and fifty-one thousand Americans cast votes for Republicans, compared with a hundred and thirty-nine thousand for Federalists. To the extent that this serves as a proxy for a popular vote, we now know that Jefferson won.

The election of 1800 was possibly the least democratic election in American history. In later elections, more citizens voted: by 1828, most states allowed white men to vote, whether or not they owned property or paid taxes. In earlier elections, more states allowed for the election of Electoral College delegates by popular vote. In 1796, seven out of sixteen states relied on the popular vote. But in 1800, after Republicans made a strong showing in local elections in New England, the Federalist-dominated legislatures of Massachusetts and New Hampshire repealed the popular vote, and put the selection of Electoral College delegates in their own hands. Before the year was out, seven of the sixteen states had changed their procedures for electing delegates to the Electoral College.

Citizens of Kentucky, Maryland, North Carolina, Rhode Island, and Virginia could vote directly for their state's delegates to the Electoral College. In Tennessee, sheriffs cast votes for Electoral College delegates. But, in the other ten states, you could vote only for your state legislators, who would, in turn, choose delegates to the Electoral College, who would, in turn, elect the President. Your choices would be represented, on your behalf, by your betters. The people, Larson writes, were the election's "wild card," which is why "lawmakers in most states did not authorize them to vote for electors."

In some places, efforts to manipulate the voting were thwarted. When, in an election brilliantly engineered by Jefferson's running mate, Aaron Burr, New Yorkers elected a Republican Assembly, Hamilton tried to persuade Governor John Jay to convene the lame-duck (Federalist) legislature to institute the popular vote, so that the Republican legislature would not be able to choose Jeffersonian electoral delegates. "It will not do to be overscrupulous," Hamilton claimed, if the result would be "to prevent an *atheist* in Religion, and a *fanatic* in politics from getting possession of the helm of State." Jay refused.

Everyone hoped to avoid what had happened in 1796, when Jefferson received sixty-eight electoral votes to Adams's seventy-one, and became his opponent's Vice-President after the man whom Federalists *wanted* for that office, Thomas Pinckney (the brother of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney), received only fifty-nine votes. Federalist electors were supposed to cast the second of their two votes for Pinckney; in-

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stead, many threw that vote away on other candidates. This botched result ought not to be surprising; the election of 1796 had been the first contested Presidential election in American history (in 1788 and again in 1792, Washington had run unopposed), and the Electoral College did not easily accommodate the developing two-party system. The framers of the Constitution did not make allowances for the rise of parties, which they considered sinister. In his Farewell Address, in 1796, Washington had warned of "the baneful effects of the spirit of party." And, before he came to lead the opposition, Jefferson himself had pledged, "If I could not go to heaven but with a party, I would not go there at all."

Unfortunately, when the Electoral College convened in December, 1800, it did not meet the challenge of a two-party state. Although it was immediately obvious that John Adams had lost, it took a while before anybody won. Republican electors were supposed to vote for Jefferson and Burr. For Jefferson to become President, though, at least one Republican elector had to remember not to vote for Burr, so that Jefferson would win and Burr, as the runner-up, would become his Vice-President. That someone forgot. Instead, Jefferson and Burr both received seventy-three votes in the Electoral College, to Adams's sixty-five and Pinckney's sixty-four. (The Federalists, at least, had remembered to give their Presidential candidate one more vote than they gave his running-mate.)

The Jefferson-Burr tie was thrown to the House, where lame-duck Federalists held a majority. (Jefferson's party had just won sixty-seven House seats, compared with the Federalists' thirty-nine, but these new congressmen had not yet taken office.) There were plausible rumors that the Federalists planned "to let the government devolve on a President of the Senate." Jefferson, who believed that a Congress capable of passing the Alien and Sedition Acts was likely to attempt to push through an act "declaring that the President shall continue in office during life," had little difficulty crediting stories of the most pernicious Federalist schemes. James Madison advised Jefferson to respond to such a constitutional crisis by a means that, while not "strictly regular," was still the wisest: summon a special session of the newly elected Congress. "The other remedies," he warned, "are substantial violations of the will of the people, of the scope of the Constitution, and of public order and interest."

It took the House seven days and thirty-six ballots to break the tie, largely because Federalists had come to believe that, as much as they hated Burr, they hated Jefferson more. A few had pledged that they would rather "go without a Constitution and take the risk of civil war" than cast a vote for an atheist. Only when it became clear that a victory for Burr could not be insured did Federalists find a way to break the tie. On February 17, 1801, just two weeks before Inauguration, Thomas Jefferson was at last elected President.

On March 4, 1801, when Jefferson was sworn in, Margaret Bayard Smith, the wife of a Republican newspaper editor, was in the crowd. "I have this morning witnessed one of the most interesting scenes a free people can ever witness," she recounted in a letter. "The changes in administration, which in every government and in every age have most generally been epochs of confusion, villainy and bloodshed, in this our happy country take place without any species of distraction, or disorder." This was how Jefferson understood his triumph: it was, as he wrote to a friend, a revolution forged not "by the sword," but by "the suffrage of the people."

In his Inaugural Address, the new President tried to wave aside the bitter partisanship of the election, as if an opposition party were merely an emergency measure in which he had temporarily participated: "Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans, we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." That he was only slightly disingenuous is a credit to his statesmanship. Three weeks later, Jefferson wrote to Sam Adams, "The storm is over, and we are in port." ♦

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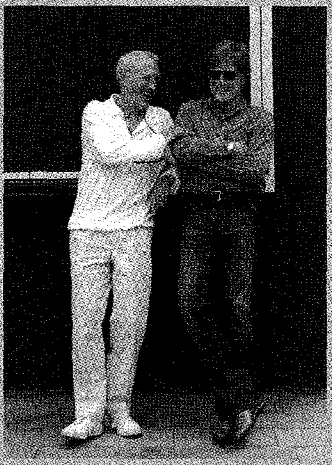

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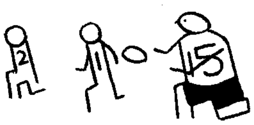
BRIEFLY NOTED

In Translation

School's Out, *by Christophe Dufossé, translated from the French by Shaun Whiteside (Penguin; $14).* At a middle school in Clerval, the teacher of class 9F jumps to his death, in an apparent suicide. Pierre Hoffman, a thirty-two-year-old melancholic literature instructor, is told to take his place and immediately senses something "unsettling" about the students. Gossip reveals that the entire staff is spooked by 9F, but Hoffman, disregarding warnings, is drawn into a series of creepy events. "I had always liked that sensation of being dragged in someone else's wake," he says. "A wake as powerful as the one left by the children was a special state of consciousness." At its heart, the novel is a subtle and disconcerting meditation on the relationship between teachers and students (Dufossé is a former teacher), and, despite digressive subplots, the central mystery—what's wrong with the students?—enthralls.

In Her Absence, *by Antonio Muñoz Molina, translated from the Spanish by Esther Allen (Other Press; $13.95).* Mario believes that his wife, Blanca, has disappeared and been replaced by an impostor who is almost identical, only more sensual and tender. Thus begins the story of an unlikely marriage. Mario, guided by the lessons of his working-class origins, values "almost nothing in life more than stability." But Blanca, privileged and with an "innate" sense of entitlement, has come to feel that their life is one "from which great experiences were absent." Mario is infatuated with Blanca; Blanca is infatuated with art. As her interest shifts from one trendy artist to another, Mario strives to keep pace. Muñoz Molina layers a subtle satire of artistic hypocrisy with a stirring account of class separation. Mario is entranced by his wife's "aura of uncertainty" but cannot escape his own self-annihilating caution. "Penury," he reflects, "makes people fearful and conformist."



The Complete Poetry, *by César Vallejo, translated from the Spanish by Clayton Eshleman (California; $49.95).* The work of the great Peruvian modernist Vallejo (1892-1938) divides neatly into published and unpublished works, a feature that matches the sad trajectory of his life: briefly imprisoned after allegations of political insurrection, he moved, in 1923, to Paris, spending the rest of his life in impoverished exile. His early poems, collected in three volumes between 1918 and 1922, contain Spanish-American themes; the later ones, gathered posthumously, address European concerns. All display Vallejo's dramatic and expressive power and a surreal flamboyance: "I search for what follows me and hides from me among archbishops, / under my soul and behind the smoke of my breath." Eshleman's fine translations, produced over forty-three years and presented here alongside the Spanish texts, testify to Vallejo's innovation—his love of neologism and visual play—and to a poignant, passionate life caught in the maelstrom of Western Europe between the wars.

In Europe, *by Geert Mak, translated from the Dutch by Sam Garrett (Pantheon; $35).* This immense history-cum-travelogue of twentieth-century Europe by a celebrated Dutch journalist proceeds from the belief that Europe is a continent in which "all the different stages of the twentieth century are being lived, or relived, somewhere." In 1999, Mak travelled around historically resonant cities, sending dispatches to his newspaper and urging Europeans to learn from themselves. The resulting book is an unpretentious look back at the century through the kaleidoscope of the present. Mak is better at pointing out the uncanny than at weaving together a coherent narrative, but his artful interleaving of personal stories with epic events is a constant reminder of the human scale of history.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

SPACE CASES

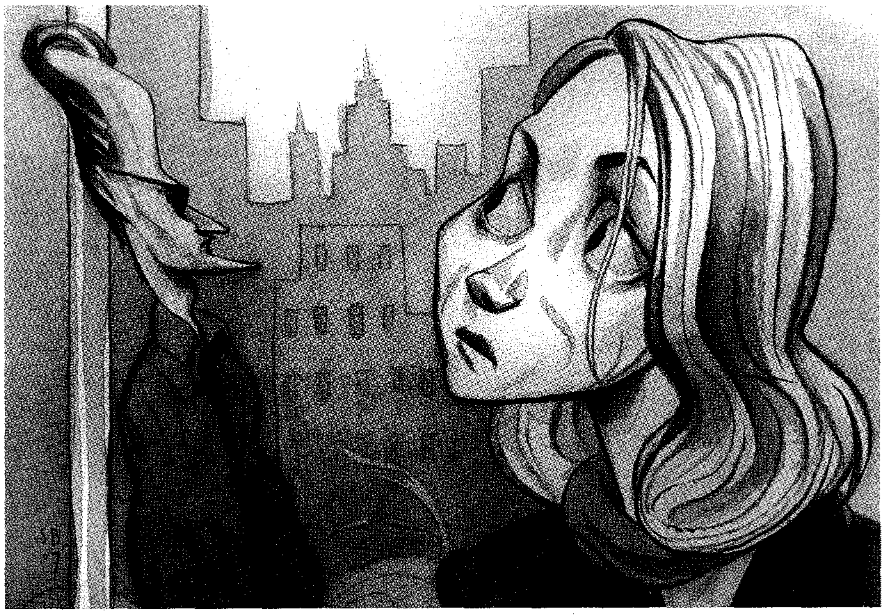
"Eastern Promises" and "In the Shadow of the Moon."

BY ANTHONY LANE

Where does David Cronenberg, born in Canada, belong? From the start, his movies have offered a guided tour of the geography of the body, pointing out local highlights such as the uterus, the stomach, and the armpit. Wider locations do less to arouse his interest. The focus of "Dead Ringers" (1988) was squarely, and squirmingly, on the operating theatre in which his heroes toiled, not on the Toronto where they lived, and although the small-town setting of his previous film, "A History of Violence" (2005), was lovingly detailed, Cronenberg had no hesitation in breaking camp, halfway through, and shifting the story elsewhere. Then, there is London—the sombre, fraying patchwork through which Cronenberg picked his way in "Spider" (2002), and to which he now returns in "Eastern Promises." To say that he looks at home there would be stretching a point; rather, he has found a place that he can remold—both heightening and darkening the real thing—to his dreadful satisfaction.

Viggo Mortensen, who starred in "A History of Violence," appears here in a very different role, and it may be that the director has found his muse. Mortensen, armed with those scary chiselled cheekbones and deep-set, easily wounded eyes, delivers just the ratio of machine to mortal that Cronenberg requires—the Dietrich to his von Sternberg, you might say. In "Eastern Promises," Mortensen plays Nikolai, an expatriate Russian. He was once a prisoner in Siberia, and has the tattoos to prove it; he even sports them on his knuckles, like Robert Mitchum in "The Night of the Hunter." These days, Nikolai is a chauffeur in London, although he is also referred to as "the undertaker." In practice, this means doing the dirty work for Semyon (Armin Mueller-Stahl), a restaurateur with fingers in many unpalatable pies, and for Semyon's son Kirill (Vincent Cassel), a cringer almost too weak for wickedness.

Cassel is French, Mueller-Stahl is German, and Mortensen is Danish-American; of the three, only the last makes a convincing Russian. Just to thicken the mixture, the Australian actress Naomi Watts plays Anna, a half-British woman whose late father was Russian. She lives with her mother (Sinéad Cusack) and works as a midwife in a London hospital. There she delivers a baby girl from a young Russian mother who dies in childbirth, leaving a diary. Inside is a card for Semyon's restaurant. Anna tracks him down; he receives her warmly, but those blue eyes of his are about as welcoming as a glacier, and she is soon stuck fast in the schemes of Russian mobsters, as well as those of their delightful Chechen counterparts.



Viggo Mortensen and Naomi Watts in David Cronenberg's new movie.

STEVE BRODNER

In truth, "Eastern Promises" has felt nasty from the opening scene—a man seated in a barber's chair, with darkness descending outside. You could match it with a similar scene in Jean-Pierre Melville's 1969 "Army of Shadows," which was released here last year; both directors stoke up the pressure as calmly as someone putting a kettle on to boil. The difference is that for Melville the menace is sufficient unto itself—the guy ends up with nothing worse than a close shave—whereas Cronenberg has to cap it with a spurt of gore. Violence is to threat, in his movies, as punch line is to joke: a source of glee to his fans, although with every year I find it less amusing. Does it honestly drive home the malice of Semyon, Nikolai, and their rivals to see a knife blade gouging a throat, or does the image not pride itself on its flourish of Guignol and thus divert attention from the main business of "Eastern Promises," which is to delve into the spiritual sump where these characters live?

The tension comes to a head in the Turkish-bath scene—without doubt the best Turkish-bath scene, for connoisseurs of what is admittedly a limited genre, since the murder of Roderigo in Orson Welles's "Othello." Welles used towels and steam because he lacked money for costumes, whereas Cronenberg uses even less—hardly a breath of steam and soon no towels at all—because he wants Mortensen to scrap and swipe for his life with nothing on. This is good news, not just for Viggo fanciers (a panting band, since "The Lord of the Rings") but because it overlaps with the other unclad bodies in the film—the baby girl, plus a crooning Russian whore with whom Nikolai is forced at one point to couple. Now he, too, is as naked as a newborn: a bare, forked animal defending himself against a pair of Chechen thugs. Given that the male nude was a staple of Western art from Praxiteles, in the fourth century B.C., up to Rodin, its absence from movies—other than pornography—has been a grave and prudish waste, and Nikolai's struggle in "Eastern Promises" is an astounding set piece of savagery and vulnerability. Even here, though, Cronenberg overplays his hand, with a shot of a sickle blade slicing into an eye; the balance is tipped, and the scene is spoiled. Why go that far? Must he cling to his schlocky reputation at all costs?

The irony is that, under the carnage, "Eastern Promises" is an old-fashioned picture, not just in the cautious, near-sedate motions of the camera but in its urge to pluck innocence from the embrace of evil, and to dispense punishment to those who warrant it most. The screenplay is by Steve Knight, who wrote "Dirty Pretty Things," and his impulse to probe the multiracial London of today—in particular, the influx from the former Eastern bloc—is a laudable one, yet the outcome reminded me of nothing so much as late Dickens. When we see Nikolai and Kirill slinging a body into the coffee-colored Thames, or Anna, much later, cradling the baby in the same spot, like a blond protecting angel, we are back with Gaffer Hexam and his saintly daughter Lizzie, trawling the same river for the dumped and the drowned at the start of "Our Mutual Friend."

For the filmmaker, as for the novelist, the plan is to crunch together layers of society that would normally never connect. "This is not our world," Anna's mother warns her. "We are ordinary people." Yet to insure that crunch Cronenberg and Knight resort to blatant coincidence—Anna the midwife strolling along a corridor in the E.R., where she happens to see a bloody Nikolai being stretchered in. If Dickens was more skilled at grappling his creations together, the rich with the poor and the venal with the victimized, that was because he knew every crack in the ground they trod, whereas Cronenberg is so entranced by the foul underbelly of London that he forgets to lift his gaze to the belly above, leaving us with the impression that those "ordinary people" are outnumbered by Siberian hoodlums. In a way, this is a tribute to Mortensen, whose performance is so cool and unhurried as to verge on zombification. "I am dead already," he says, adding, "Now I live in the zone all the time." Where is that, exactly? Chelsea? Twenty-four years ago, Cronenberg made a movie called "The Dead Zone," and I sometimes wonder whether, for all his formal brilliance, he has ever torn himself away from that locked-in, airless state of mind. You walk out of "Eastern Promises" feeling spooked and sullied, as if waking from a noisome dream. "London is to blame," one of the characters declares, but I don't buy it. I blame David Cronenberg.

You feel that you must already have seen "In the Shadow of the Moon," so familiar is the story that it tells. Strangely, though, it has taken a British director, David Sington, to do what nobody has done before: sit down with surviving Apollo astronauts and get them to talk us through what was, in retrospect, the happiest public event of an unhappy century. True, three men died in a launch simulation for Apollo 1, and Sington's documentary, which is crammed with NASA footage, shows us the grim sight of the burned-out capsule, as blackened inside as a casserole, but those were men without an enemy. Alan Bean, later to fly on Apollo 12, remembers hearing that three astronauts had been lost and, for a moment, not getting the point. "Maybe they're down at the beach house," he suggested.

Bean, a lovely guy with a touch of Mickey Rooney, is one of the stars of Sington's rousing show. There was something unearthly, in every sense, about the astronauts in their prime: one, John Young, mentions their air of "infallibility," and their buzz-cut prowess and dedication pulled them beyond our ken, whereas now, in their seventies, they seem restored to regular humanity—modest, fallible men, with an immodest tale to recount. Michael Collins, who stayed in orbit while Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin dropped to the lunar surface, still strikes me as the ideal human to send into the unknown, precisely because his grasp of the known world was so secure and wise. "Wonderful but ephemeral" is how he labels the aftermath of their mission. Two men are conspicuous by their absence. The great Pete Conrad, who took a tape of country-and-Western music into zero gravity, died after a motorcycle accident in 1999, and Armstrong, never much of a talker, chose not to appear. Maybe that's as it should be; maybe, however many movies we see, there is something about the Apollo experience that should remain indescribable—drifting away from our imagination, as if out of radio contact, on the dark side of the moon. ♦

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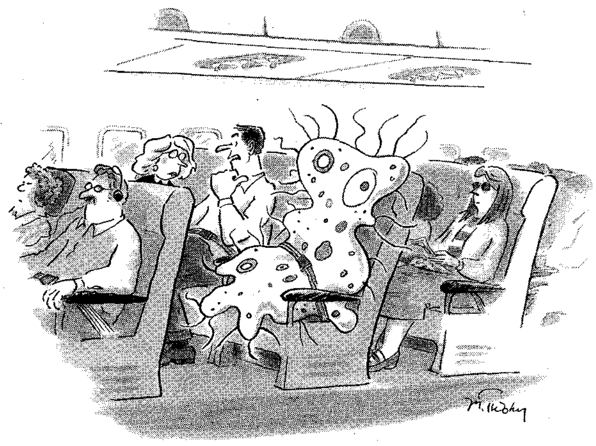
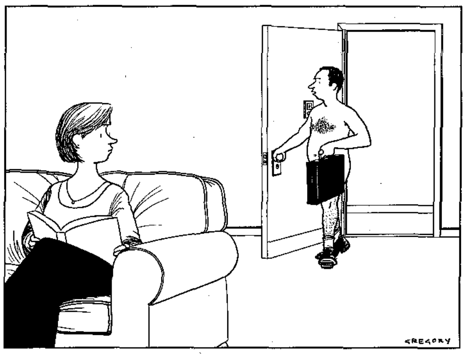
Each week, we provide a cartoon in need of a caption. You, the reader, submit a caption, we choose three finalists, and you vote for your favorite. Caption submissions for this week's cartoon, by Harry Bliss, must be received by Sunday, September 16th. Finalists in the August 27th contest appear below; go online to vote. We will announce the winner, along with the finalists in this week's contest, in the October 1st issue. The winner will be given a signed print of the cartoon. Any U.S. resident age eighteen or over can enter or vote. To do so, and to read the complete rules, visit www.newyorker.com/captioncontest.

THE WINNING CAPTION



"I hate connecting through Roswell."
James Montana, Arlington, Va.



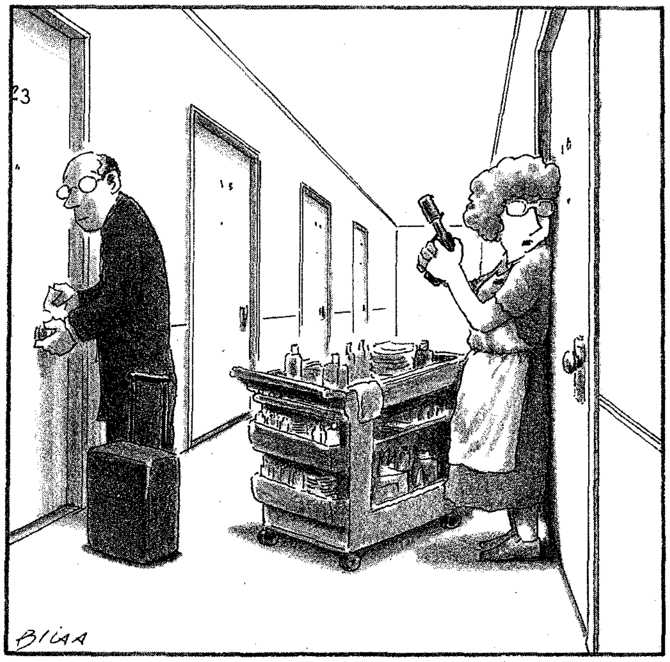
THE FINALISTS

"On second thought, it's more of a sandals day."
David Wood, Marquette, Mich.

"Forgot my underwear, shirt, suit, belt, tie, and watch."
Michael Sullivan, Cambridge, Mass.

"If I don't wake up soon, I'll have some explaining to do tomorrow."
John Arntz, Sonoma, Calif.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



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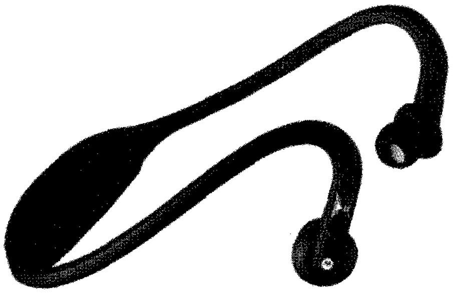

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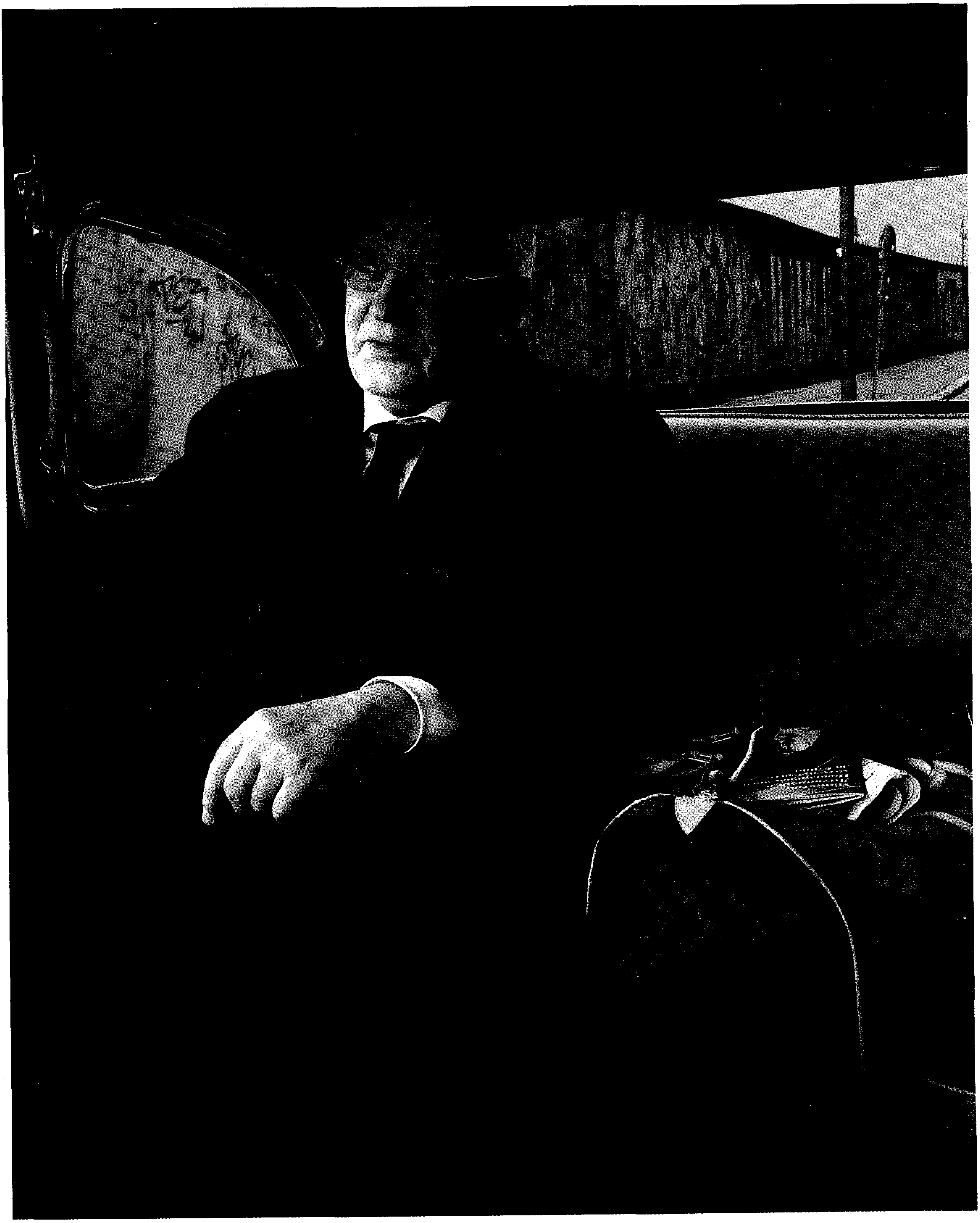

A journey brings us face to face with ourselves.

Berlin Wall. Returning from a conference.

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